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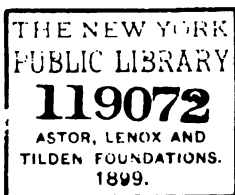
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VOL. XVI.

OCTOBER, 1886.

No. 1.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

What Tennyson meant by "The Lady of Shalott" is a question which every admirer of this poem is expected definitely to answer, but surely they are wisest whose response to the challenge is the frank admission that they do not know. The poet has described a creature not of the common life of earth. Isolated from human surroundings, holding no communion with nature, alone in a world of shadows she lives and works and sings till suddenly the light breaks in and overwhelms her. This is all that we may know, for her story is expressed in symbols, and each reader is left to create for himself a corresponding reality.

In order that we may not pass too suddenly from the ordinary sights of life to such a fanciful vision as awaits us, the poet shows us first the abode of the Lady. The scene is mediaeval, therefore far enough removed from our

own time to prevent any clash of judgment with imagination ; it is rural, and therefore as familiar to us as a landscape of to-day. "Four gray walls and four gray towers" rise from a lonely island in a river, which we hear through the melody of the poem, ceaselessly "flowing down to Camelot." All is delicate, almost ethereal, yet all is vividly portrayed. We see the swaying barley and rye, the lilies floating on the rippling water, the gleam of sunlight on bending willows and aspens. We are alone, in solitude all the more intense because in sight of the distant towers of Camelot, and the people passing to and fro along the road by the river-side. On the island we see no human form and hear no sound of any voice, however we may search and listen.

" Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly
Down to tower'd Camelot :
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, ' 'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott.' "

The spell of a magic scene, described in verse sweet enough to be the fairy song heard by the reapers, now holds us fast. There is no danger that our thought will stray back to what is commonplace ; and the poet, to whose vision "gray walls and towers" are no obstacle, may show us the secret which they contain. Within, a woman sits weaving and singing. Her face is turned from us, so that we see only its reflection in the mirror before her ; there it is vague and elusive, the face of one whose nature is deep, hidden ; we can not even say whether she is fair. In the depths of the mirror lies also a reflection of the scene without ; the waving grain, the eddying river, the changing groups of people—but all more indistinct and dreamy than

if seen through layer upon layer of shrouding autumnal haze. The woman gazes into the mirror and weaves into a magic web the pictures which she beholds. How fine must be the touch of fingers which can weave such a design ! They should ply to and fro as lightly as the poet's fancy. As we watch their swift motion and listen to the notes of the Lady's song, the last vestige of the actual world fades away, leaving us rapt in a dream. The woman before us becomes a haunting presence ; we are drawn toward her by such emotion as one feels in dreams ; and sympathy reveals a clue to the meaning of her life, such as the judgment of our waking moments could never have discerned. This woman is no mere creature of the poet's brain ; she is as real as the life which we have left, yet she is not of the world. She has a nature active and above all else creative. All that touches the mirror of her mind suffers change "into something rich and strange." For her, the external world has no existence, for it is no sooner perceived than transformed, transfigured ; for her, life is one long vision. No wonder the poet asks,

" Is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott ?"

No wonder the reaper pauses, touched with awe, when her song floats out into the moonlight. But, though alone, she is not troubled by discontent, for she has an absorbing work. Her soul, living apart in a shadowy realm, has moulded the body which it inhabits into something like itself, responsive to its every suggestion ; the creative impulse of her brain continually sends along her fingers a motive thrill,

" And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott."

Thus she might live out her peaceful life were she really alone. But the forms reflected by her mirror are not mere

forms; they too, have souls, and their souls can not live so near to hers without endangering her solitude. She feels their presence, the one disturbing influence in her life—the one shadow of the real upon her dream. Instinctively she shuns them, fixing her eyes more steadily upon the magic glass.

“She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.”

Even before the fatal look is given, the curse is determined. This woman, who has created her own world, begins to doubt its sufficiency. Into the field of her mirror

“When the moon was overhead
Came two young lovers lately wed:
‘I am half-sick of shadows,’ said
The Lady of Shalott.”

That one foreign thought disturbs her peace and awakens the spirit of restlessness. Without this spirit to ally her to the real world, no influence from the realm of the actual could affect her; with it, only a slight chance is needed to shatter her dream. Suddenly, into the twilight of her mirror passes a brilliant figure, banishing all dim unrealities. Sir Lancelot of Arthur's court comes riding “a bow shot from her bower-eaves.” Picture the startling change—into the world of rhythmically moving shadows breaks a flash of light, a ring of armor, a snatch of courtly song.

“All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.

From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror.
‘Tirra lirra,’ by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.”

The new-comer can not be quickly adjusted to her old world. The possibility of another world has already dawned upon her; this novel brilliant apparition strikes proof into her mind. Quick as impulse

“ She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She looked down to Camelot.”

As she looks for the first time upon reality, the sound of the cracking mirror recalls her, but not to the ideal world; that lies shattered at her feet, while the great web, the work of many patient years, floats out into thin shreds that vanish into naught.

For her, the spell is broken; for us, the dream remains; we wait to see the end of this strange life. Will the woman who has brought this curse of knowledge upon herself strive to undo it—piece together the broken mirror, and begin the web anew? Not so: having once seen, she can not return to blindness. Under the old conditions, she made existence a harmonious dream; she can do no less than seek henceforth to bring her life into harmony with the real. Without a moment's hesitation, she leaves the towers where visions have attended her, and goes out into the gloom.

“ In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot.”

But no tempest can now daunt her, though she has lived heretofore in unbroken calm. With firm determination she does the one deed that remains; she finds a boat, loosens the chain and,

“ Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance,”

floats down toward Camelot, toward the noisy life of men. Truly, a brave heart is hers ; for, as the current bears her away from all that is familiar, she sings "a carol mournful, holy." But she can not breathe long the air of this new world ; all is so strange, so sad. We are glad that the noble effort must be unsuccessful, that she will never reach gay Camelot, that the record may stand :

"Ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died."

Her spirit had nothing akin to earth, and never communed with other spirit. It was fitting that only her fair dead form should be seen of the knights and burghers of Camelot. They gazed and wondered and "crossed themselves for fear."

"But Lancelot mused a little space :
He said, 'She has a lovely face ;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott.'"

LAURA C. SHELDON, '87.

HINTS OF NATIONAL CHARACTER IN LANGUAGE.

Clearly to understand a nation's language, we must study that nation's life ; no less, if we would gain a true insight into the mental and moral life of a people, must we study their speech. Everywhere language is teeming with suggestions of national character.

Even the sound of a language tells something of the disposition of those who speak it. Among the peoples of the South, fond of ease and harmony, we find a softly-flowing stream of vowels and liquids. All harsh and difficult combinations of consonants are avoided. But the hardy North

delights in consonants. Its sterner, more energetic mind cares little for sensuous harmony, but finds perhaps a grander beauty in the imitation of the rushing and tempestuous powers of nature. The roar of Schiller's abyss is brought to our ears in the rugged German.

"Es wallet und siedet und brauset und zischt,

* * * * *

Bis zum Himmel spritzt der dampfende Gischt,"

as it hardly could be in the soft Italian. The polished levity of the Frenchman is heard in his flippant speech, and his impatience as well as his love of artistic symmetry is shown in the ignoring of awkward terminations. His relative the Welshman reflects, in language as in character, a rugged mountain home. So too in the Ciceronian periods that "roll thundering down the ages," we seem to hear the tramp of Rome's legions and the clash of her all-conquering arms.

Again, in the construction of sentences we can trace habits of thought and qualities of mind. The German mind, patient, powerful, embracing all the details at once, prepares and holds in suspense all the complex modifiers of subject and predicate, then brings in the verb to clench the whole. Turret and window, wall and port-cullis seem to be growing all at once and, as it were, hovering in mid-air, when suddenly they fall upon the foundation and the whole castle stands before us, complete even to the coat of arms above the gate. German exactitude tolerates no incipient misconception: it tends always to bring modifiers before the thing modified, and generally in the order of the least definite first. The French mind, impatient, seizing instinctively on salient points, starts with the bare subject and clothes it gradually, leaving the sparkling decorations for the final touch. First the foundations are laid then we see the edifice grow stone by stone. We gain in clearness and simplicity what we lose in power. We have

further illustration of French impatience and love of concrete definiteness, in the fact that the noun is put before the adjective: first comes the tangible form and then its color. Again, French wit, flashing out in bright idioms and terse epigrams, reveals in an instant what German heaviness only labors to obscure. The German mind seems often like a cumbrous machine in which there is great loss of power by friction. And it has been suggested that this failure to seize upon salient points, this dissipation of energy in multiplicity of detail, which we see in the language, explains why Germany with all her diligent lexicographers, her laborious microscopists, her skillful surgeons and specialists of all sorts, and her subtle metaphysicians, is not noted for far-reaching scientific generalization.

In no way perhaps shall we find in language a clearer revelation of national characteristics than by a study of the words which make up the language. Thus the lack of abstract nouns in Latin indicates the exclusively practical bent of the Roman mind. Again we find that a French word standing alone can be translated at once; it has a definite and constant meaning. But anyone asked to render a German word immediately asks for the context; for the word probably stands for a whole genus of things. This difference is just what we should expect. The French mind, practical and by no means transcendental, sees clearly everything in the realm of plain fact and sees no farther, while the German, naturally introspective, is bewildered by the many-sidedness of truth. One gives us a Compté, the other a Hegel; one the scientist and the mathematician, the other the philosopher and the seer.

When we study the fine shades of meaning in words, we are surprised to find that nearly all expressions denoting states of mind are untranslatable. "I cannot translate *Gemüth* into English" said my German teacher, "because the English have no *Gemüth*." 'Mind' is too purely intel-

lectual, 'soul' too purely spiritual, 'character' too purely moral. 'Disposition,' 'nature,' 'mould,'—all these are too narrow. *Gemüth* means, apparently, the whole being, with all its faculties and feelings, whether base or noble, vulgar or refined, and with its eminently German susceptibility to all influences and German power of universal enjoyment. The Englishman "has no *Gemüth*," probably because he has in his nature some one predominating tendency which makes for his energies a channel and does not leave them to flood the fields. Such words as *ennui*, *blasé*, together with the states of mind they represent, we import with our new fashions from Paris.

Nothing is more interesting than to study German expressions of happiness. The Englishman, it is said, may feel *Mitleid* for a fellow-sufferer, but of *Mitfreude* (with-joy) he knows nothing. Blessedness resembles *Seligkeit* as a pressed specimen resembles a living flower. And in asking the meaning of *Wonne*, it is only by putting together the sound of the word and the look of the teacher who tries to explain it, that you catch a glimpse of its child-like abandonment of joy. English dignity and self-control knows no such intoxication. 'Happiness,' 'pleasure,' 'delight,' 'felicity,' are very tame things; while 'rapture' and 'ecstasy' are rather terms by which we ridicule what we do not understand. And when the English mind looks for an intenser happiness, it sees some far-away light through the deep gloom. Does not the very word 'joy' bring with it a strong undercurrent of sadness? But the German is not like the traditional Englishman, forever battling with himself and the world. He seems rather to be in harmony with his surroundings and to rejoice in the universal gladness.

This eminently German child-likeness and spontaneity is especially apparent when we contrast German and English poetry. The English, with its antique words and phrases, often attains by means of sustained inversions, powerful

antitheses, and swelling climaxes an overwhelming grandeur, hardly to be found in German. The German, on the other hand, with its picturesque ruggedness, seen best in simple style, has a strange power of harmonizing the homely and the sublime, thus giving to the ideal a stereoscopic realness. English translated into German loses its stately grandeur, while Goethe in English is dead.

A study of the various meanings which the same word acquires in various languages often reveals fundamental differences in national life. When we hear, on one hand, the German contemptuously denominating some brutish mob as *das Pöbel*, and on the other, the American exalting the voice of 'the people,' we see at a glance the radical difference in the social and political philosophies of the two races. The fact that we have transmuted the German *selig* (blessed), first into innocent and finally into 'silly,' shows an aspect of character more utilitarian than admirable. On the other hand, if we compare our sterling 'honesty' with the French *honnêteté*, or our 'spiritual' with their *spirituel*, our race feeling will not suffer. And we may quite proudly place our 'virtue' by the side of the Latin *virtus* and the Italian *virtuoso*.

If then a casual study of language shows so strikingly the differentiations of character in divers lands and climates, what may not the dissections of philology reveal of the structure and growth of the mind and of its adaptations to varying influences! What "fossil poetry" and "fossil history" may not philology unearth, and what may it not even prophesy of our future development?

A. C. MAURY, '87.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE POETS.

At present, while Science is haughty, almost boastful, looking forward to ever-increasing glory in the future, Lit-

erature seems willing to confess that her greatest triumphs lie in the past. The facts seem to bear out Mr. Stedman's assertion that the "twilight of the poets" has come; the "decline of the drama" has become a familiar phrase, and even the countless hosts of novelists show no great genius among them. Perhaps we are all conscious of a regret, more or less well-defined, at this state of things. We hear our times spoken of as "barren" and "dead" and look back enviously to those favored periods which produced Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser — immortal names, but casting no glory on the degenerate present. But is it really a disadvantage, ought it to be a source of regret to us, that the greatest works of literary genius were produced long before we were born? For instance, if it were a matter of vivid and personal interest to us, as it must have been to Spenser's contemporaries, that Duessa typified Mary Stuart and Gloriana, Queen Elizabeth and Artegall, Sir Arthur Grey, all the light and music and color of "The Faery Queene" could not make it fairy-land for us. "Paradise Lost" would not give our souls such "large breathing-room" if Milton's views on politics and theology were supremely important to us, as they must certainly have been to the Puritans and Cavaliers of that day. Our personality, our petty self-interest, our private opinions, interfere little with our comprehension of the great poets. It is as if the distance that separates us from them lay up a mountain-side. When we have reached the summit, how far away is our every-day life, with its dust and smoke and turmoil! Much that is transient and trivial there doubtless is in the greatest work of human genius, but in these writers we recognize the chaff and cast it away, while it is hard for us to understand that anything which concerns ourselves can be transient and trivial.

Again, the time that separates us from the poets of past ages represents much more than days and years. It has

been fruitful in thought and experience. It has brought us rich stores of knowledge, and finer moral and æsthetic sensibilities. Would we willingly relinquish the light that three centuries have shed on Shakespeare's pages? Everything in his plays which we regard as a blemish or defect is explained as a "concession to the popular taste of the time." It is not possible, then, to believe that those who lived in the "spacious times of great Elizabeth" appreciated their wonderful poet as we moderns do. This is a critical age, an age of correct literary taste and judgment. Macaulay and many other writers of his school are fond of contrasting the critical and creative powers, and giving to the former the "faint praise" that is worse than condemnation. Nevertheless, it is this critical spirit which puts us in full possession of the works of creative genius. It was because of false taste and false criticism that Shakespeare was practically lost for over a century. No one can be so sure of his own insight and judgment as to say confidently that unfavorable criticism, popular neglect and indifference would have had no effect on his estimate of a great poet. It is moderately certain that most of us, had we lived in Pope's time, would have thought the heroic couplet the only legitimate style of verse. But it is a pleasant thing to think of—an argument for the optimists—this perfect justice that is sure to be accorded sooner or later to every literary work, and though our standards are far from perfect, no one can deny that they are much nearer perfection than those of preceding ages.

If, then, the lapse of time itself, and the progress of thought through the ages, and the tendencies of our own time all combine to make a clearer light for our reading of the old masterpieces, why should any one mourn that, at present, little new creative work is going on? Poetry is not a perishable thing. The decline of art or of oratory may be justly lamented, for oratory dies with the living

voices that gave it its charm, and the works of art are frail and to a great extent incapable of reproduction and diffusion. But a "double growth" of poets, though Tennyson originated the phrase, is not a more desirable thing than the doubly wide comprehension and dissemination of the poets we have. We possess the poets fully. This century is counting over the long-accumulating, half-forgotten wealth of ages, deciding which is true gold and which alloy, and in what way these treasures may best be employed,—while we stupidly fret because it is not instead adding to the store. We do not call the harvest-time "dead" or "barren," because blossoms and bird-songs and fresh springing life are absent. Let us use the same justice toward this much discussed nineteenth century, never doubting that it has its place, and an important place in the "increasing purpose that runs through the ages."

De Temporibus et Moribus.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Sept. 2, 1886.

Editors of the Miscellany:

Your kind invitation asking me to write for the MISCELLANY is received. My first thought was to send you an essay. Shall I tell you the subject? The Characteristics of Literature in a Scientific Age. Imagination worked most vigorously. It showed that the law of development was not alone discovered by scientific men. Years ago Herbert said

" Man is everything,
And more, he is a tree, yet bears no fruit,
A beast, yet is, or should be more."

Every student of Goethe sees that he had observed this principle, from the way in which he has worked out all his greater books. Darwin but established the law for the physical world. How much greater to have felt even intuitively its existence in the spiritual !

Science has made the novel the characteristic literary expression of this age. Discoveries and inventions have so complicated living that the mass of people are absorbed in the getting of something to eat, drink and wear. Literature can but portray the time. Science has brought the laboratory method into the novel. From Zola to James it appears in every form. The person who writes a good novel, indeed any kind of literature, in this age, must be familiar with scientific modes of procedure. Even he who expects to devote his attention to literature then must have scientific training.

This application of scientific methods to literature is not to be regretted. It will make a healthy body in which a noble spirit will find a fit habitation in time to come. Because Frankenstein was a monster, one must not think all beings of the laboratory are necessarily so. Ignorant of science, how could Mrs. Shelley make him otherwise? Goethe has nearly made a man. Homunculus is small, but there is a spark of nobility in him that one loves.

In studying Makaria in Wilhelm Meister, one sees that Goethe had a far higher opinion of women's power than some have acknowledged. Even suppose her to be possessed of her natural endowment, intuition, he gives her the first place in science. And in thus elevating scientific intuition, has he not been a prophet? Has not every great scientific generalization of the last hundred years been announced before the number of facts gathered made proof possible? Makaria was a wise woman. She saw the world justly demanded facts. In her time society gave women no opportunity to get them. Still she insisted on testing her intuitions, and employed a well trained astronomer to assist her.

You have already discovered why I gave up the essay for the MISCELLANY. Just as imagination was carrying me to the heavens, a picture of the Vassar critic, as she appeared when she used to examine my analysis, came before me. Words were not needed. These and other random thoughts had no underlying thought that held them together. This was demanded by the essay.

But I could write a letter. I had occasionally experienced the sensations of the old graduate who, separated by hundreds of miles from the College, feels that she can manage it far better than it is being managed. I had observed, however, in College days, that the words of the alumna had a hollow sound, so I determined to write a private letter to the editor of the MISCELLANY—she was an influen-

tial person in my day—and see if she could not be induced to re-utter my words. Moreover, she was a student and would address students. I had no desire to instruct the faculty and trustees, for I had for some time had a suspicion that their interest in the College had occasionally made the alumnæ presuming. But to the students one may talk. It is a talk to ones self.

This criticism meets us at every turn. What have Vassar students done in the way of original work in science? If little or nothing, it is their fault. The fields are open, and the College has given the necessary training in several departments. What is needed are persevering workers. Take for example the proximate analysis of plants, which is a comparatively new field of investigation. The chemical course at Vassar gives sufficient training for students to do good original work in it. Certainly workers are waited for.

At the Buffalo meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held in August, Miss Helen Abbott, of Philadelphia, presented a paper on "Certain Chemical Constituents of Plants, Considered in Relation to their Morphology and Evolution." In the way of a corollary to her main proposition she said that "in the future the natural classification of plants would be based upon chemical relations." Before this is possible, a vast amount of material must be gathered. What if women—the Vassar students, could by their investigations establish this scientific generalization of a woman.

The proximate analysis of plants belongs and will be relegated to botany. It will be the main feature of the "new botany." The "old botany," and it is not to be despised, found some of its best investigators in "young ladies sem-

inaries." Will not the first woman's college advance the "new botany?"

Sincerely yours,

LILLIE J. MARTIN.

If you have ever been present at a heated discussion, you will be able to appreciate how much skill is required to end it without hurting the feelings of either party. We were debating as to whether the negroes had improved since their emancipation in '63. The discussion gave promise of becoming violent if something were not done to prevent this. It was a summer evening, my father, doubtless, thought the mercury too high for any warmer argument. Accordingly, when he succeeded in making himself heard, he surprised us all by his mode of dealing with the question. What he said was about as follows: It was in the winter of '62, while the Army of the Potomac were at Alexandria, that he and his partner stationed themselves on the outskirts of that town, where they opened a photograph gallery. Alexandria was the point toward which many refugee slaves then made their way. Once there, they were safe. Naturally the showy advertisement of the gallery attracted their attention. Most of them would stop, go through the ordeal and come out, gazing with rapture and awe on their own daguerreotyped countenances. One evening at dusk, a fugitive slave stopped at the cabin, and asked to have his picture taken. My father was about to say it was too dark, when his partner came forward, saying, "Certainly, certainly, you can." My father was asked to arrange the camera, seat the negro, and then walk up and down the room slowly and with all due solemnity. Meanwhile his partner entered a side room, took the first daguerreotype of a negro that he could lay his hands on, touched it up, placed it in a black case, came out, and coolly handed it to the unsuspect-

ing descendant of Ham. The latter took it, gazed at it, and said: "Bress my soul, nebber knowed I looked like dat; 'specs I mus do." He at once paid the price and left, quite satisfied with the pseudo-picture of himself. My father declared that you would at that time have gone from Maine to Florida and would have found that five out of every six negroes displayed just as profound stupidity.

It was five years later; my father was proprietor of a book-store in a flourishing Southern town. One day a negro came in and asked for an almanac. My father had none in his store, but a friend who was standing near by said, "Yes, just wait a minute," and taking a number of advertising bills, he hastily rolled them up, and handed them to the recently-made American citizen. "No sah, can't try none ob dem tricks on me, better try dem on a white man." Both men were completely taken back.

My father ended by saying that he believed you might travel to-day from Maine to Florida and you would find an overwhelming majority of the negroes to be as wide-awake as this one. None of us were fully convinced yet we could not deny that this was successful anecdotal argument.

She was sitting on the piazza of a summer cottage, looking over the clear deep waters of the great river into golden sunset clouds. The scene was one that expressed calm strength, and its glory and its meaning were reflected in her face. Surely her nature had sweetness and power. Even in her perfect repose, there was a suggestion of a rare practical ability, but an ability that would ever combine with it the ideal.

This was my first impression, gained from a passing glance, and the more I saw her the more was the impression deepened. She had the face of a young woman, but of one whose mind was well-developed, and whose purposes

were as clear to herself as were her powers to accomplish them. She was not a whit conceited, but she trusted herself. Soon after, I was able to observe her more closely. She sat near me on the deck of a steam-boat, and I examined her in detail. She was of medium height, well-formed, and active. Her tasteful simplicity of dress, elegance of manner, and well-bred and self-possessed air were marked. Her head was shapely, and her wavy, bright brown hair was arranged prettily, but with no striving after effect. The coloring of the face was clear and delicate, the forehead broad, the eye brows mobile, yet expressing decision. She had beautiful, near-sighted brown eyes which occasionally had a rapt, far-away expression, but habitually a bright look of concentration upon the subject in hand. Her nostrils were sensitive, her well-cut lips full, but firmly drawn in. As a whole, the face seemed to me the unmistakable index of a symmetrical character.

I overheard her conversation with her friends. Her manner was vivacious. She talked brightly, and with a current of sense beneath her wit. Some one spoke of a terrible accident. She showed sensitiveness and deep sympathy, but she asked unflinchingly for painful details from which the others present shrunk; and her face wore its grave expression of conscious womanly strength. Through that whole morning she showed varying thought and feeling, but under it all was something studious, critical, analytic. Though a good talker, she was a better listener; and her judgment penetrated character with marvellous quickness. She was constantly comparing and reasoning and verifying her conclusions. The more I watched her, the more certain I became that my theory regarding her was true. "Yes," I said to myself, "She has fine qualifications. She is a physician, and an ideal one." Seldom have I had in one of my own friends so strong faith as I had in that woman. I believed in her thoroughly.

That evening I was walking with a lady whose special characteristic is that she knows everyone. My thoughts were still occupied with my ideal physician, and I determined to make guarded inquiries about her. Said my friend: "I wonder whom you can mean. Staying at the Brown Cottage, did you say? Does she wear eye-glasses, and read your whole nature at a glance? My dear child, is it possible that you don't know her! She lives not ten miles from your home, and her name is Lillian Drake."

Lillian Drake! Preposterous! The name was well known to me as that of a coquette, as heartless as she was skillful. That woman a coquette? "I do not believe it!" I exclaimed, and walked abruptly away, and seated myself on the rocks by the river-side. But I had begun to believe it already. Yes, I remember now with what adoration those two inane young gentlemen in boating-suits and skull-caps had regarded her, and how her seeming unconsciousness had added to the foolishness of their behavior. What a mistake I had made! My disgust with human nature was complete.

But as I looked out at the moonlit water with its gleaming white sails, and the fresh breeze brought the little foam-capped waves to my feet, I relented a little. I began to see that my mistake had not been so great, after all. She lacked only a lofty aim. She had love of knowledge, strength of character, a sympathetic understanding of people, presence of mind in an emergency, self-reliance, and a clear, fine intellect. The error had been not in my judgment, but in her education.

I have never exchanged a word with Lillian Drake, and I shall take care never to do so. But I can abstract her from the influences that have made her what she is and from the plan of life that she follows. I think of her as she would be had she only a noble purpose, and she will always live thus in my thoughts as my ideal woman physician.

Editors' Table.

Voices have already risen from the Faculty, the Alumnae and the Students' Association, in welcome to our new President. The MISCELLANY has remained silent, not from lack of sympathy in the general sentiment, but from lack of a fitting opportunity for the expression of this sympathy. The July number, devoted chiefly to news of Commencement, and compiled during the excitement attending the close of a year, is such a burden upon the editors' souls as does not allow them to expand with much joyful or hopeful emotion. But now, at the beginning of a year, with the bright prospect of all the essays of three classes—would that we might say four—and with the hope of plenty of news to supply our columns throughout the year, we are in a proper frame of mind for rejoicing. So we greet our President with a hearty Welcome! and a wish that he may spend many happy and successful years in making Vassar College happy and successful.

Suggestions as to new methods of spending pleasantly our allotted hour of out-of-door exercise are always seized with eagerness. Accordingly, when Dr. Hall, in her lecture a short time ago, spoke of the delights of tricycle riding, murmurs of approval were heard on all sides. The odd little machine became the subject of many conversations, and in a few days the first tricycle appeared among us. Another and another followed, and having received the approval both of our Lady Principal and the Resident

Physician, tricycling bids fair to take its place with tennis and rowing as a recognized College sport. One serious obstacle, however, stands in the way of the popularity of this mode of exercising, and that is the extreme costliness of the machines. Few can afford to purchase them and the number for rent in Poughkeepsie has already been exhausted. Cannot some feasible plan be devised by which the exercise can be made available to a larger number of students? A tricycle club might solve the problem, or possibly the Poughkeepsie merchants would offer more for rent, did they know that the demand is great. If this difficulty can be removed the tricycle will afford an easy and enjoyable way of exploring the beautiful country about us, of which many of us see so little.

Old students are apt to be forgetful. They look back upon the Livy and Horace of their Freshman days as dreams of the past, and their Geometry and Botany have become to them only the stepping-stones by which they have reached their present exalted positions. But there is one thing which has faded from their minds more completely than their Freshman, Latin and Mathematics, and that is that they were ever "new girls." Each returning year brings new faces to our classic halls, and we shrug our shoulders as we meet them, and congratulate ourselves that we have not an untried future before us. But that is all. With one passing thought of pity the "new girl" is left to herself. We have forgotten our own Freshman experiences, those sad lonely days when, homesick and friendless, there seemed to be no bright side to our College life, when a friend who could have given a little counsel from a rich store of experience would have been invaluable. Above all we have forgotten those resolves oft made

in our loneliness, to be kind to the new girls, if ever we escaped from Freshman thralldom. Not that we are unkind now. Oh, no ! We boast of the humane manner in which our Freshmen are treated. Do not the Sophomores give them a party ? Very favorable to us are the comparisons drawn between this mode of treatment and the system of hazing existing in most colleges. Then, too, we call upon the new girls, invite them to Chapter meetings, and overwhelm them with attention in our eagerness to induce them to join our societies. But this is not friendship, and even a Freshman can distinguish between " rope-pulling " and true interest. What the new student needs is a friend who with unselfish motives will guide her through the mazes of uncertainty which surround the first few weeks of her College life. This state of things will never be brought about by occasional formal calls, and in this respect we can well learn a lesson from our brother colleges, where the rough introduction is often followed by warm friendships. Our tendency is to narrow rather than to widen our circle of friends. We would resent the imputation of selfishness, but have we not forgotten the Golden Rule ?

Any one who has experienced a year of College life has noticed that, in some respects, the one year did the work of five. This is seen especially in the comparatively short space of time in which people in college learn to know each other thoroughly. A writer in the *Atlantic* says: " I often feel that the only men I know are those whom I knew in College." Of course this state of things is favorable to the formation of true and lasting friendships, but it is also favorable to the formation of just estimates of those who are not our personal friends. Qualities that are merely brilliant and striking, do not stand the test of our long

winters, but cheerfulness of disposition, kindness, trustworthiness, energy—all the common unromantic good qualities which are so seldom appreciated in the world at large, are sure to find recognition here sooner or later, and the member of a graduating class here who is most beloved and most admired, is generally the one who most deserves love and admiration.

HOME MATTERS.

As the first meetings of the various Chapters are usually the most interesting of the year, we print an account of each :

The first regular meeting of Chapter Alpha, held in room A, Friday, October 1, was attended by a large and appreciative audience. The dainty programmes (the gift of Misses Ferris and Curtis, of '86) announced that "The Philopena" would be presented, and after a cordial song of welcome, which was well rendered behind the scenes, this farce was admirably given. Miss Pocock is so well known on the Vassar stage that it is needless to say that her Mrs. Sterling was graceful and pleasing. Miss Brosius as Rodger, "the enfant terrible," made quite a hit, while Miss M. K. Hunt, as Ruth Sterling, and Miss Ackert as Arabella Green made charming Vassar girls. Miss Burtis as Jack was quite captivating, and Arabella could not be blamed for accepting his last philopena. After the farce, refreshments were served in room B, and not until quite late did Alpha's pleasant meeting break up.

"A Fallen Idol," dramatized by Miss L. C. Sheldon, was presented by Delta, in room E. The acting was good, the prompter was on time, and the curtains worked admirably.

The play was followed by the usual first-meeting "spread," and Deltans and their friends gave themselves up to social enjoyment until the retiring-bell rang. When the company dispersed they carried away, doubtless, pleasant impressions, which will be recalled sometimes by the programmes so dear to the possessor of a "memorabilia." The programmes were furnished by Miss Witkowsky, a former president of Delta.

On Friday, October 1, Beta began the year most propitiously. She presented an illustrated ballad and one of Howells' delightfully absurd farces before her enthusiastic audience. The evening recalled quite vividly the first entertainment of last year, when we had the "Pullman Car" and "The Register"—a good omen surely, since Beta's last year was so successful. Two of our best amateurs, who are no longer at College, will doubtless be missed, but we trust to Beta to bring forth new and shining lights, and to present old favorites in characters best suited to them. The pretty little programmes announced that we were to have a "Ballad of the Salt, Salt Sea," and "The Sleeping Car." The ballad was very successfully sung and acted. Miss Lorenz's death scene was particularly effective and funny. In the farce Miss Cleveland, Miss Lorenz, Miss Berry, and Miss Galloway appeared as our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, Aunt Mary and Willis Campbell. The Californian alone was a stranger to us. The last part was taken by Miss Skinner, who in a very large coat looked quite the traditional San Franciscan, and as if she had indeed travelled for six days and nights. Miss Patterson, as porter, should have been rewarded for the ardor with which she blacked boots, arranged curtains and fanned herself with a brush broom in order to fill up the pauses. The "last on our programme" was cream and cake served in abundance.

On Saturday evening, October 25, the first entertainment of the College year was given by the Young Women's Christian Association. Miss Learned, the President of the Association, received the members and their friends. This annual meeting is the only gathering of the year for the express purpose of giving old and new students an opportunity of becoming acquainted, and from the appearance of the College parlors during the entire evening one would judge that the meeting fulfilled its purpose. Conspicuous by their absence was the numerous tablets and pencils usually distributed among the new students with invitations to present their names for membership. This change, on the whole, may be regarded as a reform. The time and place are not suitable for a reading of the society's constitution, without a knowledge of which no girl should care to become a member. The custom, if it did not positively take the new student at a disadvantage, at least placed her in an embarrassing position. The purpose of the Association and its plans of work will soon be explained to the new students and an opportunity to join will be given.

I have been asked to say a few words about our friend, Mrs. Martha M. Hinkel, who went out from her life with us on the twenty-first of August. I say, Our friend, for she was everybody's friend. And her friends make so large and various a constituency that no one of them can hope to tell all she seemed to be to each of them, but only what they would all say together. Though I suspect, as St. Peter says "that no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation," so it may be said of her life. She showed openly what she was, and it required no private knowledge to understand her. There was a wonderful graciousness and radiancy about her which drew all eyes and hearts.

She fairly shone, not only with the brilliancy of a bright wit, but with the sunshine of a beautiful soul. In some persons this would be the metallic polish of the surface, going no deeper. In her it radiated from an internal source, and was as the light of her sun. It was her nature. It was nature in her, which beaming through the cultivation which belonged to her early education and her family life, made her manners as gracious and winsome as her character was simple and wholesome. She brought with her, and never lost, something more than a tinge, a delightful suffusion, an aromatic flavor, a pretty thorough seasoning, a refreshing reminiscence of her Teutonic birth and early nurture. In thirty years she had become American, and had not ceased to be German. There was in her a sweetness and fineness of sentiment mixed with excellent good sense; a refinement of taste and feeling, and a well-bred courtesy which went singularly well with the domesticity belonging to her daily life, and which made her house so ideal a home.

For almost a score of years she has been in the College, one of its unappointed and unofficial teachers, bringing into her hospitable rooms officers and students, and by the purity and unselfishness of her life, by her beautiful temper and manners, always gentle and yet always dignified, witty without coarseness, cordial without softness, delicate without being weak or sentimental, she had an influence over her juniors which has been an instruction in the good and beautiful things of a woman's life. Steele said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings that "to love her was a liberal education." I am sure that with many students to know Mrs. Hinkel has been a very refining influence in their culture.

Of her beliefs, of her faith, of her inward life, even of all she was in the privacy of home, as wife and mother, it is not for me to speak. There are griefs too sacred for our inspection. There are affections whose wounds will not

bear our touch, hardly to be looked upon. There is a knowledge of what was deepest and best in her given to loving hearts, which is not to be spoken in the public ear. For a year or two an almost imperceptible sadness was creeping into her life, as changes came, as prophetic shadows crossed her path. Unsuspected and insidious agencies were taking away her strength. The vacation came, and before it was ended came the everlasting rest. Here, amidst the beauties of the summer, in such sweet solitude as the absence of the customary persons and noises makes, with the tender ministries of those nearest and dearest to her, with no distractions, with inward peace, she faded away. Her life ended in silence, and was "rounded with a sleep." Her soul is with Christ, and her memory is with so many now here, and with so many more who have gone away, who can not forget her as among the best of the many admirable women who have adorned the College society, and have made happier and better the College life. Such names are precious. Such memories are an inspiration. Death hallows them. In its presence we forget infirmities, vexations, griefs, the vicissitudes of the passing years, the trials or disappointments we have in each other, and feel that it is friendship, it is sweet and noble character, it is the virtues of the good, it is the life which has contributed in any good helpful way to other life, which is to be kept in perpetual remembrance.

S. L. C.

COLLEGE NOTES.

College opened September seventeenth, with an unusually large number of students. Everything promises a most prosperous year.

The College buildings were shown to nearly three thousand visitors during the summer months, while many more viewed our beautiful grounds.

Miss Royce is chairman of the committee for the first Phil. play.

Dr. Kendrick conducted the morning Chapel service on Sunday, October third, and though it was the first Sunday in the month, the Chapel was well filled, so eager were we all to hear him again.

Friday evening, October eighth, Professor Backus delivered a lecture on "The Age of Discovery," at the Baptist Church of Poughkeepsie.

In one of the recent entrance examinations the line, *Incipe, Mopse, prior si quos Phyllides ignes Aut Alconis habes*,—were rendered, "Begin, Mopsus, about your ancestors, if you have any."

In accordance with a motion of the Philalethean Society, the stately procession will no longer move slowly up the Chapel aisle at the Philalethean reception. All are pleased with the change, though '88 whispers that, as the marshal was to have come from their number, '87 should have at least consulted them before abolishing the office.

A very large number of new books will be added to the library before Christmas, as the entire interest upon the Home Library Fund is this year to be used for that purpose.

An applicant for admission to the Preparatory department, on being asked, "What is the difference between a decimal and a common fraction?" returned the highly ingenious answer: "A decimal fraction has a point. A common fraction has no point, but is made up of two parts with a separation between them."

The annual meeting of the Western Alumnæ Association was held in Chicago on the ninth of October.

A Vassar alumna and a Harvard student are engaged in earnest conversation when the Harvard student grows confidential.

H. S. "Do you know, you are the only Vassar girl I ever liked."

V. A. "*Don't* you like Vassar girls? Why not?"

H. S. "Oh! They all know so much."

Two alumnae are overheard comparing notes concerning their old College friends.

First Alum. "Haven't we heard good news about Florence A!"

Second Alum. "Oh, yes. It happened in June, did it not?"

First Alum. "No, in September." (then after a second thought) "But to what do you refer?"

Second Alum. "Why, to her engagement, of course."

First Alum. "I hadn't heard of that. I referred to her having been made a Fellow of the Society for the Advancement of Science."

Second Alum. "Oh, well, I knew there was a fellow in it somewhere."

Room D, with its long flight of stairs, its poor ventilation and mysterious recesses filled with physiological specimens is a thing of the past, while in its place we have two small, bright, well-arranged recitation rooms. The loss of the "stage" with its wonderful curtain is the only thing to be deplored in the change.

Room J, too, is much improved in appearance, with its prettily tinted walls and its bright new carpet. In spite of the rumors that dancing would be prohibited because of the latter, gay groups of students gather there to waltz as usual between Chapel and tea.

We miss several familiar faces from among us. Miss Leach has spent most of the summer in Bonne, Germany. She was for a short time in Freiburg and is now in Leipzig. We welcome Miss Sterling, who has taken her place here.

Miss Richardson, of '79, is now teacher of Mathematics in the College; while Miss Davis, of '78, has returned to Hampton, Virginia, where she will teach Physics and Mathematics.

Miss Loomis, of '85, fills Miss Clark's place as Sophomore essay critic. Miss Clark is pursuing special studies in Cambridge, Mass.

The "Eleanor" Conservatory is completed and its shelves are fast being filled. Professor Gray, of Harvard, has contributed over one hundred rare and beautiful plants from the Botanical Gardens of the University. His kindness is warmly appreciated. Smaller gifts have been received from Mr. Such, of Perth Amboy, Mrs. Allen, of Hyde Park, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Harrison, of Orange, N. J., Mrs. Lainbeer, of New York City, Miss C. E. Haskell, of Wells College, Mr. Robert Taylor, of Poughkeepsie, Miss Minna Hinkel, and Professor Dwight. The bronze memorial tablet over the entrance to the conservatory attracts much attention and is a work of great artistic merit. Mr. Farrington intends to add still further to his generous gift by building a large water-lily basin near the conservatory, and by placing a handsome vase near the walk leading to the building.

The Alumnæ of Vassar have shown their interest in their Alma Mater in a most efficient manner. At a meeting of the Alumnæ Association held at the College in June last, a gift of ten thousand dollars was presented to our astronomical department. Besides this gift, which was offered

as a permanent fund, a sum somewhat exceeding one thousand dollars was placed in the hands of Professor Mitchell for the repairing and improvement of the equatorial telescope. The large glass is already dismantled and is now on its way to Cleveland, where it will be put into excellent working order by the well known firm of Warner and Swasey. It will probably be restored to its place in the dome in a few months.

Still further good fortune is promised the Observatory in the near future. During the summer, Professor Mitchell has herself been soliciting funds for the increase of the endowment. She reports many generous responses to her appeals. Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson gives one thousand dollars; Mr. Skinner, of Holyoke, Mass., five hundred; and Mr. J. I. Bowditch, son of Dr. Bowditch, the famous scientist, five hundred. Smaller gifts carry up the sum now held by Professor Mitchell to nearly three thousand dollars. She still continues her solicitations. May undiminished success attend her worthy efforts!

Miss Phoebe Temperance Sutliff of '80, Miss Sanford of '82, Miss E. E. Poppleton of '76, Mrs. Kittie de Clerg-Moore of '69, Miss Day of '78, Miss Reed of '86, Mrs. Cela B. Johnson-Baker and her two children, Miss Miller, Miss Story, Miss Ida Winne, Miss King, of Albany, and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rockefeller, of New York City, have been the guests of the College during the past month.

PERSONALS.

[Any communications concerning former students will be gratefully received by the Personal Editor.]

'70.

Miss Frances E. Case has recovered entirely from her illness of last spring, and has resumed her duties in her

school in Philadelphia. Miss Ida Wood of '77 had charge of the school during the absence of Miss Case.

'72.

Miss Brace of '72 and Miss Brown of '78 have returned from Europe.

'73.

Mrs. Chumar-Bellville spent part of the summer in sketching at Long Island.

'74.

Married, August sixteenth, in Cleveland, Miss Frances Fisher to Dr. Wm. Benjamin Wood. Dr. and Mrs. Wood will reside in New York City.

'75.

Miss Cornelia F. White, has entered the Home Mission work. She is at the "Good Will School," Sisseton Agency, Dakota.

Miss Florence Perkins is visiting friends in Poughkeepsie.

Miss Ella Bond, formerly of '75, is now a missionary in Assam.

The death of Florence C. Wheat, has cost the Vassar Alumnæ one of their noblest, most faithful sisters. Her quiet unobtrusive life was full of earnest effort, conscientious fidelity, high aims. Whatever her hand found to do she did with her might. Much of her life was spent in teaching, and who can measure the value of such a force in stimulating the moral purpose of the student, and in raising her aspirations from the level of mere mechanical routine to a broad and intelligent ideal of culture. After

her graduation from Vassar in 1875, she taught for one year in the State Normal School at her home, Leavenworth, Kansas. The next two years were devoted to the High School in the same city. Her hours in the school-room never fairly represented her work, for she was always a student, and unhappily, never willing to gauge her exertions by her physical strength. From 1878 to 1880 her health did not permit her to teach, but she busied herself in keeping a set of books for a friend, in reading law with her father, in study and in household duties; to all of which she devoted that earnest interest which ennobled all that she did. A part of the year 1880 was spent in teaching in the State Normal School at Emporia, Kansas, and the following year, 1881-1882, in the Minnesota Normal School at Winona. Since that time, when her health again yielded to the strain, she has been at home, busied with private pupils and her own studies. At her death she left almost ready for publication translations of some plays by the Danish dramatist Oehlenschläger, greatly admired in his own and some foreign countries, but never translated into English. Of Florence Wheat's sweet home life, it is needless to speak to those who knew her. Her character was as lovely and unselfish as her mind was brilliant and scholarly. Her last illness, of only one week's duration, ended suddenly and peacefully on the morning of March 7th, 1886. Her strong will refused to the end to yield her energies a prey to disease, and she would hardly consent to accept from her family the little services of the sick-room which they were so eager to offer. Her beautiful spirit returned "unto God who gave it," while "the evil days came not nor the years drew nigh when she should say 'I have no pleasure in them.'" And we who are left sorrow not as those without hope.

'76.

Miss Kate Reynolds is studying medicine in Michigan University.

One of the important books of the season is the "Select Poems of Robert Browning," edited by Mr. W. J. Rolfe and Miss Heloise E. Hersey, of '76, who is a special student of Browning. The book has attracted much favorable comment.

'78.

Dr. Mary Case, formerly of Syracuse, has removed to Troy, N. Y.

Miss M. W. Clark is teaching in New York City.

'79.

Miss Annie M. Galbraith, formerly of '79, is practicing medicine in Philadelphia. Her address is 1930 Spring Garden street.

'80.

Mrs. Jessie Williams-Hinckley spent the summer in Europe, and returned in August to her home in Chicago.

Mrs. Huldah Wilbur-Mix, formerly of '80, is a missionary in Yaungoo, British Burma. She is doing excellent work, but she is obliged to confine her efforts to the large towns, because of the war between the British government and the natives. She expects to go among the Shans as soon as the war is over.

At the meeting of the American Association for the Advance of Science, Miss L. J. Martin read two papers. The subject of the first one was "Preliminary Analysis of Leaves of *Juglans Nigra*," the second paper was on "A Plan for Laboratory Work in Chemical Botany." Of the

fifty-seven new Fellows elected at the August meeting, Miss Martin was the only lady.

Born to Mrs. Hussey-Severance, in May, a girl.

Married, at Manistee, Mich., June seventeenth, Miss Carrie Canfield to Mr. William R. Thorsen.

'81.

Married, at Racine, Wis., July thirtieth, Miss Helene Durand to Mr. Samuel Edwards Hall.

Miss Mary Braislin is teaching Latin and Mathematics in Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wis.

Miss Freeman is the assistant librarian at Bryn-Mawr, where she is pursuing a course in modern languages.

Miss May Bryan is teaching in Mrs. Bacchus' school in Canandaigua, N. Y.

Died, June sixth, at St. Paul, Minn., Harriet Moore, wife of C. Cuyler Gregory.

In 1872-3 Hattie Moore was a member of the Freshman Class at Vassar. After several years absence, she returned in 1879 and finished her Sophomore year. All who knew her in her College days remember a conscientious student, and a warm-hearted friend. During the years 1877 and 78 she was a successful teacher in Blair Hall, Blairstown, N. J., and after leaving College in 1880, she became Principal of a private school in Newton, N. J. In '84 she married Mr. Gregory, and has since lived in St. Paul, Minn. Her work in the church and for missions which had characterized her life in her native town, was carried on with untiring energy, in her new home in the far West, and won for her a host of warm, admiring friends. Her death was very sudden and a great grief to the many who knew and loved her.

'82.

Miss M. E. Jones is studying medicine at the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania.

Miss Morrill is teaching in Norfolk College, Norfolk, Virginia.

Miss Ida Howgate has been appointed to a clerkship in the Treasury Department at Washington. She was certified for appointment by the Civil Service Commission, and passed the highest examination in her class.

'83.

Miss Cornelia M. Raymond is teaching in Miss Porter's school, Springfield, Mass.

Miss Sherwood sailed for Europe, September eighteenth. She intends to take a medical course in the University of Zürich.

'84.

Married, September twenty-ninth, Miss Elizabeth Onetah McMillan to Mr. Charles Harding.

Married, August fourth, in Syracuse, Miss Harriet Walrath to Mr. Charles Kitts.

'85.

Miss Bryant is studying medicine at the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania.

'86.

Miss Newell is teaching in Miss Abbott's school at Providence, R. I.

Miss Southworth spent the summer in Great Britain and Paris. She returned to her home in Cleveland early in August.

Miss Ferris is now living in Toledo, Ohio.

Miss Chase is teaching in the McCullom Institute, of Mount Vernon, N. H.

Miss Morrill is teaching in the Delaware Literary Institute, Franklin, N. Y.

Miss Fox spent the summer in the West.

Miss Buck is Assistant Lady Principal at the South Jersey Institute, Bridgeton, N. J.

Miss Wickham is preceptress of the Cascadilla School of Ithaca, N. Y.

Miss Pompilly is teaching Music and Mental Philosophy at Mount Auburn Institute, Cincinnati, O.

Miss Rabe, of the School of Music, has returned to her home in Hoboken after spending the summer in Germany.

Miss King, formerly of '86, is teaching in the High School of Concord, Mass.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The mandates and contradictory criticisms which are ever and anon sent to us for our improvement are innumerable. Believe us, ye well wishers, we are not ungrateful for this interest, and if it seems to you that all your advice has not been promptly and thankfully accepted, we can only say in justification of ourselves, that we can not please all, no, nor the half. In fact we have often been forced into that trying position, where we must please ourselves

or no one, and if we have accepted the more agreeable alternative, where are those who will blame us?

But there is one criticism that is universal. "We were delighted with the excellent essays, but what has become of the Muse at Vassar?" asks an appreciative friend. "The Misc. should have more poetry," writes a gay exchange, with the air of having disposed of that question forever. "Why will the MISCELLANY persist in having no poetry?" asks another well-wisher (?); and so on indefinitely. But unfortunately the obstacles in our metrical path seem insurmountable. Poems on spring and nature are too suggestive of Freshman verdure; we can't write "grinds" on the Faculty—that never would do; and we can't write on the last and most popular theme—love, without exposing ourselves to ridicule. So unless an epic poet should rise up in our midst, we and our exchanges must be content with the usual prosaic productions.

We have explained to the best of our ability—may you respect our reasons—and now we claim as our privilege a word or two of advice to our exchanges in general. If antique specimens of items be lacking, we suggest a reading of historical events chronicled in the almanac. Be assured that your reader will take more interest in them than in statements he has already seen in every college paper. Then we urge bracing walks before breakfast, a few little quarrels to give animation, and brisk work on some entertaining topic to brighten up the general tone of the papers issued from "our lordly institutions of learning."

It has taken all our time this month to look at the outside of our exchanges—the summer has improved the appearance of many of them—so we shall have to reserve—our comments on their contents for our next issue.

The monthly duty of "running through the magazine side" of the reading-room, which most of us feel our duty,

would be only a pleasure if all the magazines spread before us each month such a table of contents as does the *October Century*. History, adventure, biography, essays, and fiction ; surely here is variety enough to suit every taste. Matthew Arnold's paper on "Common Schools Abroad" in a forcible if indirect way gets at the root of the American as well as the English faults in common school education. Mr. Stockton completes his inimitable novellette, "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Ale-shine," and Mr. Howells provides Lemuel Barker with a new employment. Franklin H. North has a seasonable article on "The Gloucester Fishers." The war series still continues. The short stories of the number are "A Summer Mood" and "A Soldier of the Empire;" in the latter Thomas Vage's powers as a story-writer find new scope.

The *St. Nicholas* is clever and funny as usual. It contains the concluding chapters of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," Mrs. Burnett's delightful and most successful story ; also those of "George Washington," "The Kelp-Gatherers," "Nan's Revolt," and "Wonders of the Alphabet." There is still plenty of room for the usual shorter stories. This is the last number of the present volume, and equally attractive features are promised for its successor.

Henry James' serial, "The Princess Casamassima" is brought to a close in the *October Atlantic*. Charles Egbert Craddock and William Henry Bishop continue their powerful narratives ; Bradford Torrey and Mary Agnes Tincker contribute respectively a pretty out-of-door sketch and an Italian idyl, while more solid articles are "Race Prejudices" and "The Rise of Arabian Learning."

BOOK NOTICES.

“Scriptures, Hebrew and Christian.” The contents of this volume are Hebrew tradition and history from the Creation to the Captivity. The story is told in the words of the Bible, but with considerable condensation and re-arrangement. The object of the work is to serve as an introduction to the study of the Bible, and while it is not intended exclusively for young readers, they are the class whose needs and difficulties have been especially considered. The utmost care has been used in the preparation of the book and we heartily recommend it to students of Bible History.

“Norway.” The history of another people has appeared in that excellent series, “Stories of the Nations.” This is really the only good history of Norway in the English language, and it has the advantage of being written by a Norseman. The story dwells particularly on the dramatic phases of historical events, but touches upon the physical characteristics, government, and religion of the country. It is as interesting to read as it is valuable to study.

“Canoeing in Kanuckia” is a delightfully entertaining and amusing story of a vacation cruise. The party consists of a statesman, an editor, an artist, and a scribbler, and they have just such a jolly good time as four good-natured beings generally do have when they are bent upon a “lark.” The book is instructive too, and we advise any one contemplating a canoeing expedition to read and profit by the experiences here narrated.

“How to Strengthen the Memory” is one of the works whose title detains the attention, and the contents have an almost equal fascination. The author believes that the memory can be strengthened, and goes to work in a plain,

straightforward way, to point out the most suitable methods. These are perfectly simple and strictly in accordance with the nature of the mind. The chapters on "Tricks of Memory," and "How to Learn a New Language" are especially good. On the whole, the work cannot help being suggestive to those who are interested in memories, and entertaining to the general class of readers.

Scriptures, Hebrew and Christian, by EDWARD T. BARTLETT, A. M. and JOHN B. PETERS, Ph. D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Norway, by H. H. BOYESEN. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Canoeing in Kanuckia, by CHAS. LEDYARD NORTON and JOHN HABBERTON. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

How to Strengthen the Memory, by M. L. HOLBROOK. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.

The Vassar Miscellany.

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No. 2.

"STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE."

Among all the books which have been offered to the public during several years past, the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" has excited the most wide-spread interest. The summer tourist read it in place of his usual light novel; the minister took from it a foundation for his next sermon and the physician yielded to its charm his scientific judgment. "A strange book," is the universal comment. In baldest form, the story is of a cultivated Englishman of wealth and family, a well-known London physician. Like every man who thinks at all, he dreams of the bliss that would come to man were he able to follow his every impulse, whether of good or of evil, to its legitimate conclusion, unchecked by selfishness on the one hand, and by conscience on the other. At length, when experimenting in his laboratory, he discovers a drug of so powerful a

nature that it destroys bodily and spiritually the man who uses it; while his place is taken by a being, the incarnation of whatever is dominant in the man when the drug is administered. Dr. Jekyll makes the discovery while under the influence of selfishness. His chief object in all his research has been something to enable him to indulge, without fear of detection, in deeds which in Henry Jekyll would be unbecoming. His ambition is stimulated by thought of success, and when he first proves the power of his drug, the evil in him is in the ascendant, and the being produced is evil incarnate. But the doctor is happy. For months he leads a double life. Every noble thought and generous impulse is perfected by Jekyll, and the moment that selfishness speaks, this new being, under name of Hyde, is freed by the drug. As soon as he has fulfilled his mission, the same potent agent recreates the annihilated Jekyll. Good and evil no longer war in this man's spirit, but go their several ways, and lead each an independent life. This lasts until at length the evil, by frequent indulgence, becomes stronger than the good, and the drug must be often used to keep Henry Jekyll in existence. Soon the supply of the drug fails; the doctor, ignorant of one of the ingredients, is unable to compound more; and Jekyll for the last time becomes Hyde, now powerless to effect transformation. Hyde's life is already forfeit through a murder, and to escape the gallows, he destroys himself.

Such is the outline of a wonderful tragedy. By writing it, Mr. Stevenson has proved his right to the title of artist. He has made what can never be possible more probable than Mr. Howells' most stupid commonplace. He has taken one of the deepest of psychological truths, and has made it intensely interesting to the shallowest reader. He has interested us in a story in which but one woman is mentioned, and she in the most cursory manner. Above all, he has drawn a character that is evil, and has made it

not fascinating, but disgusting. But the artist is shown less in all this than in the perfection with which each scene is presented, and the delicate vividness of the character drawing. Utterson, Lanyon, Enfield, even Poole the butler, are as distinct individualities as Jekyll or the frightful Hyde. "I let my brother go to the devil in his own way,"—that sentence shows us Mr. Utterson better than pages of description. The little incident of Hyde's trampling over the fallen child stamps his character with blackness that is felt more deeply than that shown by the more conventional picture of the murder of Carew. Mr. Stevenson's power of vivifying language, as well as his sense of the fitness of things, is seen to fine advantage in the description of the London fog through which Hyde is sought, after the murder, as well as in Mr. Utterson's walk with Poole on the night of the final disclosure. But fine as is all this, it is, after all, not in the form of the story, but in its spirit that we see Mr. Stevenson's power. We must perhaps go back to Shakespeare's tragedies to find anything to surpass the overwhelming sense of darkness and blank desolation that overwhelms the reader, as he sees the naturally upright man writing that last letter, conscious that the annihilation of all that he respects in himself is but a few moments off, while the certainty that the evil of his own nature is about to triumph visibly and eternally over the good is pressing in all its horror on his soul. There is something yet more awful: "This was the shocking thing—that the slime of the pit seemed to utter cries and voices; that the amorphous dust gesticulated and sinned; that what was dead, and had no shape, should usurp the offices of life." And this dead thing is about to conquer life, and life is helpless. We feel all the irresistible power of Fate, as in the old Greek tragedies; and the knowledge that this man himself gave to Fate her power renders it the more horrible. Here is a misery that death, the all-cure,

can not help, for it has leagued death with itself. Mystery, pathos, tragedy, here combine to form a picture that will haunt dreams, and glide through every strain of music for weeks after it is first seen.

While Mr. Stevenson's strange story may well claim attention as a work of art, it is to its moral teaching that it owes its singular fascination. For every one who reads it with admiration for the artistic effect visible in every line, there are ten who lose sight of it as a work of art, in their appreciation of the lesson that it teaches with such awful force. "Stories with a moral" are not popular as a rule, but Mr. Stevenson's work might be called "a moral with a story." The author's first moral victory is in the character of Hyde. It is rare indeed to find in literature a wicked character destitute of dangerous fascination, and again and again admiration for the good goes down before sympathy with the evil. Ever since Satan lent his charm to Milton's "Paradise Lost," the rule has been that the charm of a character is directly as the square of his wickedness. Iago, Henleigh Grandcourt, Beatrix Castlewood, are examples of this anomaly. Mr. Stevenson has stemmed this tide. His Mr. Hyde is wicked, yet we neither respect nor sympathize with him—we loathe him. Nor is this merely because of what he does. The man himself is vile, "his every act and thought centered on self"—that gives us the key. Selfishness is here worked out to its thoroughly logical conclusion, and we see it in its true colors. The blackest form of sin is painted without a trace of white light. It is shown to be cruel and cowardly, weak and ugly, a thing to be feared and still despised.

But the greatest truth that Dr. Jekyll teaches is one that lies 'even deeper than the loathsomeness of sin.' "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." In one form or other that idea has been taught men since history began; and the man of to-day understands the lesson as little as

did Paris of Troy. Fanciful and far-fetched as is this book from the scientific standpoint, it yet illustrates a truth that Physiology and Psychology are repeating in ever louder tones. As the body of man may be so trained that its tissues slowly change from their first natural state to a second in which action is independent of will, though originally produced by it, so that the act at first voluntary becomes unconscious and involuntary ; so in the world of mind, conditions may be willfully produced until they too grow beyond the control of will, and exist independent of its agency. In every man there is the dual nature, and life is but the gymnasium in which one side or the other of this duality must be developed. Like Dr. Jekyll, the man may think to lead a noble life, full of benevolent thoughts and good works, only at intervals loosing the beast within him ; he may even succeed and glory in his success. But with certainty of Fate, the beast gains in strength and stature each time he is unchained, until he turns on the hand that freed him, and good is devoured of evil. Like Dr. Jekyll, too, every man has often looked with horror on the deeds of his lower nature ; and to lock the laboratory door and grind the key beneath the heel is an act that is daily repeated. It is just here perhaps that the man has his last trial. If, like Dr. Jekyll, he again yields to his lower nature, he is lost. The time has passed when the man may calmly choose to be Mr. Hyde—when he may select the most convenient time in which to be a devil. He has ceased to be a free agent ; good and evil have passed beyond his option. The weights have changed places in the balance ; evil has borrowed from good until equilibrium is destroyed. The man sits in his chamber and consciously awaits the time when the last trace of what he was shall disappear, replaced by the thing which he hates and abhors. Repentance deep and awful though it be, is of no avail. The man is under a law of Nature that cannot be broken. Henceforth his Hell is, to be what he is.

Every man has his Mr. Hyde. Like Dr. Jekyll, he yields to him but seldom in the beginning. And what man is there who does not say with the doctor, "the situation was apart from ordinary laws, and insidiously relaxed the grasp of conscience"? Gradually Mr. Hyde gains strength, until by some act like the murder of Carew, he stands revealed in all his hideousness. Then, happy indeed is that man who is still strong enough to drink for the last time the transforming draught, and renounce forever the form and nature of Edward Hyde.

LOUISE R. SMITH, '87.

THE CHARACTER OF CONSTANCE.

Many attempts to fix the period and the scene of the poem, "In a Balcony," have been made, but they are futile. The picture is complete in itself, and knowledge of time and country would but distract the mind from the characters and induce it to seek in political conditions, reasons for action which are to be found without them. In all probability Browning had neither time nor country in his thoughts, and wished only to portray three beautiful characters. The Queen, full of noble generosity, painfully conscious that youth and beauty are fast slipping from her, overwhelmed with protestations of love, yet knowing that none truly belong to her, starving for affection, a very child in her happiness when she believes that at last she is really loved, presents a picture at once pitiful and lovely. In Norbert, to whom only the straight way is known, full of strength and tenderness, we find the ideal statesman and lover. But the interest of all is most strongly drawn towards Constance, that bright and beautiful creation of a poet's brain.

And yet the character of Constance is often misinterpreted and even undervalued because of the failure to remem-

ber that she lived in an atmosphere of diplomacy ; that she had seen a great political struggle in which success was doubtless gained by a "chaos of intrigues." Constance was too purely human, too full of throbbing human life, not to receive some impress from the spirit of dissimulation amidst which she lived. It is this taint of worldliness, slight though it is, and her utter failure to understand the character of the Queen, that furnish the key to her actions, otherwise so inexplicable.

The Queen was to Constance, as to her courtiers, a figure-head of power, 'a marble statue to be praised and pointed at as though preferred to life and to be left for the first breathing creature,' a being incapable of love and tenderness because so far removed from her fellows. The Queen must be made to believe that she is first in the minds of all, while men, with a courtier's skill, gain their own ends.

To this girl, reared at court, true and passionate love comes. She wins the heart of the Queen's minister, the greatest man of the realm. A year is spent in ecstasy, in secret joy,—for while all is uncertainty it is unfitting for the man of affairs to avow his love to the world ; but at length the moment for the fulfillment of their vows comes. Then the image of the inexorable sovereign arises in the mind of Constance and she can foretell nothing but destruction for herself and Norbert, if the Queen is not made to believe that the marriage shall be of advantage to her. The straightforward course, as urged by her lover, Constance believes to be "the way of him who beats and him who sells his wife," not of kings and noblemen. Diplomacy is the only way open to them and the plan she chooses is after all "not so very false as courtiers go." With a lover's generosity, Norbert, though much against his will, yields to her eloquent pleading and the die is cast.

In the events that follow, the nobility of the character of Constance appears. Recognizing that she has blundered,

that she has failed utterly to understand the Queen, she is at once determined to do what she can to repair her error and at all hazards to save the fortunes, perhaps even the life, of Norbert from destruction. She sees her only hope in the beautiful, childlike love of the Queen for Norbert, and in an instant she has decided on a course of action.

Her quickness and self-control are wonderful. Without a single unguarded exclamation she listens to the story of the Queen, and only in her simple, "Who could have comprehended?" does she show surprise. The telling of the tale requires but a moment, and before Constance has time to collect her thoughts, Norbert returns. Will she tell him all and explain what she is about to do? Not until she learns whether such a course is absolutely necessary. She knows that poverty, and obscurity await them both if he chooses to go with her; and so before she stakes her all, she asks if he could endure such a life. The answer is that of a true statesman, born to subjugate the wills of others, to mould the fortunes of men, that of a man who is to furnish pictures for the poet and the painter, not of him who simply fixes the image on canvas or paper. It is enough, for even while the words Norbert has spoken of his aspirations and hopes are ringing in her ears, the Queen enters and Constance does not hesitate to put in practice the self-sacrificing scheme she has planned. She thinks to make the self-sacrifice complete, to renounce all claim to Norbert, even to stand by and see him happy with the Queen.

Again, as in the first interview with the Queen, her woman's wit stands her in good stead. She excuses in the most plausible manner the embrace which greets the Queen's eyes on entering and even introduces through it the subject so near her heart. With consummate skill she silences Norbert and without arousing the suspicions of the Queen, she reveals the secret of her actions to him,

"Mark, Norbert ! Do not shrink now ! Here I yield
My whole right in you to the Queen, observe !
With her, go put in practice the great schemes
You teem with, follow the career else closed—
Be all you cannot be except by her !"

But the generous attempt at self-sacrifice fails because the character of Norbert is not, as Constance believes, like those of the other courtiers about the Queen. She believes that the honors of statesmanship are more to him than her love. She forgets that, when he told her of the work he saw before him, it was she who was "to help ever;" she who was "to make his muscles iron." With the egotism of a lover, she does not believe that Norbert's love, even though it is true, can equal hers; and only at the end of his rebuke, keen, full of bitterness and of tenderness as it is, does she believe as he says,—“I am love. I cannot change.”

At once the veil falls from her eyes and she sees clearly that it is better for both to live in obscurity and in want, yes, better even to die, knowing that each is true to the other, than for either to wear a crown alone. All thought of worldly distinction is swept away and Constance stands revealed as she would have been had she never seen the life of the court. As it is, we see in her a living, breathing soul, with a few human faults, and many virtues, ready to sacrifice herself entirely from the purest though mistaken motives, 'a woman not perfect but nobly planned.'

EUGENIE C. KOUNTZE, '88.

THE MISSION OF WAGNER.

An insight into the effect of Wagner's life on the history of musical and dramatic art, is best obtained by a study of the various successes and failures of his career.

Wagner was born at the time of what might be called the Shakspeare Renaissance in Europe, when Munich, Dresden, Berlin, and Paris went mad over the tragedies of Shakspeare; so that Shakspeare in literature, and the great master of German composition, Beethoven, in music, were to Wagner the masters in their separate realms of letters and art—separate realms to every one but Wagner. It is true that, a hundred years before, Glück had conceived of a union of these two, but his efforts to bring it about were unsuccessful. Majestic operas which he wrote on the same general principle afterwards carried out by Wagner, died after a few unapplauded renditions; and the energy of their author was not sufficient to educate the public to their proper appreciation.

Spasmodic efforts at play-writing and composition characterized Wagner's boyhood. He even went so far, in one instance, as to have an overture rendered by orchestra, but it was met with such open-mouthed amazement that his embarrassment overcame his audacity, and it was several years before he attempted anything else. "Rienzi," composed when he was about twenty-five years of age, was his first work of any importance. But even this did not display in any marked degree the characteristics so prominent in his later creations. With "Rienzi" he went to Paris. He tried in vain to induce the Parisians to listen. In vain he denounced Rossini, Meyerbeer, Bellini, and the whole school of French and Italian opera writers. For four years he lived in Paris, railing with the bitterest denunciations against the falseness and artificiality of the then popular operas; defying critics by the successive production of works, each more incomprehensible than the last. "Rienzi" failed; the result was the composition of "Faust." "Faust" was a violation of all the musical traditions of a century. Then came "Der Fliegende Holländer," little less abstruse than "Faust;" "Tannhäuser," which

met with rather more success ; "Lohengrin," whose popular subject **did much** for its favorable reception ; and lastly "Tristan and Isolde," **which the musicians**, after forty-seven rehearsals, declared they could not perform. In this opera culminate those principles which are to be regarded as the basis of Wagner's dramatic composition. The first of these principles is, that all drama of the highest order, which is the lyric drama, must be founded on myth or folk lore, in other words, must be epic drama. By this he hoped to create a purely national opera, which should render pictorially the myths of Germany. The subjects of his principal works, "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," the Niebelungen Cycle—show how he has applied this principle. It is here that his chief danger as a dramatist lies. If a play is to be a success, its characters should not only awaken admiration as creations, but they should inspire human interest. This bond of sympathy is lacking between us and the heroes of mythology, so that the deficiency must be made up by the substitution of other effects. In no composition is this lack of sympathy more obviously felt than in "Tristan and Isolde," where the plot involves so much of the supernatural as to totally estrange it from association with human life. In consequence, this play is the least successful of his major dramas.

At the time of its production, the time of his greatest unpopularity, Wagner carried into execution his plans for a theatre in which to represent his productions as he had conceived them. His very boldness gave him notoriety, and since that time he has succeeded in rendering his abstruse music intelligible to the public.

Wagner is to be regarded as a dramatist, not as a musician ; as a reformer in musical drama, not in music. Music he regards as merely accessory to the higher realm of art, the drama, or rather as an essential unit in the lyric drama, an actor, not an accompaniment. His theories in regard to

opera writing are abstruse, subtle, and metaphysical, and are best expressed in his own words: "The error of the opera as a species of art has consisted in the fact that a mere means of expression, music, has been made the end, while the end of the expression, the drama, has been made the means, and thus the actual lyric drama has been made to rest upon a basis of absolute music." Hence we see that, in contradistinction to the Italian school, the opera, instead of consisting of a certain number of arias, duets and concerted pieces, that is, instead of having occasional melodies, should be all melody. The music, instead of having no relation to the verbal text, should proceed from the same creative impulse, and both should be of the same order of merit, thus obviating incongruity. This is his first canon of composition. Very little of Wagner's music, in proportion to the whole mass of his composition, when rendered independently of the drama, is anything but an inharmonious jangle, "out of tune, and harsh." When rendered with the action it is the exponent of the internal, as the stage is of the external, drama.

Such is in general the principle of Wagner's music. The breaking up of the old schedule of opera writing, the sacrifice of mere beauty of form in music for the freer and deeper expression of emotion, its intensification and adaptation to the stage,—these details are well-known. When critically analyzed, this music presents at least one striking characteristic. In each composition are found short phrases which symbolize the principal springs of action in the play, and whose recurrence recalls to our minds their existence. The power of the *leit motiv* lies in its suggestiveness; in the fact that it excites the imagination and emotions. Its weakness lies in the danger of its possible interference with the development, and in the danger of monotony. The first difficulty is obviated by placing the *motiv* in the orchestra, not in the drama or its accompaniments;

suggesting the former train of thought, without interfering with the action. The second is overcome by Wagner's genius in composition, interweaving the *motiv* always with novel modulation and development. The principle of the *motiv* is perhaps most beautifully shown in the funeral march in the 'Götterdämmerung,' which is made up entirely of *motive* used during Siegfried's life, and so recalling the train of events in his career.

By no means the least important of Wagner's characteristics, or the least necessary to a proper conception of his works, and yet one less peculiar to himself than are the other characteristics mentioned, is the attention which he pays to stage effect. The fact of his inventing such a combination of poetry, music, painting, machinery, and action, shows him to be a man of genius.

What, then, has been the effect of the introduction of his novel principles, upon the artistic world at large? He has, all will grant, succeeded in founding a purely German school of opera, and with it he has destroyed the pre-eminence of the Italian school. Whether his disciples will possess sufficient genius to continue the production of works of the same order of merit, or whether his works will be the sole monuments to his principles, we cannot say; but the fact remains, that he has changed the standard of opera writing for the world.

E. L. MAC CREERY, '88.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

When frost is in the air and winter is close upon us, it is pleasant to pause a moment, to look back on the past summer and think over some of the thoughts that have come to us during its idle moments. Let us gather a few of them together, to remind us, in this dreary season, that such hours have been and will come to us again.

How the first personal pronoun, possessive case, is written over the face of the landscape by the fences dividing it up in all directions. "These are my fields, my pastures, my meadows" is the stern truth which they express. Yet Nature has received with kindness even these intruders in her realm, has adopted them and made them a part of herself.

On the stone wall Nature has set the special mark of her favor. By her magic touch the rough gray stones are transformed into things of beauty. They are hidden by graceful, clinging vines, great patches of gray-green lichens, and lovely, pale, dry moss in which tiny red fairy cups are half hidden. Such a fence is full of unexpected delights. Down in the nodding, whispering grass at its base you may find hidden away the nest of the modest ground-sparrow with its brown-and-white speckled eggs. A little red squirrel comes out, looks at you saucily an instant, and then, with a toss of his head and a contemptuous switch of his

pretty tail, he is off. Every season leaves its contribution by the old stone wall. Wild roses come and fill the air with their fragrance; later, the sturdy Scotch thistle, with its great pink blossom, appears in company with the golden-rod and the stately purple aster. There, too, grow those fruits which fill with delight the hearts of merry school-children—the scarlet thimble-berry, the prickly gooseberry and the choke-cherry.

Nearest of kin to the stone wall is the fence of rails

“That skirts the way
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay.”

It continues the story of the stones in its delightful zig-zag course over hill and dale. There, too, the softening touch of Nature has been at work, changing the color of the young wood into a quiet, harmonious gray. Here and there a trailing vine play hide-and-seek with the tall grasses on either side of the fence. The top rail is the common halting-place for the birds where they hold their “windy congresses” and view the world at a short range.

In strange contrast to its crazy, joyous sister is the grim stump fence. The gnarled, dark branches seem to have no place in the bright sunlight and among the living, growing things about them. From them once rose tall trees in whose branches birds sang all day and under whose shade merry-voiced children played. There is a protest against their present use in every turn and twist of their contorted fibres. Vines and flowers can not take away their grimness—they heighten it rather by contrast.

What would a long walk through the fields be without now and then a tall, uncompromising board fence to climb? You may step with ease over a stone wall, and the rail fence accommodates itself to human peculiarities, but to climb a board fence gracefully demands some energy and address. You arrive on the other side with that feeling of

triumph and exhilaration which an obstacle overcome always awakens. One can not help liking this staid, business-like member of the fraternity. No frivolity of demeanor mars its straight line of march along the edge of the fields which it is set to guard. Vines do not dare to flourish here where the beauty of usefulness is the first law.

The man who invented that horrible contrivance of barbed wire which we sometimes see taking the place of kindly rails and stones, must have been a misanthrope. A malicious hatred of mankind is expressed in every jagged point in the wire's length. Only one who has tried to get through such a fence and has come out with his clothes torn, his temper ruined, and his faith in human nature gone, fully realizes what a barbed wire fence is. Its redeeming features are yet to be discovered. It perhaps may be the result of a higher civilization than the stone wall, but we turn to that old friend with a feeling of satisfaction.



I have a habit of devoting myself in a somewhat desultory manner to the study of one feature in a landscape until it becomes the ruling thought in my mind. Then everything else seems a mere background to bring out in clearer relief the object of my attention. This summer I passed the time in the society of roofs, almost oblivious of all other objects, or, if I did think of other things, they became distorted by my imagination.

It is the easiest thing in the world to think of a hat as a roof. You can divide the different styles into flat roofs, French roofs, gable roofs, and so on. Then, too, the top of a carriage is nothing more than a roof, and everyone is familiar with the high cathedral roof of the forest glades. If you want to try the experiment of transmuting every

object in this way, you have simply to follow my advice. On the sultriest of summer days, betake yourself to a shady nook where, as you lie in your hammock, you can listen to the roar of the sea—the rustling of leaves or any other monotonous sound would form almost as good an accompaniment to revery—half close your eyes, and look about you. Control the working of your mind only enough to repel all thoughts of other objects, and the result may be a fairy-land of roofs.

Perhaps you think that this would be an uninteresting company. That only proves you have never studied the characteristics of these neighbors and have never learned to know them as they are. Yet, even in this society, there are common-place members. For instance, the slightly sloping roofs of our city houses and their no more interesting country cousins, the tin roofs. These are so impressed with their own usefulness as a shelter from sun and storm that they scorn to seek after the beautiful, seeming even to strive for ugliness. How different are the pointed slate roofs, with their Quaker dignity and perfect harmony of outline and coloring! You do not pause to think whether they are useful or beautiful but their simplicity is restful to the eye.

In this society everyone can find a type to suit his taste. If you dislike the self-satisfied ostentation of the French style, the shrinking modesty of the gambrel roof, which renders itself conspicuous by its very unobtrusiveness, may be more congenial. And, should neither of these give you pleasure, you will find ample variety in the different forms of gable roofs. These hold up their heads with more or less display. If you are one of the few individuals who delight in goodness pure and simple, you will find your ideal in the gable roof of moderate pitch, such as has given shelter to many of New England's sons and daughters in the near past. Like the homely virtues of those men and

women, these roofs are too old-fashioned to suit the artistic modern age, yet they are not of the olden time that bears about it the odor of romance. These are the roofs least liable to be hurried away by the cyclone's fury, and you trust yourself to their protection with a feeling of security. Sometimes, too, you find one of these whose homeliness is relieved by quaint dormer-windows which invite the decoration of dainty white curtains. These windows seem to be the outgrowth of the poetic nature which could not be suppressed by the frigidness of Puritan morality, but finds expression in symmetrical incongruity. To me there is always a sadness about them. It is like the sadness with which I think of the conflicts in the soul of a conscientious woman who strives to uproot the love of the beautiful, thinking it a snare of the author of all evil. But she can not entirely tear it away, and you find its gentle influence diffused throughout her whole life in beauty and simplicity.

Much as we may admire the beauty of order, most of us have enough of the artistic temperament to find delight in people and things that do not at all realize our ideals. And thus the irregularity of the lean-to roof, in contrast with the primness of its more modern but less picturesque companions, is refreshing. It is the huntsman of the village. As age advances, dilapidation gives an added charm. You do not approve of the gradual loosening of shingle after shingle any more than you do of the sportsman's slow breaking away from good habits. Lichens cover the vacant places on the roof, and they are pleasant to the eye. The air of desolation settles more and more upon it, but you do not shrink from the sight. You say the old ruinous house is a beauty in the landscape that can not be replaced. But, when you want a shelter from the storms of winter, you seek one of its more common place neighbors, where the rain can not intrude. You are willing, too, to amuse yourself for an hour, it may be, in listening to the tales of

the old time-worn, self-distorted huntsman, but not to be his friend.

Thus you will find, if you enter the society of the roofs, that they have as distinct characteristics as any human being of your acquaintance. They, too, change with time, sometimes bearing their age with the calm dignity of one that realizes the advantages of years, sometimes showing a curious checker-work of youth, middle-age, and advanced life in their hues.

But you can not always see the roofs under the summer sun. Winter comes and throws her white mantle over them all. They glisten in the sunshine and lie white and calm under the moon's clear light. Their sharp corners are softened, their beauties are brought out in clearer relief. Every point and pinnacle is wreathed with festive garments and the simplicity of the commonplace is made attractive. They are all clothed with Nature's pure robe of charity, which she denies to none, not even to the deformed lean-to roof where, under the snow, still cling the lichens and still lie the loose shingles.



We may believe that, before man or beast inhabited the world, the wind spoke in the same tones which we hear in its voice to-day. When living creatures developed on the earth, why did their cries of pain echo the lamentations of the wind? Why were their impulses of joy akin to its wild motion? These idle questions suggest an answer to that other query: "By what virtue does the sound of the wind exert so strong a fascination on the human mind?" The reply suggested is this: "Because the language of the wind, translated into terms of imagination, contains a response to every human emotion."

Deep in the mind of man lies a love of the mysterious; and in no way can he more easily hold communion with

mystery than by listening to the wind as it sweeps over great tracts of unfamiliar country. Stand alone in a cleared spot in the midst of a forest, and listen. The wind which you hear has come to you, perhaps, over hundreds of miles of wilderness. Freightened with the secrets of those unknown, shadowy, silent regions, it bears with it a weight of awe. Listen again ! The vague mental impression becomes more definite as you perceive the regularity, the steady unbroken flow of the sound. It expresses something higher than mere mystery.

“ Neither passion nor sorrow I hear in this rhythmic, steady course ;
Only the movement, resistless and strong, of an all-pervading Force,—
The one universal Life which moves the whole of the outward plan ;
Which throbs in winds and waters and flowers, in insect and bird
and man.”

If the “ universal Life ” appeals to you only as a generality, if your absorbing interest is in the passion and suffering of the world or in griefs which have visited your own life, the wind is still your sympathizer. Listen to its voice in winter, among the buildings of a city. In that dolorous scale there is expression for every individual sorrow, from the melancholy which allures as strongly as it repels, to the “ stern agony ” from which men shrink. The wind penetrates to every hidden corner where misery lurks, and cries its secrets on the house-tops. The sound comes to the ears of those who live in happiness, insinuates itself into every idle dream, awakens conscience, and proclaims, as of old to Maya’s son :

“ Because we roam the earth
Moan we upon these strings ; we make no mirth,
So many woes we see in many lands,
So many streaming eyes and wringing hands.”

More sorrowful than that of winter is a certain wind peculiar to summer—we have all heard it, saddest of all the winds. It comes at night ; it comes in regular, intermittent

pulsations, each ending in a slight crescendo, each sounding as though it swept over vast sheets of vibrating metal. It is an expression of absolute despair.

The wind lends itself so well to our darker moods that we are apt to think of it as altogether a voice of sadness ; but this is a narrow view. Have not all of us at times gone out into the midst of a raving wind, listened to its shouting and laughter, and run races with it as with some boisterous playmate, until its own joy has coursed through our every vein ? Have we not gained from it exhilaration, strength to surmount obstacles and to fight battles, convictions of a bright future for the world ? Such is the message of the wind of early spring.

There is another wind, gentle, continuous, and persevering, heard oftenest on quiet summer days. Its murmuring suggests calm thoughts of all that is good ; while listening to it we can not but have faith that the power of love is more effective in the world than any violence ; we seem to hear the persuasions of some wise spirit, whose counsel we would gladly treasure in our lives.

Thus the winds speak to us of human thought and feeling ; but they bring another message, which perhaps exerts an equal influence upon the mind—they tell of unceasing change. Themselves more mobile than anything in earth or water, they constantly remind us that nothing which we know is permanent. What wonder that the sound of their voice often fills our souls with sadness—for we cling to what is transient and resist change with all the force of sentiment born of association. What wonder that we are fascinated, held spell-bound as we listen—for in constant change is found that variety which imparts a zest to life.



Editors' Table.

Among the many classifications of Vassar girls that may be made, one prevails rather widely which divides them into "digs" and "bright girls." Not only is this classification obviously incomplete, but it has a serious fault. Taking the words "dig" and "bright girl" in the almost technical sense they have acquired, it tacitly implies that hard study must be lifeless, mechanical work, which brilliant intellectual gifts enable one to dispense with. Suppose, instead, we separate the students here into two other classes, girls who *think* and girls who do not think. Mental indolence is so insidious that it is perhaps not strange that so many conscientious girls of good abilities fall into lazy habits, mentally, but it is a thousand pities that they should do so. For instance, when such a girl learns a Latin declension by saying it over and over again for half an hour, when she works out a problem by blindly following a cumbersome formula, instead of fixing her attention on the principles involved—when, in essay work, she prefers three hours of "reading up" to one hour of hard consecutive thought—she is indulging mental indolence, she is refusing to *think*. But what shall we say of the girl, of unusually good abilities, who use their mental gifts merely to help them through the recitations of the day, who, intellectually, live from hand to mouth, when almost countless wealth might be theirs? It would be hard to speak too severely of the moral shallowness of a girl to whom a finely organized mind has been given, and who refuses to use the wonderful instru-

ment put into her hands—to whom superior capacities for thought have been given, and who still refuses to think.

We call the attention of the students to a new notice among our advertisements, to the effect that a prize of fifty dollars will be awarded by the Lippincott Publishing Company to the writer of the best article on Social Life at Vassar College. We all know that the popular opinion of our social life is unfavorable and exaggerated. This offer would seem to afford a timely opportunity for correcting these erroneous ideas, and in a periodical so widely read as Lippincott's Magazine, the truth could not fail to be brought before the public. We understand that this paper is to be one of a series of similar papers, and if the social life of other prominent colleges is to be portrayed, it would be unfortunate to have that of Vassar omitted.

The majority of us are agreed that our large sunny library is by far the most pleasant spot in the College. Perhaps some one will accuse us of grumbling, but even the library is not perfect. We said "sunny." Yes, it is sunny and cheerful from morning until evening, and many of us prefer to study there rather than in our own rooms, but after the gas is lighted the library is by no means a pleasant place in which to read or study. If you are fortunate enough to procure a seat at one of the four small tables, which are the only ones amply provided with light, well and good; but not more than three or four students can be accommodated at each of these. Not one of the tables in the library with these four exceptions is provided with sufficient light; it is especially poor at the Sophomore Literature table and at the corresponding one at the north end of the library. The

strongest eyes can not stand this strain with impunity, evening after evening. It seems to us as if the matter might be remedied with little trouble and at no great expense. Until it is, not only figuratively but even literally we must cry for "more light."

The time is at hand when many of our new comers, bent on purchasing new gymnasium suits, will seek the shortest way to the dress-maker's near by. As hosts of girls in former years have done, they will go to the Pine Walk and will gaze in blank amazement at the long-unbroken line of red fence which forms the northern boundary of our College grounds. Then, after looking in vain for an opening here, they will be obliged either to go to the far-distant gate at the end of the hedge and then retrace their steps on the other side of the fence, or—to choose a less dignified method of surmounting the difficulty. The sighs of "Oh, for a gate!" which have here been given vent have literally worn several of the boards of the fence quite away. Can not something be done? Even the most primitive kind of an opening would be acceptable.

HOME MATTERS.

The first regular meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association was held Sunday evening, October 10. Instead of the usual address, reports of the work of the different committees were read. During the past year the Association has prospered far beyond the hopes of its most sanguine members. The Thursday evening prayer meetings have been largely attended and there seemed to be a marked increase both in interest and attendance towards

the close of the year. The regular monthly meetings were addressed by Dr. Ward of New York, Professor Burnham of Madison University, Dr. Lyman Abbott of New York, Rev. Samuel Wilson of Persia, and Dr. Hatches of Richmond, Va. During the year seventy dollars were raised for a scholarship at Hampton ; weekly contributions were sent to Saint Barnabas' Hospital in Poughkeepsie and the money which remained in the treasury in June was devoted to the Fresh Air Fund. A box of dolls and toys was fitted up for the Home Mission of New York, and boxes of clothing were sent to the poor of Dutchess County. The servants' school was well attended and decided interest was shown by both pupils and teachers. In general the instruction was confined to the common branches, but in some instances, Algebra, History and Literature were taught. The membership of the Association is unusually large this year, and there seems to be an earnest desire on the part of each member to do individual work. This presages a bright future and we anticipate a useful year.

Few events of a College year are anticipated with greater pleasure, by two classes at least, than the first "At Home" of the Seniors, that occasion when the transformation which for several weeks has been going on under the deft fingers of a competent committee, screened by mysterious hangings of unæsthetic burlap, is for the first time unveiled to the gaze of proud Seniors and of the sister class which is so fortunate as to be their guest. '89 appeared in the latter rôle this year, and although the Opening which was to have taken place October 23 was, owing to "unavoidable circumstances" indefinitely postponed, yet that evening spent on the third corridor, South with '87 was a delightful one. And while '89 was enjoying the

steaming chocolate, the wafers, and the friendly converse offered by her hostess, a song floated out from the depths of burlap, a song so mournful, it would have melted the heart of anyone but—"a disappointing furniture man."

This enjoyable evening formed a very pleasant preface to the mere formal opening which took place the following Tuesday evening. From far off 87's initials, in tiny gas jets, appeared bright and shining above her door, and a moment's pause on the threshold of the ante-room revealed a vision of dainty white and gold loveliness, to which it is impossible to do justice. The soft white rugs, polished rocking chairs, and comfortable couches, invite to ease ; a pretty mahogany book case with well filled shelves, several late magazines and papers lying beside Doré's edition of "The Raven" on a handsome table to the left, suggest hours of delightful employment ; while the creamy silken wall-hanging with its frieze of rich gold, delights the eye and brings out in strong relief the delicate shadings of the exquisite pictures which adorn the walls. Above the table hangs "Waiting for the Tide," one of the most charming of etchings, and to the left "Vesper Hour," so delicate in detail and rich in suggestion. Passing through the archway with its plush portieres and unique lattice of dark cherry, we find a striking contrast, yet an effect not less pleasing. Here in paper hangings and portieres, old blue predominates, with which the delicate shrimp pink window draperies are in exquisite harmony. On the top of the piano is a bronze Japanese vase filled with roses, bearing 89's compliments. Several beautiful etchings, among them the celebrated "Harvest Moon," water colors, bric-a-brac, and easy chairs combine to make this an ideal parlor. As we turned toward the door, a tiny clock encrusted in "a helmet brave, with crossed swords two," caught our eye, and had it been any other than a Senior clock we should have doubted its veracity. Heeding its warning, however,

with one parting look we reluctantly turned our backs on the pretty picture, heartily thanking '87 for giving us a peep into the prettiest little parlor that ever we did spy, and sincerely wishing her many happy hours in her charming home.

The mystery which has always veiled Hallowe'en was not at all diminished on the evening of October thirtieth, when our Junior friends escorted us Sophomores to the College parlors to have the customary Halloween frolic. At the door we were given suggestive little gold and white satin bags, filled with—beans! Everything that we saw seemed to extend a welcome to us and to assure us that we were not to be made the victims of a Hallowe'en joke. A hospitable barrel of apples and a large sack full of peanuts in one corner claimed our immediate attention. As soon as we could tear ourselves from these attractions, we turned to the opposite corner, where on a table, in generous display, lay mysterious looking rolls of paper tied, of course, with white and gold. Could they be our essays written for us by '88 in her desire to give us the greatest happiness of all, or were they our diplomas and had the Faculty taken this delicate way of expressing their appreciation of '89's talents? Such was not our good fortune. On those pages we read our fates painted by the kindly hand of '88. We then passed through to the back parlor, going beneath a bell of yellow and white chrysanthemums, another proof of '88's thoughtfulness with regard to our class colors. We then arranged ourselves in two long lines for the exciting game of bean-bags, after which the prizes in the shape of refreshments were awarded. The remainder of the evening was spent in the usual Halloween amusements. Our taller sisters rivalled each other in the grace with which they per-

formed the apple act while those of us who were less fortunate in respect to our "perpendicular extension," devoted ourselves to the conventional candle and other equally appropriate games. At last at the ominous sound of the retiring bell, we dispersed, feeling sure that no Hallowe'en had ever been so fittingly celebrated.

The Lyceum, which has witnessed so many gay scenes of College life, changes wonderfully to suit the nature of the occasion. It seems one room when its windows are "lowered" and the sober gymnasts conscientiously tug at the chest-weights, and quite another when a happy and expectant audience awaits the rising of the curtain at Hall plays. Sometimes, with the aid of drapery, rugs, pictures, and easy-chairs, it becomes an agreeable substitute for a drawing-room. But surely it has never been prettier than on the evening of October 30, when its walls were covered with the "frosted leaves and golden ears" of the beautiful late corn, and its floor was cleared for a "Country Ball." The costumes were appropriate and brilliant in color, the dancing spirited, and the whole effect thoroughly artistic. Formality was unthought of. The spirit of mirth was in the scene. If the traditional tables, groaning under their weight of substantial cheer, were not so apparent as is wont at country feasts, that was no one's fault; and lemonade, ring-cake, and fun supplied their place. The young men and maidens entered with zest into Hallowe'en tricks, and the presence of several gracious matrons ensured decorum. Indeed, the bashful youths and shy sweet maids deserved great credit for their behavior, especially as this was the first appearance of many of them in Vassar society. The families of '87 and '90 are now well acquainted; and they may reasonably hope to become firm friends.

On Saturday evening, November 6th, the Sophomore, gave the usual party to the Freshman class. The frequent announcements of "a meeting of the class of '89" had aroused all our latent curiosity. When we arrived with our escorts at the parlor doors, we were presented with a mammoth chestnut and a leaf from the same tree. On inspection the former proved to be a very pretty programme and the leaf, a set of cards on which we were to write the greatest chestnut we knew. But our attention was attracted by the pleasant transformation which the committee had effected in the College parlors. We half doubted whether we were in the right place. The rooms were soon quite crowded, and the chief topic of conversation was the "cute" idea and "what are you going to put for your chestnut?"

The opening chords of the Sophomore song put an end to the chatter and we listened with pleasure to the excellent singing. The Freshman Club then followed with a very pretty song. In a few moments Miss Drexel, the President of the Sophomore class, welcomed the Freshmen in a very charming address which was gracefully responded to by Miss Harris, the President of '90.

Dancing was very popular and Room J was filled with gay waltzers. In the meantime the various chestnuts had been collected and some of the most "chestnuttty" selected. Dancing and conversation again ceased at the sound of a bell announcing that the various chestnuts would be read. Professor Drennan made them known and they were greeted with frequent bursts of laughter. Four were selected as having evoked the most merriment. To decide among them would have been a difficult task, and so the old expedient of drawing cuts was resorted to. The fortunate one was Miss Wheeler, who received an oxidized silver chestnut. It was nearing the time for the bell when we were invited to Room I where the refreshments were served.

All those who were so happy as to be there, will agree that the spread was a very enjoyable feature.

All too quickly the farewell song of the Sophomores was heard, and soon after, the gathering dispersed—the Sophomores happy in the many well-deserved compliments they had received on the success of their entertainment, the Freshmen in the remembrance of the evening's pleasure.



COLLEGE NOTES.

The Mineralogy class went on an expedition to the iron mines of Sylvan Lake, Oct. 17.

The Class of '90 has elected the following officers :

President,	-	-	-	-	MISS HARRIS.
Vice President,	-	-	-	-	MISS COCHRAN.
Secretary,	-	-	-	-	MISS SAVIDGE.
Treasurer,	-	-	-	-	MISS WERNE.
Class Poet,	-	-	-	-	MISS HASKINS.

The class motto is : *Carpere et Colligere.*

A wise student in Mental Philosophy came to the conclusion that she was a sensible being.

The Class of '89 held five class-meetings in thirty-six hours. One of their number was heard to remark that they were following in the foot steps of their illustrious predecessor. Which class, pray, do they consider their predecessor?

How quickly the Chapel bell is responded to this year. We are glad of those who lag behind and prolong Miss Hubbard's playing. We appreciate Miss Hubbard's kindness, and hope the change which she has instituted is to be a permanent one.

Mr. Charles Walcott, paleontologist of the United States Geological Survey, has been visiting Professor Dwight.

Dr. Braislin of Brooklyn conducted evening services October twenty-fifth.

It was a "Prep." who remarked that a classical joke had been played on Halloween.

The President of the Sophomore class has given five hundred dollars towards the Gymnasium Fund.

The following brilliant rendering of the passage: *Gravitatelem Africanus, lenitatelem Laelius et Carbo profluens quiddam et canorum*, caused a general smile in the Sophomore Latin class. Africanus had weightiness, Laelius had smoothness of style, and Carbo a flowing style and a long beard.

The Annual Conference of Baptist Ministers which was held in Poughkeepsie several weeks ago was very largely attended. Several hundred of the divines visited the College the day after the Conference. The museum, art-gallery, corridors and public rooms of the College were alive with the constant stream of guests.

Miss Anderson has been appointed chairman for Philathethan day, in place of Miss Cleveland, who has resigned.

Dr. Mosher read a paper before the New York Alumnæ Association, on "The Maintenance of Health."

Dr. Hall is contributing a series of articles to the Christian Union; the first of the number appeared in the issue of October 21.

The following books have been added to the library under the Students' Subscription Fund :

From Shakespeare to Pope,.....	Edmund Gosse.
The Unseen Universe,.....	Stewart and Tait.
The Works of Victor Hugo.	
The Works of Charles Macdonald.	
Selections from American Humorists,.....	3 Vols.
Rudder Grange,.....	Frank Stockton.
Short Stories,.....	" "
Jo's Boys,.....	Louisa Alcott.
The White Heron,	S. O. Jewett.
Social Usages,.....	Mrs. Sherwood.
A Step Aside,.....	Charlotte Dunning.
Across the Zodiac,.....	Percy Gregg.
Zoroaster,.....	Marion Crawford.
Anne,.....	C. F. Woolson.
East Angels,.....	" "
Bret Harte's Poems.	
But Yet a Woman,	A. S. Hardy.

A chorus of sixteen voices has been formed, for the purpose of reading at sight and for the singing of glees. It is to be under the leadership of Miss Wilson.

Miss Reynolds lectured on the Bulgarian Question before "T. and M." The same evening, Nov. 6, the Qui Vive held its first meeting, the programme being a debate, "Russia and Anti-Russia."

The Western Alumnae Association has been endeavoring for some time to establish a scholarship to aid western girls. Nearly the requisite amount has been obtained ; in order to make sure of the few remaining hundred dollars, a fair is to be held at Omaha in the course of the winter. It is to be hoped that those of the students who are interested will give their aid to the Alumnae in this good work.

Miss Putnam has returned to College.

Mrs. Raymond has been a guest of the College during the last month.

Mr. John Guy Vassar has bought "College Hill," and rumors are afloat that he intends to convert the "Parthenon" into a preparatory school and by this means, put a speedy end to our Preparatory Department.

PERSONALS.

[Any communications concerning former students will be gratefully received by the Personal Editor.]

'75.

Miss Mary Millard is teaching in Mme. Reul's school in New York.

The sketch of Miss Florence Wheat's life, which appeared in the MISCELLANY of last month, was written a short time after Miss Wheat's death, by Miss Gillpatrick, and should have appeared in the June publication. By some complication of circumstances, however, it did not reach us until too late for that number. We feel that out of courtesy to the memory of Miss Wheat this explanation of the delay is necessary.

'76.

Miss Mary Jordan has gone to Chicago to represent Smith College, at the meeting of delegates from women's higher educational schools.

'77.

Miss Ida Wood is teaching with Miss Frances E. Case of
'70.

Mrs. Dr. Charlotte Johnson-Baker is living on a ranch in New Mexico.

'80.

Married, November ninth, Miss Elizabeth Allen Skinner to Mr. William H. Hubbard.

Miss McFadden is teaching in a private school in New York City.

'81.

A paper by Miss Frances M. Abbott on the "Endowments and Needs of Women's Colleges" was read at the quarterly meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, held at Bryn Mawr College, Oct. 30.

'82.

Married, in New York City, October twenty-first, Miss Minnie Wheatley to Lieut. I. N. Lewis.

'84.

Miss Sara Cecil has given several concerts in New York City.

'85.

Miss Vosburgh is preceptress of the Gowanda Academy.

Married, October twenty-seventh, Miss Gertrude Jones to Mr. William T. Ward.

'86.

Miss Akin has been spending several months in Paris with a party of friends. She expects to return the latter part of this month.

The following alumnae have visited the College during the past month: Mrs. Nannie Braden-Whiteman, '79; Miss Colgate, '79; Miss Warren, '82; and Mrs. Elizabeth Mc-Millan-Harding, '84.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The October number of the *Amherst Literary Monthly* emphasizes the good impression which the few preceding numbers have produced. The story of "Rose" is full of delicate feeling and is expressed in the happiest manner, while "Nirvana" is well worthy of attention.

The *Virginia Literary Magazine* contains much readable matter. The department "Castaneae" is particularly good, while, from the number of items, "Alumnae Notes" is evidently in a flourishing condition.

Prof. in Latin: "Translate, *Cæsar ad flumen suo sinistro cornu fugit.*" Freshman: "Cæsar flew to the river on his left wing."—Ex.

Soph. (translating): "*Vous me faites frémir.*" "You make me"—(pause of uncertainty). Prof.:—"Frémir." Soph. (with forced energy):—"Tired." Amid the smiles and tears of his classmates, he was quietly informed by the Prof. that he might *rest*.—Ex.

The *Daily Crimson* celebrated the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harvard University in a most becoming manner, by doubling the number of its sheets and faithfully chronicling the events of each day. We wish to congratulate it upon its enterprising spirit and upon the neat appearance it presented during those stirring times.

The literary productions of the undergraduates delivered during the anniversary are published by the *Advocate*, and

entirely justify its claim that "they will rank among the best things produced by undergraduates in any college." The Ode by Lloyd McKim Garrison is especially fine.

In the *Atlantic* for November, "The Peckster Professorship," by J. P. Quincy, holds the place of honor. "A Korean Coup D'E'tat" throws light upon a interesting episode in Japanese history. William Henry Bishop and Charles Egbert Craddock continue their delightful serials. A sketch of the life of the architect, Henry Hobson Richardson, furnishes the biographical element, and there are two careful reviews of "Epic Russia" by Isabel Florence Hapgood, and of "France under Mazarin," by James Breeks Perkins.

The opening chapter of the Life of Abraham Lincoln in the November *Century*, arouses the interest of all in the new History, which promises to be all that the October editorial claimed for it. Foreign affairs are represented by the delightful article, "Old Chelsea," by Benjamin Ellis Martin. W. D. Howells suggests the manner in which he intends to free Lemuel Barker from the wilderness of difficulties in which he is wandering. Frank Stockton begins a search for "The Hundredth Man" which compares favorably with "The Casting away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine." The description of the discoveries at "The Temple of the Ephesian Artemis" will appeal to every lover of art. Mary Hallock Foote contributes "The Fate of a Voice," a delightful short story. The contributions to the war series treat of the Battle of Gettysburg, and are among the most interesting of the series. "The Topics of the Time" and "The Open Letters" are, as ever, to the point and complete an exceptionally excellent number.

The Nassar Miscellany.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

'87			'88
De Temporibus et Moribus.....	L. C. SHELDON.	Exchange Notes.....	E. C. KOUNTZE.
Literary Miscellany.....	E. C. GREENE.	College Notes and Personals.....	E. LEWIS.
Home Matters.....	A. K. GREEN.	Asst. Business Manager.....	E. L. MACQUEERY.
Business Manager.....	S. W. LEARNED.		

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No. 3.

HILLSIDE FARM.

Hillside farm was universally considered the finest bit of land in all the Berkshire region, but on this November day all nature seemed bleak and cold. The warm mellow sunshine of noonday had been followed by clouds of leaden-gray, and as night came on the air grew chill. Over the neighboring hills the cloud-caps gathered. The rising wind whistled and moaned among the pines, and catching up the dead leaves in the hollows whirled them through the mazes of many a wierd dance. The whole scene was drear and desolate.

All day long two men had been working in a corn field ; though sometimes near together scarcely a word had passed between them. Silently and quickly they wrought and at nightfall the field was covered with bundles of cornstalks. When the work was finished they sat down on an over-

turned bundle of stalks and watched the lights twinkling in the village below. They were singularly alike, these two men, and yet singularly unlike. The father was just past the prime of life. The black felt hat pushed back from his high square forehead showed to advantage his clearly cut features, deep set keen gray eyes and thin lips that twitched nervously with every passing emotion. He was slight of stature yet firmly knit and strong. The son was a tall, broad-shouldered man of about twenty-five years. His dark eyes flashing under heavy brows, his prominent nose, resolute mouth and firm square chin at once revealed his strong self-reliant nature. He was "Gentleman and Laborer in one—Servant and King."

The silence between the father and son remained unbroken. There was an indescribable sadness on both faces as they thought of an impending separation, but one was despairing, the other hopeful. The father foresaw only the months of dreary anxious waiting that stretched before him, and in his heart he rebelled against the country which refused to be satisfied with anything less than the sacrifice of her bravest children, but the son's love of freedom was stronger than the ties of blood, and fired with a patriot's enthusiasm he was ready to lay down his life for his country. Thus Farmer Speedwell and his son watched the shadows deepening in the valley, until a cold drizzling rain began to fall. Then gathering their farm-tools together they slowly crossed the cornfield and entered the cozy farmhouse.

The following day Norton Speedwell joined his regiment and started for the South. Outside the morning was bleak and chill. The atmosphere seemed freighted with sadness. The gloom penetrated even to the farm animals and the barnyard was strangely silent. The dog uttered low growls of suspicion from his mat on the doorstep, while Phil, the old family servant, washed the carriage and shook out the

robes, the tears streaming down his dusky face. Inside the good wife hustled about the kitchen preparing dainty dishes for the son's last breakfast at home. His last breakfast—she repeated the words over and over as if unable to believe them. She shed a few tears as she packed his knapsack, but in spite of quivering lips and tear-dimmed eyes her heart was glad, and kneeling by her bedside she poured out her soul in one cry—"Thank God I have one son to give for my country." And even when the father's courage utterly failed, the mother remained resolute and with her last embrace she whispered, "I'm proud to have you go."

The tramp of many feet is heard. There is martial music. The clouds part and through the rift the sun sends its broad beams falling like a benediction upon the departing host. The bayonets gleam in the sunshine. There is a long hearty cheer that drowns the puffs and shrieks of the engine. The train moves away bearing the most precious treasures of a thousand homes, and Norton Speedwell is their leader.

Two years passed. Farmer Speedwell's figure was slightly bent, his step was less steady, and his hair was tinged with gray, but increasing years had brought increasing activity. A saw-mill buzzed merrily by the little brook, more land was cultivated and the barns fairly groaned under their burden of harvest. In the pleasure of saving a goodly heritage for the absent son, Farmer Speedwell forgot his present loneliness. But the mother, shut out from the busy money-making life of her husband, too far removed from neighbors to enjoy social intercourse, with only an occasional letter telling of hard won victories and sore defeats to break the monotony of her life, what wonder that her slender figure drooped, and lines of anxiety deepened about her mouth? There was a wistfulness in her eyes and an habitual expression of unrest upon her once placid face, but she never complained.

One night, as was their custom, the farmer and his wife were sitting before the open fire. The news from the seat of war had been discussed at length, and now they watched the play of the firelight in silence. Suddenly there was a sound of steps on the path, the door was burst open, and faithful Phil tottered into the room crying, "Oh, Marse Roger, I's spected it from the first." In his hand he held a telegram with a broken seal. For a few moments no word was spoken in the little kitchen. Neither father nor mother looked at the telegram yet each knew the tidings it bore. Now and then a convulsive sob shook the negro's huge frame, the dog on the hearth moaned plaintively, but the farmer and his wife gazed at the fire in silence as its flickering light played on their faces and cast strange shadows in the little room. At last the father with a half-suppressed groan leaned his head on his hands. Then the mother as if by sudden impulse arose and crossed the room. Over the faded chintz mantle hung a picture of her son taken just before he left home, and through the frame was thrust a broken sword, his favorite plaything when a lad. She lifted a candle and gazed long and earnestly at the likeness. As she looked the sorrow and despair faded from her face and there stole over her white set features an expression of joy and triumph. Then dropping the candle she clasped her hands in her intense emotion and cried in a clear ringing voice, "I'm proud to have lost you."

A few days later a package came from one of Norton's comrades containing a well-worn prayer-book, a torn hymnal, and a letter telling of a glorious victory, a promised furlough, and of a promotion to the rank of General. The father only sighed and shook his head, but the mother smiled as she pinned the official notice of his promotion under his picture, and murmured as she touched it caressingly, "For Freedom's sake."

The passing years have brought marked changes to Hillside Farm. The cosy home has become a neglected weather-beaten, comfortless house. No longer does the bright light at evening cheer the belated traveler. Only a faintly glimmering candle in the curtainless kitchen reveals signs of occupancy. The barns are falling to decay, the granaries are empty, the fences are rotted, the weeds in the garden grow rank, and the undulating fields where once the yellow grain waved are overgrown with stunted trees and blackberry bushes. Two old men, master and servant, call this dreary place home. Both are bowed with years, but the master has reached the age of "second childishness and mere oblivion," while the white-haired negro retains his mental activity to a remarkable degree. To "uncle Roger," as he is now commonly called, the past is only a horrible dream. Not so with Phil, with him the past is ever present and his one joy is to repeat "Marse Roger's story" as he styles it. With tear-dimmed eyes and choking voice he will tell you how "Marse Norton died in Freedom's cause," and how little by little Marse Roger lost all interest in business, leaving the crops standing in the fields and cultivating less and less land each year, and how finally memory and reason failed him and he became a common drunkard. The old man stops and wipes his dusky face on his sleeve, and his voice grows lower as he tells you how bravely his mistress bore her loss until at the close of the war the victorious army was heralded home by merry music, the joyous clang of bells, thanksgivings and rejoicings. Then for the first time she seemed to realize that her son was lying in a lonely grave on a distant battle-field never to return to her. The thought of her loss crushed her in mind and body, her overtasked nerves gave way, and when after a long illness she again went about the house, she was only a wreck of her former self, a pitiful crazed object, now weeping and moaning, now chattering, laughing and gesticulating wildly. At last death released her.

Uncle Roger goes to the little village every morning. He is bent almost double and his steps are painful and slow. He carries on his arm a basket of garden vegetables which he exchanges for whisky at some grogshop, and he spends his days basking in the sun on the steps of low saloons with only the bar-keeper's children for companions. He plays marbles with them, tells stories and even sings in a soft sweet voice quaint old-fashioned songs, while they climb about him, pull his beard, and search his pockets. In the sad, childish old man, the children have found a true friend, and bravely they defend him against the jeers and jokes of his coarse companions. Towards evening he wends his way up the hill. Each night his step seems slower than on the preceding morning. The wind plays in his long gray hair and his thin flowing coat is but scant protection against the chill air. As he passes some lady he raises his hand to his hat with his old time courtesy, and there is a momentary gleam of recognition in his faded eye, but it is soon gone. As he slowly climbs the hill, he meets the merry farm hands on their way to the village, and many a careless joke is made about his bent wiry figure and old-fashioned garb. But their words are meaningless to uncle Roger. At last he reaches the top of the hill. By the fallen gate the faithful negro watches for his master, and arm in arm the two old men totter along the grass-grown path toward the house. Under the weather-beaten porch they pause for a moment, as is their wont, for a last look at a lonely grave in the little garden. Then in silence they enter the cheerless home, and the door closes upon the lonely occupants of Hillside Farm.

ANNA K. GREEN, '87.

ANDREA DEL SARTO.

In the poem *Andrea del Sarto*, Browning, "subtlest asserter of the soul in song," brings out with firm strokes the character of that painter whose works have so long charmed all beholders with their grace and beauty, while they have utterly failed to satisfy the higher needs of the human heart. Browning's interpretation of the sad, shameful story of the life of Andrea, "the faultless painter," has been called the "great, sad poem," because he has entered with such perfect sympathy into the innermost experiences of a heart burdened with an unavailing remorse. Yet Browning takes no delight in that cold, cruel vivi section which characterizes some modern writers. He is not pleased to lay bare the weaknesses and inconsistencies of human nature, but it is with deep sympathy and reverent step that he enters the soul's sanctuary.

When we read in books of art the story of Andrea del Sarto's life, we are moved by a passing feeling of moral repulsion, mingled perhaps with pity. But when we are brought, as Browning's powerful poem brings us, into the very presence of a struggling, unhappy human soul, such placid neutrality is impossible. By the poet's magic touch time is annihilated and Andrea del Sarto is no longer the sixteenth century artist, but a brother man whose very weakness and errors demand our sympathy. We are listening to the sad self-communion of one who has failed through his own weakness, and who is conscious of that failure. The whole poem is toned down to the sadness of the subject. It is pervaded with the "common greyness which silvers everything," as the artist sits hand in hand with the wife who has been the evil genius of his life, and as he sits.

“ The whole seems to fall into a shape
 As if I saw alike my work and self
 And all that I was born to be and do,
 A twilight piece.”

His life lies before him, a record of shame and misery, of great opportunities thrown away, of promises broken, of the holiest obligations disregarded. As he looks forth on “sober, pleasant Fiesole,” he finds no comfort in the beauty of the scene. All accords with the bitterness of his thoughts. Even when he turns to his paintings in which he ought to find satisfaction if in anything, he sees them stamped with his own weakness and failure. Their very perfection, their harmony and beauty, seems but a mockery to him. With clear vision he sees how they fail of reaching the ideal which art demands. With him all is “silver-grey, placid and perfect,” but no more.

With a sudden blaze of passion he turns to the woman at his side, for whom he has given up all that is most desirable in life. Is it not this beautiful, faithless, soulless creature whose earthliness has barred him from the heaven he might have reached ?

“ Had the mouth there urged
 ‘God and the glory, never care for gain.
 The present by the future, what is that ?
 Live for the fame, side by side with Angelo,
 Raphael is waiting : up to God all three !
 I might have done it for you.”

Perchance if Andrea del Sarto’s love—for love was all-powerful with him—had been for one stronger, nobler, better than himself he might have risen above his weakness and lower ideals to heights now far beyond his reach. In that perchance lies the secret of his failure. His love for Lucrezia is his condemnation, for it is the expression of that very weakness which led him to rest satisfied with the lower in love and in art. But some have considered her the inspiration of his life. Max Müller has said that if

you take away the face of Lucrezia you take away the very life out of Andrea's art. True, but in that is his failure. Filled with, and blinded by this lower love, he forgot all higher aims.

Within himself alone can he find the reason why artists inferior to him have succeeded as he does not dream of doing. The true object of art,

"not to catch men with show,
With homage to the perishable clay,
But lift them over it, ignore it all—"

has eluded him. Entranced with the outward fleshly beauty he has allowed it to fetter him. While art should look heavenward his looks earthward. The very failure of others marks their superiority to him, as their works are the tokens of earnest, painful striving to express what is in them. The very weight of their thought and the greatness of their mission overburdens them. But they truly succeed, for they have learned to look above and through their art to something higher. He has learned to prize the "value and significance of flesh," but the deeper meaning has escaped him.

Andrea del Sarto fixed upon a low ideal—and he attained it. In that his life was a failure. True soul-life, true success, lies in reaching ever higher and higher after an ever growing ideal. We strive after one object as if there

"were naught beyond to live for—is that reached?
Already are new undreamed energies
Outgrowing under, and extending farther
To a new object; there is another world!"

Success and failure are to Browning subjective terms. That a life should not be judged merely from the surface, is the key-note to his whole philosophy. To him Andrea del Sarto's life must have seemed a failure, for although he reached perfection in art, he failed to strive toward a lofty and ever more exalted ideal.

MARGUERITE SWEET, '87.


“MARTHY DAN.”

It was one Sunday afternoon last March ; in the morning Miss Githens and I had attended the little church from whose pulpit Elder Leland had once preached to the parish whose chief errors he shared. There had been an ice-storm the night before, and our drive down to the village, over the road that wound along the brook under trees that met and arched the way, was a thing of delight, but it had grown warmer and began to rain about noon, and all the long afternoon I had been sitting by one of the south windows,—Miss Githens was at the other—my monotonous thoughts keeping time to the continuous breaking of branches and crashing of falling ice in the woods on the mountain. Miss Githens' thoughts may have been more cheerful than mine, but I fancy she found the silence irksome and was glad when the small excitement occasioned by Martha, daughter of him who had been in his life, Daniel Bradley, and her husband, driving by through the slush on their way to Charlemont gave her an opportunity for breaking it and telling me a story,—Miss Githens never loved her neighbor better than when she was relating her life and commenting on her character in a kindly spirit quite her own.

“When she was a girl, my dear, her father lived where your Uncle Douglass does now. He was very well-to-do and Marthy was an only child ; they called her Marthy Dan because David Bradley's daughter was Marthy too. Her father sent her to boarding-school a little but it never set her up at all as far as anybody could see. Dan was a good deal vainer than she was. When she came home the last time she fell in love with the blacksmith, an Irishman he was, too. I don't know but Dan would have stood it better if he hadn't just bought her a new piano. It seemed a good deal of a waste, then, and he said he didn't know as

an anvil and a *pianna* went good together. He rather thought they didn't. And in the end he had his way about it, though Marthy seemed dreadfully cut up for quite a spell,—but Holcombe—that was his name—went off West and pretty soon after, Marthy married Charley Ferris. That was all her father's doing. Charley was a very likely young man and had considerable property up in Burlington. He moved to Northfield and they lived happy enough I think, but Marthy was always ailing. He used to be up nights and rock her and tend her and soothe her just like he would a baby. He was very devoted that way, and Marthy grew quite attached to him after a while. Perhaps she thought she owed him some amends, for she really hadn't done right by him nor herself either, marrying him so, when she wasn't done pining for Holcombe. Any way it was a real loss to her when he died of a fever. They had only one little girl who was rather weakly, and Marthy moved back on the farm with her.

“She lived there a number of years and then this Sturgis came along. I never understood quite what made her marry again, she was so comfortable as she was. I used to think sometimes that may be she believed marrying was all there was *to* life. It looked like that afterwards, or perhaps she missed Charley's being so good to her and thought somebody else would take his place. Fanny was considerable of a comfort, but Marthy wanted somebody *to* baby *her*. She never had much of a notion of what it was like to stand by herself or to help other people, or maybe she was just lonely up there,—you know it isn't a cheerful situation under that hill so,—but there! I've been digging into people's reasons for doing things off and on for over fifty years, not having any other steady occupation and being lonesome at times, and I say though you can make a good many likely guesses at it, you can never tell what a woman like Marthy does anything for. Any way



she married him. He was rather oldish, and it was sort of a convenience to him to have a real home. He'd been a minister, but his health had failed him and he had been travelling round for quite a while, preaching a little and doing a little of everything. He let Marthy have everything her own way, not that she had any will of her own, and for quite a while it seemed just as if he was sitting back and getting rested,—taking a long breath and preparing for work. Being on the farm was good for him and his health got better but he never did anything except putter around the place a little. He always looked as though he was just going to go at something with all his strength though, and that suited Marthy as well as if he had done it.

“They lived together until she was well on past middle age, but he died a year or two after Fanny was married, and then Marthy *was* lonesome. She said she'd never felt anything like it before, and I don't presume she had. She was one of the kind that always seem to cower down in among people and are afraid to be by themselves. I suppose they believe they'd have to think once in a while if they didn't. For my part I don't see how such folks get along. I should think they'd stifle.

“Well, after Sturgis died it seemed as if Marthy couldn't settle down to any thing. She was awfully restless. Fanny and her husband wanted her to come to Kingston to live with them, but she could not leave the old place, and yet she couldn't bear to stay on it. There was a clever Irishman a good deal younger than she, that had been working on the farm a year or two before Sturgis died, and he thought he saw an opening for him, so when Marthy had made herself miserable all one summer and was worrying over how lonesome she was going to be in the winter, he asked her to marry him, and, my dear, she was actually minded to do it, but Forrest and Fanny came on to see her and Forrest told her that if she did she should never see

Fanny again as long as she lived. She sat up there in her widow's cap, shaking her head and biting her lips and saying that Fanny had married who she was a mind to, and she didn't see why she couldn't marry who *she* was a mind to, but that was as far as she dared to go. They took her to Kingston for the winter, and though they had a nice house and every thing to do with, and just did everything for her, I think if ever there was a wretched woman with her feelings all in a heap, so that she couldn't scarcely make out what they were, nor where, Marthy Dan was one that winter.

"She came back to the farm in the spring and had the men go to putting in the spring crops just as usual, but I never saw anybody look more spiritless than she did. It was only a few months later that we heard David Holcombe's wife was dead, and that he was going to come back East to live. I felt then that I knew what was going to happen as well as if I had been in the counsel of Providence ever since Marthy was eighteen, and I was downright glad about it. It came over me all of a flash that may be she had been loving him the best way she knew all the time, and that it had made her ailing and cross by spells and always looking for somebody who could take his place to her; and in that light she had been patient under several hard disappointments, so that I don't wonder she seemed a little unsettled toward the end.

Now that I thought she was going to be happy the rest of her life I felt sorry that I hadn't had more patience with her in my mind and understood her better sometimes. Perhaps if I had tried, even I might have helped her a little, and life's a hard enough thing with all the sympathy one can get. Some times it seems as though it was harder on account of the sympathy, for the people who mean the best by us often make us feel the most miserable,—but that's my own trouble and neither here nor there. Of

course he went to see Marthy as soon as he got to Hillsboro and by and by they were married. Holcombe took a place nearer Northfield and they raise a little garden-stuff for the market there. He was sixty-three and she was fifty-eight, but she has grown young wonderfully since then. I guess she don't mind about being alone so much now and she has the look of being pretty well at peace with the world. She told the minister when she was married that she was a very happy woman, though she didn't feel she deserved it some way, but she takes it serenely enough with folks in general. My sister met her on North street one day and she said "So you've married Holcombe after all Marthy?" "Well, yes, she said, I have. His mother seems considerably pleased about it!"

De Temporibus et Moribus.

In the Contributor's Club of a recent number of the *Atlantic*, the *nouveau cultivé* has been sketched for us in an article that is keenly appreciative of all his ludicrous points, reproducing them with photographic fidelity. The sketch is delightfully amusing and true as far as it goes, but one puts it down with a tenderer feeling for the *nouveau cultivé* than for the unknown author, who is a trifle haughty, and whose sympathies, one fears, are as dull as his pen is pointed.

A very clever thing is of necessity half untrue, and there is another possible view of the growth of the *nouveau cultivé* which, duly considered, is calculated to rouse the envy and not the derision even of the veritable Bostonian. Think, if you please, of the tremendous intellectual experiences lying before a man plunged "in a penumbra of culture when well along in years." Fancy the rapture of being intelligent and ignorant, with all the world of books before one where to choose! How many years of one's life would it be worth simply to bring a mature judgment, unspoiled by custom, untainted by familiarity, to bear upon Shakspeare?

It seems to me that the attitude of the fatally-well-educated toward the *nouveau cultivé* might appropriately be one of gentle yearning, of sympathetic prevision of those experiences of his that they can imagine, but never share. For is not his akin to the ideal attitude of the not-too-debased heathen, suddenly converted to Christianity, and with all his literary knowledge of his Bible still to be at-

tained ? He has arrived at the maturity of his intellect and can fully appreciate the treasures that he discovers now for the first time. There *may* be all the difference between the way in which he approaches the standard poets, for example, and the way in which most of us begin to know them, that there is between a grown man's intelligent appreciation of life and the blind enjoyment of existence felt by a baby lying in the sunshine ; and I can not at present imagine a keener pleasure than that of the man to whom it has been graciously permitted by Fate to discover his Lowell, his Tennyson, his Browning, with that thrill of fresh delight felt by

" some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims within his ken "

Whether it is true or not that select souls never become *blasé* and that it is only a state of half-culture that knows no permanent intellectual peace, it is an assured fact that with the unhappy majority of cultivated people, to have known a thing always is to run great risk of being tired of it always. Familiar things grow hateful, and the very *ancien cultivé* in question speaks of "life long weariness" of the old orthodox judgments in literature and art. Everyone is pining for the "Great Something Else," but the thing they vainly desire is within reach of the *nouveau cultivé*, and part of his joy is that he must make haste, for

" 'Tis twilight, you see, with such suites to explore,
Such closets to search, such alcoves to importune !"



Every book suggests to our minds almost or quite unconsciously pictures of people, places, and things, not intended by the author. Moreover these conceptions are clear-cut and definite ; the minutest points and details of scenery and dress are plainly brought out ; every room, every

house, is mapped almost as in an architect's plan. Perhaps all have experienced that feeling of blankness which succeeds when, after having had our characters look out of a favorite North-west window for twenty chapters, we learn by some stray remark that a South window is the spot near which so many interesting scenes have been placed. Everyone knows too the sense of annoyance at story, author, everything, when we find, after having proceeded some distance into a book, that we have placed a house on the wrong side of the street or have made our heroine tall when she ought to be short. Worse than these mental experiences, however, are the futile attempts to twist our conceptions into the reality. The pleasure of a book to me is half lost when I am obliged to pause in order to modify and distort my mind-pictures to fit what I have learned is the conception of the author.

Besides such conceptions as vary in each book or story, there are fixed sets of pictures which particular words or expressions suggest. Some of these seem to be a result of the association of ideas, while others can be accounted for by no such means; they seem to be a result of pure imagination, and show perhaps the distinctive traits of the individual. One may put under the former class this instance. No matter how learned and philosophic an article I may be reading, if the tariff question comes up and the word "protection" is used, before my mind dances a vision of the servant-girl, given to the use of long words, crying, when attacked by a man on a lonely road, "I wish protection! I wish protection!" This picture, which rather detracts from the dignity of the aforesaid learned and philosophic article, owes its origin to an anecdote which I heard when a child. But on the other hand, I can find no similar reason to account for the fact that the word "demure" immediately suggests to my mind a girl of about thirteen—a crafty, cunning

Child, dressed in gray and sitting on a lounge with some stolen candy hidden under her apron ; this image presents itself no matter whether the individual thus characterized is man or woman, old or young. The word "grave" suggests a little woman clothed, like the demure young person, in gray, with a calm, restful, sweet face and crossed hands—a Sister of Charity in Quaker garb. "Hereditary" calls up a long line of men standing in a row, extending back as far as the Middle Ages, I should think each one exactly like his predecessor, except that they dwindle in height from the mediaeval ancestors, who are giants, to the ordinary stature of the man of to-day. These conceptions are fixed, never varying, whether I read history or fiction, philosophy or poetry ; certain words produce certain pictures, as unerringly as the exercise of physical power produces some effect.

If you follow a certain broad avenue in the town of K—past the fine houses with their well-kept lawns, down to where the houses are high and close, you will come at last to a street known as "Slab Hill," which leads steeply to the river. The hard grey rock which forms the hill gives a barren appearance to the street, while its jagged edges afford an uncomfortable footing for man and beast. There is nothing bright or pleasant on the hill. The houses are old and weather-worn and seem to have settled down upon their foundations in dreary hopelessness. Broken windows are mended with shabby hats. Doors hang wearily aslant, while dilapidated blinds, emblems of better days, flap disconsolately on creaking hinges. Tin cans, old shoes, and decaying vegetables make the doorways unsightly and the air foul. Everywhere there are signs of discomfort and wretchedness. On this street, wedged in between a dirty

tenement and a liquor saloon, is a public school building known as "Slab Hill Seminary." It is a long, low, barn-like house, with a windowless tower on one side. Originally its color must have been a bright green, but now it has faded to a bilious yellow. The front of the building is carved with names even up to the dingy letters which proclaim the place to be "Hope Chapel." Crossing the worn threshold and passing through a long room which is devoted to religious services, you will come to the school-room. This part of the building seems comparatively new and is a bright contrast to its exterior and surroundings. The ceiling, wall, and floor are made of hard wood. The desks are comfortable and clean. A clock ticks cheerfully from the wall, while a few pictures and flowers make the room attractive. From the west windows you see the wretched houses in the vicinity and the smoky furnaces at the foot of the hill, while, in sharp contrast to it all, you catch glimpses of the Hudson flowing silently and swiftly past, and look into the deep, cool green of the mountains opposite. It is pleasant to feel that, side by side with the meager, cramped life on the hill, lies the best of nature's gifts. Yet one sometimes wonders if mere beauty like this can awaken purer thoughts and higher aspirations in the people, or if a higher power is needed to quicken the soul and to open it to such refining influences.

However, it is time to stop dreaming, for the clock tells us that school will soon open. What a noisy, boisterous crowd it is that comes plunging into the room at the sound of the bell. There are Irish boys and Dutch boys, wide-awake Americans, bright-eyed English children, a few Swedes and one or two negroes. Eighty little people, all alike in being barefoot, dirty and ragged. Gradually the room becomes quiet and the "opening exercises" begin. On the morning that I visited the school, they recited the twenty-third psalm together and then sang one of the popular songs of

the day. In tune, out of tune, on various keys, with different words, they sang. The noise was maddening, deafening. But how they enjoyed it! Boys forgot to be wicked, and girls to be silly. With heads thrown back and hands in pockets, they sang without pause the eight stanzas. The ensuing silence, soon broken by the legitimate hum of a busy school-room, seemed awful in contrast.

The children were arranged in groups; one group was sent to the blackboard, another was busy at their seats with sums, while a third group learned a geography lesson by tracing in sand with a stick the outline of North America. Some of the very small children busied themselves at a table, making a certain number of rows of chicken-corn, ten kernels in a row. Each group had enough work to keep its members busy while their teacher taught a class. After the recitation the work of the groups was changed. Later in the day, stringing beads and sewing card-board alternated with mental work.

It must have required much thought to keep so large a number busy and happy and thereby good. For the greater part of the time the room was remarkably quiet. Occasionally a boy would say, "*Teachur*, kin I speak, its necessary," or some girl would call out, "*Teachur*, kin I have a drink? I'm awful dry." Once a boy broke out indignantly with, "*Teachur*, Bricks got my alley" and "Bricks" threatened back, "No, I aint got it yet." One of the babies went to sleep and fell from her seat, awakening with a loud cry. While the teacher was soothing her, a class left to itself found plenty of mischief to do. Tommie O'Brierty pushed his neighbor from the bench, while two little girls had a violent but silent contest over a bit of "chuingum."

At recess time we went to the window to watch the children play. The boys had formed themselves in two long lines and were fighting desperately. One line was called

Democratic, the other Republican. It was the time of the Presidential election and the children were playing out their idea of politics. While we stood at the window, a small boy came up to say that he couldn't have a reading-book "cos pa only got five dollars for his vote this year and we had to have lots of things."

The girls jumped rope, played "tag," or kept house on bits of ground marked off by clam shells from the rest of the yard. While we were watching the girls, a loud scream came from the boys' side and soon a defeated politician with a great gash on the side of his head came into the room followed by a sympathizing crowd. No sooner had the wound been covered by an impromptu plaster of brown paper and mucilage and the boys gone, than a lad ran into the room saying excitedly, "Jim's run away and turned the bolt and let a freight car down on the track and the men are awful mad." The teacher thought it was time to ring the bell.

The work in the afternoon was lighter and the session shorter than in the morning. Just before school was closed the teacher told the children a story. It was a simple tale, one which could be grasped by the youngest child there, and which appealed to the best side of their nature. As the story grew in interest the room became quieter and quieter until the ticking of the clock seemed oppressively loud. The bright eyes fastened on Teachur's face glistened with intelligence and enthusiasm. The children seemed to be lifted from their common-place world into a purer, higher life. It was hard to believe that they were the rough wicked creatures of the morning. But the spell was broken, for the story reached its close and the room was full of the noise preparatory to their going home. As each child reached the door he said, "Good night Teachur" and was gone. Later when the teacher went into the cloak-room, she found Tommie O'Brierty, the worst boy in school, waiting

for her. Blushing to the roots of his red hair, he handed her a dirty alley saying. "Here, Teacher, this is for you—hain't got nothing else." Then looking very hard at his feet—"Shouldn't wonder if I war'nt such a bad lot ter-morrer, dunno though." They sat down together in the cloak-room and when next I saw them love and sympathy shone in the teacher's eyes while the boy's face was radiant with loyalty and high purpose.

That night as we climbed the hill and looked back, the street seemed changed. The misery and discomfort were still present but I thought that the chapel stood out more prominently that the sunshine stole lovingly over it brightening the dingy letters of the "Hope" until they cast a radiance over the whole building.



Editors' Table.

As a general rule, the voice of the minority is entitled to respect, but when this voice is raised in intermittent whispering and giggling during the course of a lecture, an exception to the rule may be made. During the lecture which was delivered here on the evening of November 29, the majority of the audience, as might have been expected, showed interest in the subject discussed ; and all but a few gave the speaker at least the respectful hearing to which he was entitled not only as a guest of the College but as an eminent scientist. Did those few exceptions who persisted in annoying the rest of the audience realize that they were not only displaying rudeness, but making themselves ridiculous by advertising their lack of interest in the information which the lecturer gave? Vassar College is not a boarding-school ; we hold that, as a rule, the individual conduct of students should be left to their own regulation ; but, in a case of such serious annoyance to a public audience and discredit to the College as that of November 29, the right of the majority to criticise asserts itself.

From time to time it happens that groups of Vassar students are asked to sing Vassar songs, and the look of consternation which always greets such a request is truly deplorable. A stranger would be led to believe that those jovial little ditties which are usually the pride and delight of every college student, are entirely unknown within our walls, and yet in all probability each one of us has at some

time or other gazed proudly at the dainty gray covers of her Vassar College Song-Book and has exhibited it to hosts of admiring friends. But has she ever opened it? Does she know the words of even *one* of the best songs it contains? It is true that very little singing of any kind is indulged in by our students, although everyone knows that, when wearied with study, this is one of the pleasantest ways of passing spare moments; but when a Vassar girl does sing, why does she persist in using the songs of her brother's Alma Mater rather than those of her own? We must admit that the number of distinctively Vassar songs is small; yet so long as no interest is shown in these, we can not expect new and better ones to be written. As soon as a demand for such songs is shown, beyond doubt someone will arise in our midst to supply the want; but until then let us hear more of those we already possess, and let no student be obliged to confess that her own songs are as a sealed book to her.

The MISCELLANY Editor is often met with the charge that the spirit which characterizes all of the editorials is one of complaint and fault-finding. This charge is in some degree true. But the blame should be attached to the whole body of students and not to the editor; and moreover, much of the repetition which is now noticed in the subjects of editorials could be avoided, were it not for the deplorable truth that the favorite quotation, "A word to the wise is sufficient," has long since ceased to be applicable to Vassar Students. It seems to be about time for the annual editorial to appear upon the disorder and confusion at the distribution of the mail. This evil, in spite of entreaties, warnings, and commands, is rapidly increasing. It is now no unusual thing for one student to ask for the

mail of at least a dozen friends who crowd about her, while others who have taken their places in the line and are waiting their turn, are often compelled to go to classes before reaching the delivery window. Such thoughtlessness is unpardonable. In our College life our interests are apt to become self-centered, but surely we are not obliged to crowd out of our minds all consideration for the rights of those about us. So marked has this spirit of selfishness become in regard to the distribution of the mail, that almost any means which would be effectual in bringing about desired results would be commendable, since popular opinion does not seem strong enough to check the advance of this evil.

When the Philaethean Society was established it was deemed advisable, for purposes of convenience, that it be divided into three chapters. The simple fact that all collegiates were eligible made such a division desirable; otherwise it would be necessary to hold the meetings in the Lyceum or Chapel; moreover, so large a gathering is hardly conducive to fostering any social feeling among the students. Another and an important reason for founding one large society divided into three parts, was the desire to avoid ill feeling, such as usually springs up between rival college societies. Is Philaethea anything more than a name? Does it convey any meaning to the minds of its members? Very few are its associations except those connected with Philaethean day. It is Alpha, Beta, and Delta that we have in mind when we think of our College Society. We are apt to forget that all these chapters are under one constitution. The spirit of rivalry between the chapters at the beginning of each year is surprising, for between the parts of one large society we have a right to ex-

pect good-will. It is natural that when a girl has identified herself with a chapter, she should wish to be loyal to it, but she should remain loyal to the whole society. Anything to the disadvantage of a part does not speak well for the whole. Alpha may excel in giving a German play; Beta in presenting a light farce; Delta may be most successful in debate; let us grant that each chapter has some excellence. An Alphan can remain loyal to her chapter without bringing either of the others into the question; so can a Betan or a Deltan. But if there be any element in our society of which some of us can not approve, it should be eliminated as speedily as possible, and this can be done by an appeal to the general society. If no such element exist, then all these sarcastic, unkind, and even untrue remarks which are prevalent ought to be dropped. But above all let us remember that unless a perfect good-feeling exists between the various chapters, Philaethea defeats one of the ends for which it was established.

Fair-mindedness and "sweet reasonableness," are, it is to be hoped, characteristics of the Vassar girl. Let us, then, turn these excellent qualities to the consideration of one of those little questions of social ethics, any misunderstanding of which may make such a disproportionate amount of trouble,—we refer to the custom of reserving seats at College entertainments. When, on such an occasion, one sees a seat marked in some particular way, one's own instincts and the long-established customs of society lead one to respect the sign. And why? Is it not because the daisy-chain, or the pink and gray ribbon, or even the fan or gloves lying on the chair are symbols of the higher authority, the superior right, the prior claim, by which the seat is set apart? And if the sign represents none of these

things—represents nothing, in fact, except a desire on the part of some unknown person to possess a seat to which she has no claim, why should it be respected? A custom which will serve as a good example of the latter case has sprung up among us recently—the custom of “reserving” seats at will merely by tying handkerchiefs upon them. It is plain enough, that, at our College entertainments, if the authorities of the evening reserve no seats, those who come first should have the choice. It is easy, also, to see to what ridiculous and unpleasant extremes such a method of “reserving” seats might be carried. It is a small matter, but we wish to be fair, we wish to be just, even in little things, and it is to be hoped that we shall see no more of this practice.

HOME MATTERS.

On Wednesday evening, November 17, the first concert of the season was given in the Chapel by Miss Wilson, the vocal instructor in the School of Music, and Mr. H. Clarence Eddy, of Chicago. An organ recital is always hailed with delight by the students, and on this occasion our anticipations were more than realized. All of Mr. Eddy's selections revealed to good advantage his masterly handling of the instrument. He showed great facility in execution and in the use of the pedals, and his interpretations seemed equally faithful in brilliant compositions and in selections of a quieter character. The “Folks Song” and “Reverie” by Nicode, the “Pilgrim's Chorus” from *Tannhäuser*, and the “Romanza” by Scarlatti, were received with the greatest enthusiasm, while all of the pieces seemed to be thoroughly appreciated by the audience.

We were very glad to hear Miss Wilson again, our only regret being that she appeared but twice during the eve-

ning. Both of the selections, "Hymne" by Faure, and "Gut' Nacht" by Rubinstein seemed particularly adapted to her voice. Her tones were rich and sweet, and especially in the last piece the tender pathetic quality of voice, which is always so much admired, was displayed in all of its power and sweetness.

We append the programme in full :

- | | | | |
|-----|---|-----------|------------|
| 1. | Fantasie and Fugue in G minor, | - - - - - | BACH |
| 2. | a. Romanza, "O cessate di piagarmi," | - - - - - | SCARLATTI |
| | b. Funeral March of a Marionette, | - - - - - | GOUNOD |
| 3. | Hymne, | - - - - - | FAURE |
| | MISS WILSON. | | |
| 4. | a. Folks Song op. 7, No. 3, } | - - - - - | NICODE |
| | b. Reverie op. 7, No. 4, } | - - - - - | |
| | Arranged by EDDY. | | |
| 5. | a. Adagio in B major, | - - - - - | WIDOR |
| | b. Etude in C sharp minor, op. 10, No. 4, | - - - - - | CHOPIN |
| 6. | Fantasie in E minor, | - - - - - | MERKEL |
| 7. | a. Funeral March from op. 26, | - - - - - | BEETHOVEN |
| | b. Pilgrims Chorus from Tannhäuser, | - - - - - | WAGNER |
| | Transcriptions by EDDY. | | |
| 8. | Gut' Nacht, | - - - - - | RUBINSTEIN |
| | MISS WILSON. | | |
| 9. | Sonata, No. 2, op. 77, | - - - - - | BUCK |
| 10. | Concert Piece in C minor, | - - - - - | THIELE |

About one half of our students spent Thanksgiving day at the College. In the morning a short service of praise was held, consisting of glorias, hymns, prayers, and responsive reading of Psalms. At three o'clock a bounteous Thanksgiving dinner was served. Early in the evening Professor Jeffreys, organist of the Albany Cathedral, played to us for one delightful half hour, and promptly responded to the enthusiastic encore given him. Miss Hoag then recited three selections. We who heard her last year were more than ever impressed with her faithful interpretations and

graceful delivery. During the afternoon and evening President and Mrs. Taylor threw open their parlors, and by their hospitality gave to the day that homelike character without which no Thanksgiving is perfect.

On Monday evening, November 29, we had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the distinguished English scientist. The subject of the lecture was Oceanic Islands, and Mr. Wallace spoke chiefly of those islands which he had visited and had made the objects of special study. In the beginning of the lecture the speaker clearly pointed out the distinctive features of oceanic islands. They are situated without the thousand-fathom line and are composed mainly of volcanic rock and coral. It has been proved beyond a doubt that they never formed parts of continents, but originated in mid-ocean. They possess no mammalia or amphibia, and the plants and animals now found upon them must have reached them by crossing the ocean. Mr. Wallace then spoke in detail of several groups of oceanic islands, including the Azores, St. Helena and Sumatra. Usually there is a marked resemblance between the flora and fauna of these islands and the flora and fauna of the nearest mainland, but in some cases animals and plants are found which are closely allied to species found on the mainland at great distances from the islands. Insects and birds are carried to oceanic islands during severe storms and gales, rarely by regular winds. Seeds, too, are carried by the winds or in the plumage of birds, and then deposited. It is worthy of remark that the animals and plants of these islands often show an entire absence of that bright coloring which is especially characteristic of tropical countries. The birds and reptiles are of a sober brown color, the flowers are green, and so inconspicuous that they

are mistaken for leaves. Mr. Wallace spoke briefly of many other distinguishing features of these islands, and in conclusion referred to the agreement between Geology and Biology as shown in the study of oceanic islands.

The celebration of a twenty-first birthday is an important event in every life, and to this rule that of Philalethea proved no exception. When, on December 3, she reached this venerable age, the whole College showed signs of interest in the observance of the anniversary; but the parlors and adjacent corridors were the scene of the most active preparations. Never before had they been so beautifully adorned to do her honor.

Soon after seven in the evening the guests began to arrive, and at eight nearly all were seated in the Chapel where Mr. Julian Hawthorne was to address them. Those friends who had been present on similar occasions awaited the procession which has always been a prominent feature of the Chapel exercises; but Philalethea's coming of age was to be celebrated by a departure from this time-honored custom. Instead of forming the central figures of a stately procession, the speaker of the evening and the president of the society advanced to their seats unmarshalled. Miss Berry, the president, then welcomed the friends of Philalethea and introduced Mr. Hawthorne.

Mr. Hawthorne's subject was the art of novel-writing, which he treated in a clear, terse manner. His severe criticism of the Realistic School of writers, whose works he termed "an aggregation of minutely finished isolations," won our hearty approval. In speaking of them he aptly said that there is something beyond imitation of life, and that is—life itself. The allegorist, as he called him who strives to embody some idea or purpose and to make

everything else subordinate to that, falls into the opposite error; but the artist, avoiding both faults alike, reproduces life. As an illustration of one of the methods of developing a plot, Mr. Hawthorne gave a sketch of the growth of one of his own works, "Archibald Malmaison." The interest excited by this plot-development was ill calculated to bring us to the state of mind of which Mr. Hawthorne spoke when he said, in conclusion, that he trusted we were all convinced that "if it be bad to read a novel, it is much worse to write one, and that to hear how they are written is worse than all."

After this address a collation was served in the dining-hall. A little later, "O Italia" was rendered by the College Glee Club in an appreciative manner which delighted all. In this and in the final song, the Club surpassed all their former efforts; and we can see no reason why our Glee Club should not, as we have so often desired, take its proper place in the College life. Promenading and dancing occupied the remaining time till the familiar sound that announces the end of an examination period fell on unwilling ears, and Philaethea's twenty-first anniversary was added to the number of pleasant memories.

COLLEGE NOTES.

One hundred and forty students left College during the Thanksgiving recess.

The Junior Class has adopted a bugle-call: Vassar, Octoginta et Octo.

The gymnastic classes met for the first time on Tuesday, November 30.

Collegiate specials over twenty are to have the privilege of driving in parties of two or more, without a chaperone. The justice of this is hardly apparent.

The Freshmen have dropped the Botany-box and taken up the chalk and line.

Miss Putnam has been re-elected Vice-President of the National Association for Advancement of Physical Education.

A new map adorns the wall of the reading-room ; a gentle reminder, perhaps, that we can never know the Geography of our own country too well.

Dr. Ward, of the *Independent*, conducted morning services on the 14th of November. In the evening he spoke before the Young Woman's Christian Association, on the Relations of Literature and Religion.

Professor Drennan has begun a course of lectures on Shakspearian subjects.

Miss Bradley has been appointed chairman of the second Phil. play.

The President gave a tea to the Seniors, Friday evening, November 5.

Rumors are afloat that a Browning Club similar to our Shakspeare and Dickens Clubs is to be instituted.

Dr. Hall has begun a series of lectures on Hygiene ; these talks are to take place weekly until the end of the semester, and are obligatory for the new students.

A Junior was so thoroughly imbued with the scientific spirit of the age, that in reading an announcement, she read room K, as room Potassium.

During Professor Mitchell's recent visit to Philadelphia, she received from Geo. W. Childs a contribution of five hundred dollars for the Observatory Endowment Fund.

The Rev. Elias L. Magoon, a trustee and benefactor of the College, died at his home in Philadelphia on Thanksgiving Day.

Salve, adolescens! being recently translated as "Hello young man!" it was mildly suggested that the ancient idiom was not adequately rendered by the modern idiom.

During the week preceding Christmas vacation, the regular recitation period of the Psychology class is to be occupied by lectures on Modern Philosophy, by Prof. Schurman of Cornell.

Two boxes were sent from the College to the fair held at Omaha, on Saturday, December 4th. This is the third fair in the series which the Vassar Alumnae in the West are giving in aid of the Western Vassar Scholarship fund.

Professor Goodwin, accompanied by Miss Abbott, Miss Sterling, and a number of the Greek students, attended the Greek Play of the Acharnians, given in New York by the undergraduates of the University of Pennsylvania.

Member of last year's Junior Astronomy Class.—"Let me see. I've forgotten in what constellation Alpha Lyrae is."

Member of present Senior Astronomy Class. (In a tone of superior wisdom). "In Cygnis, of course."

We would say, out of deference to the College authorities that the editorial in the November MISCELLANY, apropos of the poor light in the library, had been sent to the printers

before any work of reformation had begun. We rejoice that the editor need no longer cry for "More Light."

Miss Goodsell gave a reception to the President and Mrs. Taylor, the College officers, and the members of the Senior class, on November 12th. Miss Brace entertained the company with several choice selections. Her interpretation of Browning's "A Tale," was particularly pleasing.

It may be of interest to the students, many of the alumnae, and above all to the newspaper scribes, to know that a girl can limit her incidental expenses at Vassar College (inclusive of books) to twenty-five dollars per annum.

What was the delight of the editor's friend when she observed some one steal cautiously up to room and N drop something in the MISCELLANY box. Let us be silent on the editor's disappointment when the coveted manuscript proved to be Philalethea invitations.

The first invoice of books under the Library Fund has been received. There are in all two hundred and sixty-two volumes :

Science.....	50
History and Biography.....	43
Art.	17
Classics.....	14
Music.....	12
Miscellaneous.....	117

President Taylor has taken the first step toward reform in the method of Bible study. For several Sundays past, instead of the Sunday morning Bible Class, the President has given talks on the Bible, in Chapel. He spoke of the unity of purpose in the Bible and of some of its general truths.



PERSONALS.

'69.

Mrs. Champney's annual production has made its appearance. This time it is "Three Vassar Girls on the Rhine." Alas for Vassar if these are typical Vassar girls.

'72.

Miss Brace, of '72 and Miss Brown, of '78, are teaching in Mr. Brearly's school in New York City.

'77.

Married, on June 2, 1886, Mrs. Annie Rossiter-Presstman, (formerly of '77), to Mr. Henry Adams, of Boston.

'76.

Miss E. Lapham has been giving a course of lectures upon English Literature, in her own and neighboring towns.

'78.

Miss Mary W. Clarke is head teacher at Gardner's Institute in New York City.

Married, in Medfield, Mass., December 2, 1886, Miss Laura H. Brown to Mr. George Harding Smith.

'79.

Miss Ida Northrop, now residing in Camden, N. J., (formerly of '79), one of Vassar's most loyal daughters, has had an exceptionally gratifying experience as a teacher. Mr. Jay Gould, an uncle of Miss Northrop, observing the enthusiasm and success of his niece, recently gave her leave to plan and erect at his expense, a school-building according to her mind. The completed edifice is handsome, commanding, and supplied

with all the most approved appliances for educational work. Friday evening, November 26, was appointed for the dedication of the new building. The Rev. Dr. J. R. Kendrick, of Poughkeepsie, made the formal address, in the course of which he paid a tribute to the memory of the first President of Vassar, after whom the school is gracefully styled, the Raymond Academy. He spoke somewhat at large of the Academy in its relations to American education. In conclusion he referred to the judicious liberality of Mr. Gould, and expressed the earnest wish that other deserving Vassar students, engaged in the work of teaching, might have friends equally wise and generous.

'84.

Married, in Brooklyn, December 1, 1886, Lucy Walcott Shepard, formerly of '84, to George Francis Train, Jr., of New York City.

Miss Harriet M. Jenckes is teaching in Miss Colins' school in New York City.

'85.

Miss Leach has been admitted to lectures in the University of Leipsic.

'86.

Miss Nelson is preparing a younger sister for Vassar.

Misses Curtis, Ferris, and Witkowsky, have been visiting Miss Southworth at her home in Cleveland.

Miss Brace, '72, Miss Brown, '78, Miss Thurston, '80, Miss Howgate, '82, Misses Patterson, Cumnock, Jenckes, '84, Misses Fox, Reed, Adams, '86, Miss Spaulding, formerly of '82, Miss Wells, formerly of '86, and Miss H. B. Baker, formerly of '87, have visited the College during the past month.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The *Madisonensis* contains a new department, "Madison Men in Letters," which might be copied with profit by many of the other college journals.

How is this for '90? Freshie—"What is COF₂E₂? Senior—"Carbonic Oxide—." Freshie—"No, you dunce, Coffee." The Senior Lee-aves.—Ex.

With sympathy in our heart we clip the following :

"Oh prune, prehistoric and preternatural,
Peculiar, pre-eminent and punctual,
How doth Darwinian evolution
Hold true in prunes as in monkeys—
For, lo! once a prune, thou art now a chestnut."—Ex.

The *College Current* is an unusually well edited paper and is evidently a worthy exponent of the Ohio University. The number of editorials is large, and they treat of subjects of vital interest to the college world in general, while the local and exchange departments are also good.

The *University Herald* and the *Syracusan* both speak well for the University which they represent. We notice a similarity in their contents, however, which is perhaps unavoidable, as they are both printed at the same time and place. Why is it that the *Syracusan* has no exchange department?

In an examination of Woolwich students, the following answer was given to the question, "Give the meaning of *abiit*, *excessit*, *erupit*, *evasit*."

Abiit—He went out to dine.

Excessit—He ate more than was good for him.

Erupit—It violently disagreed with him.

Evasit—He put it down to the salmon.—Ex.

The *Pennsylvanian* both as regards literary matter and editorials is among the best of the weekly journals which find their way to our exchange table. In the last two numbers the comments upon the Greek Play, clipped from the various magazines, are particularly interesting.

The *Amherst Student* is unfortunate in the size and appearance of its cover. It would be a great improvement if the advertisements were printed upon separate sheets. In its reading matter and particularly in its college news, however, the paper compares favorably with the *Pennsylvanian*.

The *Rochester Campus* might be ranked among the decidedly good college papers, were it not for the large amount of slang used in its "Local" column. It is perhaps asking too much of the average student to demand that in his intercourse with his fellows he shall not call his professors by appropriate nicknames, and the president of his college by the expressive term, "Prex"; but in the paper which is to represent his Alma Mater before the college world and to run the gauntlet of criticism, even though we acknowledge that more freedom may be used in the "Locals" than elsewhere, still the practice of employing so many slang phrases is inadmissible.

We have received the *Dartmouth Literary Monthly* for the first time, and both in appearance and contents it quite fulfills the expectations aroused by the many favorable comments upon it which we have already seen. The several special departments add a peculiar charm by dispelling a little of that heaviness of atmosphere which is apt to linger about a purely literary magazine. It is not too much to say that the *Dartmouth* does not suffer by a comparison with even the oldest *Lits*.

The December number of the *Century* opens with two biographical sketches of Henry Clay by Charles W. Coleman and J. O. Harrison. The "History of Abraham Lincoln" is continued and is one of the most important features of the number. Ellen Mackubin contributes an exquisitely pathetic story, "A Coward;" while the adventures of "An American Beauty" are cleverly told by Mrs. Poultney Bigelow. "The Minister's Charge" is brought to a close in a manner satisfactory to all, for Lemuel Barker is true to himself to the end, and we are glad that he at last gains his reward. Frank R. Stockton's "Hundredth Man" grows in interest. "A Little Millerite," by Jane Marsh Porter, is a clearly written and entertaining article on a curious sect. The War Series receives five contributions. Edward Atkinson discusses in an able manner the "Food Question in America and Europe" and gives much valuable information. The poetry of the number is furnished by Henry Tyrrell, Robert Burns Wilson and Laura Both-Hendricksen. The Bric-à-Brac is unusually good this month and both the "Rhyme of the Corn-Fields" and its accompanying illustration are particularly clever.

The *St. Nicholas* for December is emphatically a Christmas number, as the spirited little poem, "In Christmas Season, Long Ago," by Helen Gray Cone, and its dainty picture announce. We have the annual Christmas stories, full of "peace and good-will toward men," in the "Scheming old Santa Claus" and the "Christmas Conspiracy." "The Story of a Squash" and "A Raging, Roaring Lion" are delightful extravaganzas. There is an unusually large number of serial stories. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett contributes "The Story of Prince Fairy-foot" which promises to be a worthy successor to "Little Lord Fauntelroy" though of an entirely different character. "Juan and Juanita" is continued. The first chapters of

"The Fortunate Opening," by Frank R. Stockton remind us forcibly of "Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," but are none the less interesting on that account. J. T. Trowbridge begins the tale of the adventures of "The Bamberry Boys." The article upon "How a Great Battle Panorama is Made" is interesting to young and old alike. Our expectations are aroused by the picture of the "Galley Cat" and we are anxious to have them realized in the January number.

The Nassar Miscellany.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

'87		'88	
De Temporibus et Moribus.....	L. C. SHELDON.	Exchange Notes.....	E. C. KOUNTZE.
Literary Miscellany.....	E. C. GREENE.	College Notes and Personals.....	E. LEWIS.
Home Matters.....	A. K. GREEN.	Asst. Business Manager.....	E. L. MACCREERY.
Business Manager.....	S. W. LEARNED.		

VOL. XVI.

JANUARY, 1887.

No. 4.

IS ENTHUSIASM A NECESSARY ELEMENT OF SUCCESS?

There are few people who do not know what enthusiasm means. Perhaps there are fewer still who would not be surprised at the meanings assigned to the word by compilers of dictionaries. Enthusiasm is "heat of imagination; elevation of fancy; ardor of mind," these authorities say; and also, "Enthusiasm is the zeal of credulity;" an enthusiast is "a visionary, a zealot, a fanatic." But when we recognize enthusiasm, we regard it without that contemptuous amusement which credulity or fanaticism calls forth; greeting it, instead, with admiration. In this we do well. It sometimes happens that the people are wiser than the experts. The fact that the dictionary contains no statement which corresponds to our idea of certain words does not prove that our idea is wrong, but illustrates the truth

that the best things of life can find no definition. Religion, worship, beauty, goodness, enthusiasm—these and many other terms form a vital part of language, and yet can not be defined. Let us, then, throw aside the dictionary definitions of enthusiasm as worse than inadequate, and grant what we almost always tacitly assume—that enthusiasm is an energy of mind distinguished by “heat of imagination” and “elevation of fancy,” but subject to reason; neither so laborious nor so exclusively religious as zeal, but equally powerful; akin to the dreams of a “visionary” in that it looks beyond time, yet capable of being restricted within the bounds of sanity; differing from fanaticism not as “credulity” but as reason differs from bigotry. Not all enthusiasm may reach this standard, but the standard is attainable, and only with regard to such enthusiasm need we ask the question. “Is it a necessary element of success?”

Every successful undertaking, mercantile, social, or religious, is attended by enthusiasm. Enthusiasm results from success; is it also necessary to the growth of success? When a number of men unite to further a common purpose, the mass of workers is always urged and inspired by leaders, men of enthusiasm. The prime movers alike in successful and in unsuccessful enterprises are enthusiasts; in the one case their ardor appears essential to good fortune, in the other it often seems responsible for failure. But the fact that enthusiasm is often enlisted on the losing side and sometimes hastens defeat does not really affect the question whether it is a necessary element of success. For the enthusiasm which injures its own cause is not that rational energy of mind which has been described, but is a degraded form of it. As soon as enthusiasm lets fall the right hand of fellowship with tolerance, reason, and practical wisdom, it becomes either impotent or fanatical; it gives rise to some “visionary” commercial project, some

Utopia of politics, some persecuting sect. Enthusiasm is not peculiar in this faculty of self-contradiction. Consider any acknowledged good—for instance, education. Education in books is desirable; but when carried to excess, unaccompanied by training of the practical ability, the sympathetic nature, and the moral sense, it produces poor citizens and bad members of society, thus defeating its own end. As, on the other hand, education in books is necessary to a civilized state and a refined society, so enthusiasm is necessary to any truly successful enterprise in which numbers of men are engaged. This follows from the nature of success and the nature of man; for success is the achievement of a purpose, and implies labor and perseverance; but the average human being will not work and persevere unless at every stage of his progress he sees before him the completion of his task, or unless he puts his trust in some one more far-sighted than himself—some enthusiast who sees the end and directs him toward it. However discontented men may be with their present lot, if they can conceive no better state of things, they accomplish nothing; if, when they have conceived a better order, there are none among them who can imagine it, live and rejoice in it, feel within themselves the power to realize it, they accomplish little. Granted this imagination, this joy, this sense of might, and all things are possible. So powerful is enthusiasm that, although it abounds only in the wills of the few, it controls the many. Streaming continually from its source in a few highly active minds, it draws with it the sluggish energies of the multitude.

Since enthusiasm is necessary for the success of any movement in which numbers of men are engaged, it follows that no one can succeed as a leader unless he possesses it. But, as the majority do not aspire to leadership, the question suggests itself: For ordinary people, who do not exert any great influence on the lives of their fellow-men, but

lead their own lives without sensibly modifying the course of history, is enthusiasm a necessary element of success? Contrary to the general impression, the facts point to a negative answer. Experience shows the possibility of individual success without enthusiasm. No one, be he sage or prophet, can live always on the heights. However grand an ideal may be, there are moments when it becomes almost a matter of indifference to its possessor, when it stirs no emotion, kindles no ardor, when the spiritual man seems dead. Happily for the world of ideals and no less happily for the world of actuality, when hours of discouragement and indifference come, they do not necessarily bring inaction. Though the light of enthusiasm is quenched, reason and conscience may work on; the dark hours, though not periods of exaltation, may be periods of success. But such illustrations prove little unless it can be shown that enthusiasm is not the ruling power in the lives under consideration. No one need seek far, however, for lives in which it is by no means dominant, and can hardly be said to exist at all. If such lives as these are successful, enthusiasm is not a necessary element of success.

A lack of enthusiasm may denote mere indifference, too lazy to exert itself, unwilling to do anything but drift; or it may cover rare heroism. All of us know men and women whose minds are unwarmed by any ardor of imaginative faith. Some of them merely "vegetate," and when life offers them any good thing in return for a little effort, invariably pass by on the other side. Their lives are failures. Others are active, upright, and useful from force of custom; they are successful because success lies in their way—to fail would be to run counter to circumstances. We respect them so far as they go, but do not rely upon them. Others, though devoid of that inspiration which enthusiasm gives, aim high and act nobly from a sense of duty. Their lives are successful with the success of a

moral purpose accomplished. Perhaps circumstances have been strong against their enthusiasm, and overpowered it ; in this case we pity them, while we admire their dogged perseverance in the right. Perhaps their reason has convinced them of the extravagance of that imagination which lights the path of other men. When this is the case, we do not dare to pity them ; we look on them with a kind of awe. Reason, whose voice so many disregard, even when it counsels what is pleasant, has dictated to these mortals the hardest of all tasks, and yet they do not shrink. They have learned to walk in the dark, upright, with steady nerves. Their lives are not merely successful—they are sublime.

The question is asked : Is enthusiasm a necessary element of success ? The answer seems to be : It is necessary for the success of every organization and for that of all leaders of organizations ; it is not essential to the success of private life. The average man can not be noble without it—he can merely exist. But there are men above the average. These can dispense with enthusiasm, and live. Their abiding-place is on the heights of heroism, which tower above all except the heights of faith.

LAURA C. SHELDON, '87.

ONE ASPECT OF MODERN POETRY.

When Wordsworth wrote

“ Little we see in Nature that is ours
.....It moves us not,”

he was probably unaware that the very protest he made against the prevailing indifference to Nature was a sign that this indifference was soon to be broken up. Wordsworth's predecessors, the conventionalists of the eighteenth century,

had, it is true, seen little or nothing in Nature, but his successors were destined to find subject, inspiration—everything, in Nature. They were to be her interpreters in a more special sense than were the great masters of earlier English verse, who were more strongly attracted by the variety and splendor of those manifestations of human life which their times, simpler and less artificial than ours, afforded. William Morris has been called, with some justice, “a modern Chaucer.” The resemblance between the “*Canterbury Tales*” and “*The Earthly Paradise*” is not merely superficial. But the finest and most characteristic part of Chaucer’s work is not any one of the tales, but rather the vivid characterization which places before us the teller of each tale, “in his habit as he lived.” On the other hand Morris’s best powers find expression in the lovely setting he gives his legends—the introductory pictures of the month of the year in which each was related. So that instead of Chaucer’s bright procession of moving human forms, our modern poet shows us the stately progress of the year, with its changing seasons—a trifling difference in itself, it is true, but significant of the total change of tendency which time has brought about.

Almost the only quality possessed in common by the poets of this century—so numerous and so diverse have they been—is this tendency to make Nature the theme of their verse. It does not make itself prominent in a few only, or in the greatest only, but in all. Even our writers of *vers de société* leave the drawing room and wander into the fields much oftener than one would expect. Robert Browning, it must be admitted, forms a marked exception to this rule, otherwise so nearly universal in its application. His subject is almost always the individual human being; he constantly insists upon the necessity of giving Nature a subordinate place in one’s estimation. But Browning is exceptional and individual in every respect. No man is

less influenced than he by the "spirit of the age." Herein, in fact, lies his greatest charm. And even Browning's resistance to that compelling force which gives Nature so large a share of our poetry is not so successful as it seems. For example, in "Two in the Campagna," a poem in Browning's best and most characteristic style, the poet looks over the wide, silent, sunlit space, and seeing

"Such life there through such lengths of hours,
Such miracles performed in play,
Such primal naked forms of flowers,
Such letting Nature have her way
While Heaven looks from its towers,"

he exclaims

"Let us be unashamed of soul,
As earth lies bare to heaven above
How is it under our control
To love or not to love?"

As far as the attitude of that poem toward Nature is concerned, Matthew Arnold might have written it. Even he has nowhere more forcibly expressed the idea of absolute abandonment to the influence and direction of Nature.

If poetry is, as many seem to think, a clever contrivance designed to please the ear and beguile leisure, the important place which Nature holds in our poetry signifies little. But if, on the contrary, the poetry of any period is the embodiment and expression of its highest thought and deepest experience, one must expect, in comparing this deep interest of our poets in Nature with the marked characteristics of the age, to find their streams mingling at the source.

In the first place, the human element is by no means eliminated from our poetry. Nothing will ever supplant man as an object of interest. But the dramatic element is certainly fast vanishing. Modern poetry, as a whole, concerns itself little with the creation of men and women.

Now what is considered chiefly in the creation of a character is individual traits, personal and special characteristics—in other words, that which separates and differentiates a man from his fellows. But this century has realized, with a distinctness never felt before, the fact of our common humanity, the fact that the important, essential part of any man is that which he possesses in common with all mankind. All our advanced ideas of liberty and justice, all the widening of our charity, of our sympathy is traceable to the recognition of this fact. And poetry, seeking a worthy means of expression for the great truth, finds it in Nature. Even in ordinary conversation, do we not instinctively express our idea of the bond that connects all mankind by saying that “we all breathe the same air,” or that “the sun shines on the evil and the good?” In our complex, narrow, widely separate lives, how should we feel what we have in common if the same sky did not bend over us all, if Nature did not surround us all alike, from birth to death, with the same tender loveliness and awful power and changeable permanence? If all that is highest and deepest in us were not inextricably associated with the various phases of Nature, it is possible that we might never be able to open up to one another those depths of our souls where we really find ourselves one with all mankind. But Nature furnishes us a language that is universal and that never loses its force or significance. “Truly the light is sweet and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun,” said Solomon, and in spite of change of circumstance and lapse of time, his feeling of delight in mere existence—evanescent and vague as such feelings are—finds sympathetic response in our hearts, and will find it everywhere as long as the sunlight is bright. It was only by his intimate knowledge of Nature that Wordsworth could find, as he did, intelligible expression for those hidden, fundamental facts of our being

“Which, be they what they may
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,”

and which are as truly the possession of all mankind as childhood or death or immortality. And even those poets to whom it is not given to search the depths of the soul find Nature perpetually symbolizing the great facts of human life and experience. The changing, perishable beauty of the world around him constantly reminded Keats of “joy whose hand is ever at his lips, bidding farewell.” Not only the frozen sleep of winter but every other phase of Nature as well has reminded the poets of the inevitable end of life. May seems glad to them because then “the world has quite forgotten it must die,” and October is peaceful because the closing year is “too satiate with life to strive with death.” It is only by a stretch of the imagination, however, that we make Nature sympathize with our individual experiences. She has little to do with us as individuals, however fondly we may fancy the opposite.

Not only has the attitude of our poets toward Nature close relations with the force that is making “the whole world kin;” it is intimately connected also with that critical and reflective temper, that searching after hidden knowledge, which characterizes the age. The true critic lays aside self-assertion, prejudice, personal opinions almost, and strives to bring himself into direct and true relations with the object of his search. The peculiar charm and value of Mr. Matthew Arnold’s criticism consists in the fact that he recognizes truth as something greater than himself, and almost effaces himself in order to open his mind more fully to receive it. It is impossible not to see a resemblance between Arnold’s attitude toward truth as a critic and his attitude toward Nature as a poet. A recognition, almost reverent, of the infinite possibilities involved characterizes both. Reverence especially forms a large element in Arnold’s view of Nature. He would have men

recognize her as something greater than themselves, and, studying her processes with humble attention, deduce rules of conduct for themselves. His highest praise for Gœthe is that

“ He pursued a lonely road
His eyes on Nature's plan.”

He constantly repeats in one form or another that “ we and not the world are new,” that “ we are strangers here, the world is from of old.” The “ sanity ” of Nature, her patience, her ceaseless activity, he constantly presents to us as something which we should strive to attain. And many poets who are much farther from Pantheism than Arnold, yet share his view of Nature as a source of important knowledge. They consider “ her secret meaning in her deeds ” and look to her for a revelation of the nature and purposes of God. Tennyson may be taken as the type of this class. “ In Memoriam ” is pervaded by his effort to bring his impressions of visible Nature into harmony with his ideas of God.

It is evident, then, that the strong attraction which Nature has for our poets is closely connected with two important tendencies of the age. These may stand as representatives of many others. This close connection affords one more proof of the fact that not the greatest poetry only, but all poetry is an outgrowth of the influences that mould our daily life, and that the poet's place is no more truly upon Parnassus than among the throngs of men below.



De Temporibus et Moribus.

“ To him who in love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language.”

We know least about the most familiar things. The book of Nature lies open before us, and we gaze at its pages and are familiar with its illustrations ; yet few know the language in which it is written, and fewer still can read the hidden meaning that lies between the lines. But this work, older than the classics, old as Time itself, has had its translators. Men have communed with Nature, and she has spoken to them. The subtler influence of her silent teachings we read in the unprinted pages of character, and in the printed pages of books we find all that words can tell of that sweet intercourse.

Mr. Gilbert White's Natural History of Selborne is such a record. It is not very much read now, but Mr. Lowell has called it “a most delightful book,” and has drawn a charming picture of its author. Mr. White lived in England during the stirring times of the Revolution, yet such was the fascination of his chosen study that he was undisturbed by the reports of war ; he could go calmly on watching the return of the birds in the Spring, and meditating on the habits of his feathered friends during his solitary rambles about Selborne, while his own nation was trying to crush the spirit of Liberty struggling for life in her Western colonies. The fate of empires is to him of less interest than that of the beetle crawling in the grass at his feet. It is refreshing in these days when Browning's dic-

tum "Study man, man whatever the issue," is so literally followed ; when every phase of human life is analyzed physiologically, psychologically and sociologically, to find a book like Mr. White's, in which man has no place at all, but where the fact that on a certain morning a pet turtle "walked twice to the bottom of the garden" is duly recorded. A delicious simplicity comes from living thus close to Nature, sharing, as it were, her confidence and studying her artless beauty.

Henry Thoreau was another worshipper at the same shrine ; for two years he lived alone in his hut in the Walden Woods, where he found "such sweet and beneficent society in Nature, in the very pattering of the drops and in every sight and sound, an indefinite and unaccountable friendliness like a sustaining atmosphere, as made the fancied advantages of human neighborhood insignificant." In the questionings that came to him as they come to all, he went back to the first principles, what is life and what has it to teach ; and for his answer he went to the woods, there to "drive life into a corner, and reduce it to its lowest terms, and if it proved to be mean, why then to get the whole and genuine meanness out of it : . . . or if it were sublime, to know it by experience, and be able to give a true account of it. That the birds which came at his call, the fishes that swam into his hand, the fox that fled to him for protection from the hunter, taught him of the sublimity of life and not of its littleness we may well believe, for he left a record which shows that his aspirations were ever for the highest things. At least on his own life the effect was good, for he was earnest and true and tried to make his life "of equal simplicity with Nature herself." "Thoreau was sincerity itself, and might fortify the convictions of prophets in the ethical laws by his holy living."

There is another who has full title to be admitted to this 'goodlie companie'; it is our neighbor Mr. John Burroughs. He has brought the "Fresh Fields" to our very fire-sides, and has given us a supply of "Winter Sunshine" that will last for many a season. Mr. Burroughs has devoted himself chiefly to the study of birds. He has not endeavored to classify them scientifically, but he has watched their habits, and has become thoroughly familiar with their various notes. Many of the love scenes which he has witnessed between his feathered friends are more interesting than those described in novels, and the mysteries of their housekeeping are so quaintly told that one would almost long to become a summer-boarder in one of those homes among the swaying tree-tops. The writings of Mr. Burroughs glow with the enthusiasm which he himself feels for the study of Nature. They breathe forth the spicy odor of the forests, they are musical with the songs of birds, and they are full of tender love of Nature and awe at her mysterious workings. Every page is an invitation to the reader to enter the ranks and become one of Nature's devotees, and there is also a constant suggestion of far more wonderful things to be seen than can be revealed by words.

William Hamilton Gibson has shown his devotion to Nature by his faithful reproductions in his sketches; for the last few years his illustrated articles have frequently appeared in the Harper's Monthly, and have added greatly to its attractiveness. His style is admirably adapted to his subject; it is very simple and natural. He takes a walk some fine winter morning or a drive through the Berkshire Hills on a sultry summer day, and you find yourself wondrously entertained by his account of the little things which his trained eye quickly notes, and which he invests with an interest you had never suspected before. The sparrow swaying on a slender stalk among the nodding

daisies as he carols a matin to his little mate in the cunningly hidden nest, makes a very pastoral. You would not have thought there was anything picturesque in the tangle of creeping vines that conceal that old crumbling wall; nor would you have given a second glance to the sparkling dew-drops that hang like jewels on the clover leaf, or dance over the gossamer spider webs, leaving no more trace of their passage than a fairy's foot. But the artist's magic touch brings them out in all their beauty.

“We're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see.”

Sometimes Mr. Gibson grows more familiar in his talks and tells some of the thoughts that have come to him in his walks “Across Lots.” The bursting chrysalis and the bright-winged butterfly that emerges from the shell after that long strange sleep, suggest to him the immortality of the soul, while the open mummy-case of the moth is a prophecy of the resurrection.

These are but a few of Nature's true lovers, and it is but a hint that has been given of what may be learned from her lips; but “to him who has learned with reverence how the clover goes to sleep, how the fire-weed sheds its silken floss, or how the spider casts its web from tree to tree—to such a one there is in all the length and breadth of Nature no such thing as exile, no such thought as loneliness.”



What word in our language contains such a covert sneer as the word *trite*? The type of critic whose office it is to “bury young poets in an icy grave” sees in it his most unfailing resource. Other condemnatory adjectives there are in abundance, but these require proof and confirmation, while simply to call anything trite is to pronounce final

judgment upon it. An age of progress and enlightenment, of railroads and telegraphs, would scorn to have anything to do with it after that. Seriously, does it not require an immense outlay of moral courage to assert one's admiration of anything which has been pronounced trite? However ready we may usually be to dispute and argue a point, at the sound of that word we are cowed at once. Surely no one word ought to possess such a talismanic power, and while we disclaim at the outset all fondness for Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" and kindred works, it seems but fair that some protest should be made against the disproportionate amount of condemnatory force which the adjective "trite" has acquired. For, in the first place, anything which is trite must necessarily be true and almost necessarily of some original weight and worth. It is not the uncomfortable, ill-fitting garment that one completely "wears out," nor the stupid book whose covers are half off. The important experiences of life are nothing but the occasions when we first realize for ourselves the depth of living meaning in some trite saying. The moments that have come to us like revelations—if we had expressed in words the truths they brought home to us, should we not have seemed to those around us to be saying something very trite? A man spends his life learning to appreciate the maxims in his first copy-book. The Bible texts we are tired of at ten years old come to be most deeply inwrought into our later spiritual life. "There is nothing new under the sun," or rather, it is only unimportant and trivial things that are new.

And anything originally good does not soon seem worn out to mankind in general. Poetry is acknowledged to be the highest of the arts, though the poet can make use of nothing that has not become part of the popular stock of ideas. He must avoid what is new, unfamiliar, scientific. He must make men see and believe what they suppose they

have already learned by heart. Then, our fondness for novels is something remarkable, though most of them tell substantially the same story. Only change the names and transpose the incidents a little, and we are as thoroughly entranced as in our nursery days at the fortieth recital of *Red Ridinghood*. And why? Because repetition has not succeeded in dulling our appreciation of the beauty of the living truth underlying the novel or the poem. Pity that it ever should! And if our own appreciation of something originally good and beautiful has been thus dulled, let us shrink from depriving others, by scornful criticism, of the pleasure it might otherwise give them. Few states of mind are less healthful or more wretched than that in which everything seems "worn out."

We had taken a long drive by the river-side—my sister and I—watching the blue, distant hills and the light clouds over the elm-tops in the meadows. As we were still some miles from home we stopped at a farm-house for some water. It was a commonplace farm-house enough. It scornfully and unpoetically turned its back upon the river and faced the dusty road. Its architecture was neither unusual or imposing. Yet, since it made no effort to be fresh and smart, it seemed a pleasant and mellow old house on that July evening, as the slanting sun-beams fell through the maple foliage and the shadows quivered upon its dark red walls. A stalwart young farmer was frolicking with a baby in the back porch, and a young woman was singing softly as she piled the shining milk-pans at the door. As we approached, a girl of about seventeen came quickly around the corner of the house carrying a well filled basket of wild raspberries. Her stained hands and brier-torn dress showed that she had come directly

from the fields. Hastily dropping the basket and her hat upon the door-stone, she went to the bucket at the old well and dashed some water over her hands. Then, without a word to anyone, but with a resentful glance at us, she rushed down the bank to the river side. "Seems to me," said the woman at the door, addressing the young farmer, "that Cely's in a tantrum again. That girl ain't got a thing under the sun to worry her and yet she's acting up all the time. I can't see what ails her." The reply was good-humored but not encouraging: "Oh, just you let her alone. She'll get over it some time, maybe. Though I must say, I never did see a girl like her."

My sister went up to the house, but I stood at the well and watched the girl. She deftly unfastened the old, oblong, red boat, and pushed away from the bank. Then with a quick, nervous stroke she rowed down the river. I could see her distinctly as she sat in the boat. Her figure was lithe and graceful. Abundant yellow hair was piled above her low forehead, which had sharp, vertical furrows. The bright blue eyes were dilated. The features were delicately cut, the nostrils and lips sensitive to an unusual degree. The whole face was distorted with pain. I had never before seen such an expression of acute mental distress. "That," I said to myself, "is one of those sensitive spirits which an uncongenial atmosphere has blighted." But she passed the curve of the river and I could see her no longer. Shuddering, I re-entered the carriage and we were soon driving toward home. The road still lay beside the river, and we came again in sight of the little boat. The river flowed smoothly between its grassy banks and reflected the most peaceful of rose-tinted sunsets. Great willows dipped their slender branches into the brown water. Their tops were touched into golden green by the sun's last rays. The yellow hair of the girl in the boat shone in the reflected brightness contesting with the expression of suffering

which still remained. I shall never forget the calm sunset on the quiet river, and the passionate, troubled face in the midst of nature's peace.

The sunset was over. The pale yellow after-glow was even more peaceful, and every outline in the landscape stood out in the clear light. As the girl watched the sky, the passion faded out of her face. There was a sharp struggle, then peace and firm resolve displaced the pain. The girl turned the boat about on the darkening river and rowed slowly back toward the red farm-house. The evening star looked peacefully down. Out on the river the girl had battled with her worse self and had come off victor.



Editors' Table.

It is not merely on the principle that rests are necessary in music and "flashes of silence" in conversation that vacations may be said to exert a strong influence on our College life. They imply more than a cessation of College work for a given time ; on our return, we do not find things exactly as we left them, nor go on with them from precisely the point where we broke off. Looked at from the instructor's point of view, vacations might be—and often are—considered necessary evils, on account of the amount of friction that must be overcome in making a fresh start. But on the whole, the disadvantages attendant upon vacations are trifling compared with the real, solid advantages they confer. Aside from all personal pleasure, every student gains from a vacation the benefit that comes from retiring far enough from her ordinary work and life to look at it from a distance. Perplexities that seemed insurmountable on leaving College have vanished and left no trace before our return. Many a friendship that had in it none of the elements of permanence has received its death-blow during vacation, while our affection for our true friends and for our College is invariably strengthened. The very interruption of our work causes us to look back upon it as a whole, and see how much or how little has been accomplished. Even the hosts of good resolutions that accompany the beginning of a term are not wholly valueless. They will not all fall to the ground. Surely, then, we should return to College after a vacation with renewed hope and energy and with a clearer insight into the nature and purposes of our work.

In our Chapel service all of us have felt the incompleteness of harmony in the hymns when sung entirely by female voices. The heavy tones of the organ supply imperfectly the tenor and bass notes, but when the accompaniment is played on the piano, or when, as is the case in our prayer-meetings, the voices are unaccompanied, the lack of these two essential parts of the harmony is painfully felt. The result is not only that the chords lose in richness and fullness, but that even much of the sacredness is detracted from the words of the hymns. We understand that in order to remedy this difficulty, Dr. Ritter has begun the laborious undertaking of re-arranging the hymns for female voices and that, with the assistance of Dr. Kendrick, he will compile a hymn-book which will supply a long-felt need in our colleges and seminaries for women. The labor involved will be readily understood, and our warmest appreciation and gratitude are due to those who have voluntarily undertaken so arduous a task.

In former years the advent of snow has been looked upon with much disfavor by the lovers of skating in our midst, for, owing to the difficulties encountered in removing it, the soft white covering has hitherto effectually brought to a close all indulgence in the most delightful of winter sports on our lake. The skating season has therefore numbered at the most only four or five days, and, during the rest of the winter, the skaters have been obliged to gaze disconsolately upon the lake's frozen but sadly roughened surface. This year, however, a decided change for the better has been brought about; for through the kind thoughtfulness of President Taylor, the ice is hereafter to be cleared and kept in as good a condition as possible. Everything that will add to the necessarily restricted list

of our out-of-door enjoyments in winter is to be hailed with delight, and our sincere thanks are due to the President for his interest and aid in the matter. We are glad to learn also that the project of a toboggan slide has attracted the attention of the Faculty, though it has been deemed advisable not to build one for us this year. Perhaps as time goes on the question of the student's ability to steer the toboggan may seem less formidable, and at any rate it is encouraging to be reassured that the Faculty are anxious to secure our pleasure as well as our profit.

The result of the first Phil. play has been the topic of frequent discussion during the past few weeks. A number of the students think that it was entirely too ambitious, and that we have neither the time nor the ability to present Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice" in any way worthy of its author. The play given about the same time last year was "The Lanciers." We will grant that the students have sufficient leisure and talent to be successful with Sheridan's little drama, but we will not concede that as a necessary consequence the standard of all our plays, must be that of the ordinary society play. "Beware" says these cautious people "lest you have too high an ideal and in your attempt fall short of it." But the majority of us say, "Let our ideal be the loftiest possible, and if it prove beyond our reach, the effort made to attain it will be of lasting good." Those who were gratified with the result of the play must needs have derived some benefit therefrom; for those who believed it a failure, there must have been a still greater gain if they have learned the lesson that "failure after long perseverance is grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure."

HOME MATTERS.

On Tuesday evening, December 7, a pianoforte recital was given in the College Chapel by the Douste Sisters, of London. The extreme youth of the performers, added to their rare ability, made the occasion one of unusual interest and pleasure. The styles of the two sisters are in some respects widely different. The elder, Mlle. Louise, showed wonderful skill in execution. Her touch though delicate was firm and strong, and she played the most intricate passages with the ease which comes from the mastery of technical difficulties. In the Etudes Symphoniques, which she had studied with Clara Schumann, her brilliant style was shown to the best possible advantage. The selections of Mlle. Jeanne were entirely different in character and well adapted to her clear soft touch. She executed difficult passages with great facility, always preserving that delicacy and distinctness of tone which seemed the chief charm of her playing. Her pianissimo passages were exquisite and not even in the most rapid runs did the tones become in the least confused. There was a pleasing variety in the character of the selections, there being several numbers for two pianofortes, in addition to the piano solos. The programme was as follows :

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------|
| I. Scherzo | <i>Scharureuka.</i> |
| For two Pianofortes. | |
| II. a. Bourrée..... | <i>Bach.</i> |
| b. Tambourin..... | <i>Rameau.</i> |
| c. Menuet | <i>Haydn.</i> |
| d. Scherzo | <i>Weber.</i> |
| Mlle. JEANNE DOUSTE. | |
| III. Études Symphoniques..... | <i>Schumann.</i> |
| Mlle. LOUISE DOUSTE. | |
| IV. a. Pastorale..... | <i>Tausig-Scurlatti.</i> |
| b. Serenata | <i>Moszkowsky.</i> |
| c. Gigue Américaine..... | <i>Redon.</i> |
| Mlle. JEANNE DOUSTE. | |

- V. a. Menuet.....*Bizet.*
 b. Tarentelle.....*Rubenstein.*

For two Piano.

The service of Christmas music was held in the Chapel at eight o'clock, Sunday evening, Dec. 19. The programme was as follows :

1. Comfort ye my people.....*Händel.*
 (For the Organ.)
2. Choral. Vom Himmel Hoch.....*Luther.*
3. Reading.....
 DR. TAYLOR.
4. While all things were in quiet silence.....*Mac Farren.*
5. Carol (canon).....*Reinecke.*
6. Solo. Carol.....*For.*
 MISS WARD.
7. Reading.....
 DR. TAYLOR.
8. " Christ in Bethlehem is born.".....*Johnston.*
9. Christmas Song.....*Adam*
 MISS WILSON AND CHOIR.
10. Adeste Fideles.....
11. Christmas Offertory.....*Lemmens.*
 (For the Organ.)

We would express our thanks to Miss Hubbard for our enjoyment of the service, for to her we are indebted for the fine rendering of a well chosen programme. The fourth number was particularly noticeable, in such marked contrast to the stately simplicity of Luther's choral which preceded it ; and in the Christmas song of Adam's all Christmas harmonies seemed to unite. After a number of such magnificence, the familiar Adeste Fideles was especially effective ; it was particularly beautiful in its new arrangement. As so many Christmas associations cluster around this hymn, let us hope that the custom of singing it at this service may never be discontinued.

Undoubtedly the audience that anxiously awaited the rising of the curtain in the Lyceum, on the evening of Dec. 11, was prepared to find the play a failure. Had not actors and committee declared that it would be one? Had not a large proportion of the members of the audience remarked at some time during the preceding few weeks, "It isn't any use to try Shakspeare. Let us do something we can do"? A premature judgment which, if one may trust the enthusiastic applause at the end of the first scene, was speedily reversed. Surely it is worth while for Philalethea to attempt Shakspeare, if she may always be sure, that such careful work will be done and such effective results produced as were shown at the representation of "The Merchant of Venice."

The cast was a fortunate one. Miss Harkness as Shylock, admirable throughout, was especially strong in the trial scene. Miss Ward was quite the ideal Portia in appearance and her acting was spirited and intelligent. That Miss Skinner's Bassanio left a trifle to be desired in the way of fervor in the love scenes is probably due to the well known fear of the Vassar stars of over-doing the impassioned parts. The rounds of applause that greeted the appearance of Launcelot Gobbo showed that Miss Boyden is in no danger of losing her popularity on the Lyceum stage. Miss Galloway's Jessica was charmingly done, her expression in both face and voice being unusually attractive. The minor parts were uniformly well taken, and actors and committee are to be heartily congratulated on the success of the play as a whole.

On Sunday evening, December 13, Dr. Bradford, of Montclair, N. J., spoke to the Young Woman's Christian Association, of the charities of Germany and England. The

speaker confined his remarks to those charities which had come under his personal observation, and to methods of work of whose success he was convinced. In the beginning of the lecture Dr. Bradford stated that those who have with few exceptions done beneficent work for the poor in the world have drawn their inspiration from God, and all of his subsequent remarks tended to show the truth of the statement. He spoke in detail of but one charity of Germany, the famous Kaiserberg charity, where Florence Nightingale and many other philanthropists have obtained their inspiration and have labored. Then passing to England, some of the more modern branches of charitable work were mentioned; the coffee houses and, in connection with them, the "pail and pitcher" system, the "penny dinners" which are furnished near the schools in the lower parts of the city, and the "Sunday breakfasts" provided weekly for the bridge boys and other outcasts of London. The speaker pointed out with great earnestness the utter misery of the lives of these bridge boys whose only home is in boxes on the wharves or in some secluded spot in the frame-work of the bridges, and whose one joy is this Sunday morning breakfast. In conclusion Dr. Bradford spoke of the hundreds of thousands in London who are living in cellars, and of the far greater number who live in unspeakable wretchedness in crowded tenement houses, and of the efforts which are being made to induce them to occupy larger and better regulated tenements which have been built for them. Prominent in this work are the names of Miss Octavia Hill, Mr. Samuel Barnett and his sisters, Mr. Ruskin and Hon. Leonard Courtney.

What did you do? Was it dreadfully stupid? These are the questions our more fortunate sisters ask of us who

remained in College during the Christmas vacation. In general, we might answer, "The time was spent very quietly, but in solid enjoyment." We will pass over the day following the departure of our friends; for then, if ever, we were inclined to be homesick. But this feeling was soon swallowed up in the anticipation of Christmas boxes, and the excitement attendant upon their arrival. An evening in Miss Goodsell's parlor, innumerable spreads, skating, another evening spent in making up bags of candy—thus the time flew, and we suddenly awoke on Christmas morning and found ourselves, owing to the "innumerable spreads," pondering the weighty question "To dine, or not to dine." Perhaps *you* went to a ball on Christmas night. We attended a court reception given by Her Royal Highness, the Czarina of Russia. From this reception each went home bearing a token of royal favor presented by the Czarina herself. We would not forget that pleasant evening, midway between Christmas and New Year's, spent in Mrs. Taylor's parlor. We enjoyed the readings, and entered with spirit into the games and charades that followed, and not until "Tempus fugit" was vividly acted before us did we rise to say good-night. So in parties, coasting, sleighing, moonlight skating and dancing, the hours passed right merrily. It was

"A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing and unthinking time."

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Seniors gave an after-dinner coffee to Professor and Mrs. Schurman, of Cornell.

The usual small proportion of students remained in College during the Christmas vacation.

Dr. Bradford, of Montclair, New Jersey, who conducted Chapel services on the twelfth of December, delivered a stirring sermon. His text was, "My soul thirsteth for God."

The number of students registered so far this year exceeds the total number from September to June of either of the two years previous.

Justin McCarthy, the historian, gave a lecture at the Poughkeepsie Opera House in the early part of last month. His subject, "English Statesmen," proved him to be a just, yet kind critic.

A reception was tendered Professor and Mrs. Schurman by President Taylor on the evening of December 17. The members of the Psychology class were the favored guests.

The petition asking for a "Junior Publication" has been refused. Once more must we succumb to the judgment of wiser heads, who argue the "danger, publicity and expense" of such an undertaking.

Historical accessions, and a number of delightful French and German novels are among the last reports from the library.

The second Phil. play follows close upon the first, taking place the fifteenth of this month. We are not willing to forfeit the privilege of four Hall plays, "two in each semester."

Dr. Grace Peckham, of New York City, read an able paper on the "Nervousness of Americans," before the Wednesday afternoon Physiology class.

Professor Mitchell, Professor Goodwin and Dr. Hall attended the reception given to President Taylor, in Boston, on the twenty-ninth of December.

The Psychology class have laid aside Murray's Handbook and have replaced it by Guizot. The course in History is to last twelve weeks and is to embrace the history of civilization in Europe from the downfall of the Roman Empire to the French Revolution. Attention is to be given to the Philosophy of History rather than to its dry facts.

At the annual reunion of the Vassar Alumnae Association of the City of New York and vicinity, to be held on the twenty-ninth of this month, one of the subjects under consideration is the appointment of a New York Alumna Correspondent of the "Vassar Miscellany." The appointment of such a correspondent will supply a long-felt want. Who knows but the future Personal Editor will be greatly to be envied.

The result of the fair recently held in Omaha was most gratifying. The proceeds amounted to over five hundred dollars and, while a considerable sum is still needed before the scholarship is complete, the Alumnae have much reason to hope that the full amount will be obtained by the end of the year.

Dr. Taylor has arranged for a number of lectures which promise to be highly interesting. The first series, six in number, on Socialism, are to be given during the second and third weeks of February by Dr. Bemis, of Springfield. The second course, by Signor Lanciani, of the University of Rome, on Archæology, will be of special interest to the student of the classics. One entire lecture, we believe, is to be devoted to the Forum.

Our return from the Christmas vacation was darkened by the news that we are soon to lose from among us a valued friend, Miss Reynolds of the English department. There is perhaps no member of the Senior or Junior class who has not been strengthened in life as in work by her influence. We can but hope that some future day will see her again in our midst, doing the work which our College so much needs,—a work that she is eminently fitted to do. Meantime may success subjective and objective attend her in her Canadian home.

During the week beginning with December 13, Prof. Schurman of Cornell lectured before the Psychology class. His subject was: "The Bearing of Modern Thought upon the Issue between Idealism and Realism." The lectures were scholarly, showing careful study of philosophical subjects, yet at the same time so clear that misapprehension was impossible. On Saturday morning all students who desired to attend the lecture were invited to do so; the eager interest shown by the large number present, many of whom had not enjoyed the advantages of the Psychology class, proved the clearness and power of the speaker.

**PERSONALS.**

'70.

Miss Norris has published a novel entitled "Dorothy Delafield."

'71.

A paper on the "Association of Collegiate Alumnae" by Miss Ellen M. Folsom was given before the Congress of Women held at Louisville, Ky., in October. Miss Folsom is spending the winter in North Carolina.

'76.

Miss Hersey has private classes of ladies ; their object is the study of Browning.

'77.

Dr. Dexter, formerly of '77, has returned from Vienna, and has made her home in New Bedford, Massachusetts. She intends making a specialty of eye and ear diseases.

'79

Miss Bertha Hazard has been elected President of the Boston Association of Vassar Alumnæ. Miss Hazard is teaching at the Quinsy-Shaw School in Boston.

Miss Banfield has returned to her winter home in Poughkeepsie.

'80

We omitted to state in the December number, that Miss Tappan is assistant principal in Miss Northrop's school in Camden.

Miss Jessie Smith is teaching at the Waymouth High School.

'82.

Miss Coleman has returned from her European trip.

'86.

Miss Akin returned from abroad, on the Britannic, in December.

The following alumnæ have visited the College during the past month : Miss Lupton, '73 ; Dr. Mary Taylor Bisbee, '75 ; Miss Bryan and Miss Wylie, '77 ; Miss Bernard, Mrs. Jones-Ward, '85 ; Miss Wickham, '86, and Miss Peterson, of the School of Art, '85.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

Upon our return from the merry Christmas holidays, we find our exchange table filled to overflowing with a gay array of messengers from the other colleges, many of them in strange gala dress, all breathing forth the good-will of Christmas tide. The MISCELLANY wishes to join in the general expression of kindly feeling, and hopes it is not too late to wish to all a helpful and a prosperous year.

We think the following rather better than the ordinary exchange poem :

LIFE AND DEATH.

An old, forsaken churchyard, on
The outskirts of a town,
The rank grass grown all o'er the mounds,
The stones all toppled down.
The summer breeze blows through the trees,
And low the whispering leaves reply :
" Time flies, alas, and soon we die !"

And there, beneath the murmuring leaves
Two quiet figures stand ;
Their silence now is eloquence,
And they are hand in hand.
For, far removed from worldly strife,
Within the camp-ground of the dead,
Each one of them has just found life,
While in the tree-top overhead,
A little bird is perched on high
Singing : " Time flies, and soon we die."—*Ex.*

Sub-Junior theologian, in his childish way, to a Divinity professor.—“Professor, could our eleven beat the leaven of the Pharisees?”

Divinity professor.—“They would’nt knead to.—Ex.
Sic semper theologus.”

Of all the papers that come to us, the *Concordiensis* presents the most sombre appearance. The interior does not in this respect fulfil the promise of the cover; for it contains much of interest to its own students, though there is little to attract the attention of the outside reader. The exchange department is well conducted.

The *Michigan Argonaut* publishes a most able and delightful piece of criticism of the respective merits of Mary Anderson, Margaret Mather, and Helena Modjeska, in the representation of Juliet. The article is well written and entertaining.

The *Phillips Exeter Literary Monthly* comes to our exchange table for the first time and in external appearance, typography, and contents, it is a worthy representative of its Alma Mater. We would suggest, however, that a larger number of special departments would be an improvement. We also miss an exchange column, and the editorials are few in number and of too local a character. These little imperfections may be due only to the short time during which the *Lit.* has been in existence, and we wish it a long and successful career.

“Abraham Lincoln : A History,” continues to be the leading feature of the *Century*. This month the description of Mr. Lincoln’s life in Springfield, his practice of law there, his courtship and marriage, the Shields duel, and the campaign of 1844, forms an exceedingly interesting addi-

tion to the chapters which have already excited widespread attention. George W. Cable begins a story of Creole life which bids fair to equal "Dr. Sevier" and "The Grandissimes." There are amusing developments in "The Hundreth Man"; the article on "French Sculpture" is continued; while in a weightier vein are the sketch of the social, political and literary life of George Bancroft, and Edward Atkinson's article on "The Relative Strength of Nations." Henry James tells in his happiest manner his impressions of Coquelin, in whose acting he promises the American public a rare treat. There is but one short story, "The Wimpy Adoptions," and this is inferior to the majority of the tales offered to the readers of the *Century*.

The January number of the *Atlantic* is one worthy of beginning the New Year and promises to the readers of the magazine a treat for many months, in its new serials. The strange union of the powers of Mrs. Oliphant and Thomas Bailey Aldrich results in the opening chapters of a very pleasing story of English life. The lively descriptions of Turkish scenes and the exciting adventures of the two Russian brothers in Marion Crawford's novel, "Paul Patoff," are in themselves sufficient to attract the attention, while the universal interest now felt in the affairs of Russia and Turkey lend an added charm. In "The King who Went out Conquering," Margaret Vandegriff shows herself to be one of the best of story-tellers. The biographical element is to be found in the sketch of the life of Alexander Hamilton and in Herbert Tuttle's "Frederick the Great and Madame de Pompadour." George F. Parsons contributes a powerful argument in favor of temperance, entitled "The Saloon in Society." "What Children Read," by Agnes Repplier, is a valuable article and should be of interest to all. We think her criticism of the earlier writings of Miss Alcott a little harsh, however.

The most noticeable feature of the *St. Nicholas* for January are the two articles on Eton, by Edwin D. Mead and Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Both are so ably and entertainingly written that they will do much toward arousing the interest of Young America in the famous English school. Mr. Ripley Hitchcock's article on "Millet and the Children" will be read with eagerness by old and young. The accompanying illustrations are of great value in making children familiar with the works of the artist. The "King's Daughters" find a faithful representative in Alice Wellington Rollins, who tells her story simply and effectively, and we expect soon to hear of new "Tens" from all quarters. Frank R. Stockton concludes his bright little story of the "Fortunate Opening" in a characteristic fashion, and Mrs. Burnett's "Story of Prince Fairy-foot" is continued.

**ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BOSTON ASSOCIATION
OF VASSAR ALUMNÆ.**

The twelfth annual meeting of the Boston Association of Vassar Alumnae was held at the Hotel Vendome, on Wednesday, December 29, 1886. The '76, in the chair. After the reading of the minutes, Miss Day, '78, chair-business meeting was called to order at 1:30 P. M., Miss Heloise E. Hersey, man of the nominating committee, presented a list of officers for the ensuing year. It was moved that the Secretary cast the ballot for the Association, and the following officers were declared elected :

President—MISS BERTHA HAZARD, '79.

Vice-Presidents—MISS S. E. WENTWORTH, '79 ; MISS S. B. FREEMAN, '78.

Secretary—MISS E. M. HOWE, '82.

Assistant Secretary—MISS A. C. SOUTHWORTH, '82.

Reports followed from the Treasurer of the Association, and from Miss Day. The latter reported \$2,750 deposited by her with the New England Trust Company, this being money raised by Professor Mitchell for the Observatory Endowment Fund. Money belonging to this fund was also held now by Miss Whitney, '68. Miss Day then requested that a legal custodian be appointed for this fund, and, in response, it was moved and carried that Miss Day be appointed by the Association to hold any money raised by Professor Mitchell for the Observatory Fund.

Miss Whitney, '68, then gave an informal report of the condition of the College, and this was supplemented by extracts read by the Secretary from the letters of Trustees and others, commending the new administration, and predicting a new era of prosperity for the College. The question of Alumnae representation being brought up by some of these letters, the Secretary, at the request of the Chair, read the report made at the meeting of the General Association last June, by the committee appointed to prepare a plan for Alumnae representation on the Board of Trustees. A discussion of the course which the Boston Association should now adopt followed, and it seemed the sense of the meeting that, while the Association was strongly in favor of Alumnae representation, it was undesirable at present to take any decisive action in the matter. Dr. Culbertson, '77, moved that Miss Foster, as a delegate of the Boston Association be empowered to report to the committee of the General Association the sentiment of the Boston Association on this point.

A five minutes recess was followed by the literary meeting, at which Miss Hazard, '79, read a paper on Vassar's preparatory school. The paper was followed by a short address from Dr. Taylor.

From four to six, a reception was held in President Taylor's honor, at which about two hundred and fifty guests were present. Among them were Mrs. Louis Agassiz, Colonel T. W. Higginson, President Freeman, of Wellesley, President Eliot, of Harvard, and Mrs. Eliot, President Walker, of the Institute of Technology, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, Mr. Horace E. Scudder, Professor and Miss Horsford, Dr. Asa Gray, Mr and Mrs. William Rolfe, Professor Egbert Smyth. Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Dr. Eliot Griggs, Mrs. H. F. Durant. Oscar Fay Adams, Mrs. Abba Gould Woolson, Dr. D. A. Sargeant, Mr. Edwin D. Mead, Dr. Helen Webster, and Miss Laura Webster. There were present of the Faculty, Professor Maria Mitchell, Dr. Hall, and Professor Goodwin.

The Boston Association congratulates itself upon the happy combination of events—ranging from their having, in Wednesday, the one good day of the week, to the presence at the reception of the literary, educational, and social notabilities of Boston and its vicinity, which enabled them to express fittingly their appreciation of the new President of Vassar College.

E. M. HOWE.

The Nassar Miscellany.

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No. 5.

CHIVALRY AND WOMEN.

In the midst of a social state whose characteristic was selfishness, whose test of merit was successful oppression, and whose assertion of superiority was brute force, there sprang up an institution with loftier motives and higher aims. It is true that the chivalry of modern romance was, as Guizot says of organized feudalism, "a Utopia without a date, a drama for which we find in the past neither theatre nor actors." The eleventh and twelfth centuries, when feudalism still prevailed, were not eminently favorable to the growth of a noble zeal; while the almost inspired motive, the consecrated purity of life, the unselfish championship of the weak and oppressed in which fiction delights were qualities seldom shown by the historical knight of feudal times. He was rough in manner, headlong and violent in action, his very love but a part of his

selfishness. He broke his knightly oath with impunity and made his peace with the church by fighting its battles. Yet that such an oath should have been imposed, that the ideal of knighthood should have been so beautiful, however far short of it the reality fell, argues a somewhat high development of moral and religious feeling and is a sign of progress in civilization.

The essential features of chivalry were bravery, religious zeal, and gallantry. Courage and piety as great as those of ideal knighthood have grown up under other institutions than chivalry. The followers of Mahomet were perhaps as loyal to their faith and as brave and fervent in its defense as were the most earnest Crusaders. But in the homage that it rendered women, chivalry was unique. This is generally assigned as the reason for the attitude of modern times toward women. If it be asked in exactly what way chivalry has benefited them, the reply is that only blindness can doubt its salutary results, and reference is triumphantly made to the servitude of women among barbarous races. Summary dismissal is not, however, ample proof.

Chivalrous gallantry was not the respect which Teutonic peoples had previously shown their women. A seeming reversal of the position of the sexes took place. On the part of man there was a voluntary abnegation of superiority. The knight selected his lady-love and vowed eternal constancy. For her he would fight in the lists, imperilling his life for one encouraging glance. In every danger the thought of her protected him. She held to him the relation of the goddess to the Homeric hero, not because of her superiority in wisdom and in goodness, but because of her power to inspire love. That this social state had beneficial results can not be denied. The man had always an incentive to noble endeavor, a reason for keeping his purpose fixedly in mind; and a purpose, in unsettled society, is a

strong aid to individual development. The woman had not this aid, but, being set upon a pedestal, was perhaps influenced to make herself worthy of her conspicuous position. Yet surely if the power given her was as great as we are told, it was dangerous to herself as well as to her knight. His temptation was to obey his lady's wish "for the love of her," even though it involved action that he felt to be wrong. Her temptation was to exert her power to its fullest extent, and her responsibility thus came to be nominally as much greater than his as the responsibility of the tyrant is ever greater than that of the slave; and by a state of society which we are called upon to admire, this power was entrusted to a being that had previously held an almost servile position. But woman's power was not so great as we are sometimes led to believe. She was elevated not as a woman, but only because of her relation to man. "Knights honor women," says a writer of chivalric times, "because next to God, they are the source of all the honor that men can acquire." It was, then, man's vanity that gave women a higher social position in order that, being honored by the goddess that he had himself created, his achievements might receive the more honor in his own eyes. He flattered her vanity and taught himself to believe in his own flattery that he might in return receive the greater homage. It was, after all, only "the exchange of a mock empire for a real dominion."

In so far as chivalry survives in modern society we see sufficient evidence to support this statement. The woman who is one of the world's workers and who is bold enough to ask for justice in settling the price of her work is coarsely told that if she attempts to adjust her affairs upon a business footing she becomes as a man, and must relinquish all the delicate consideration, the gentle courtesy, that is one of her privileges as a woman. She who will not gladly give up the womanly privilege of seeing a man bare

his head before her and run imminent risk of taking cold, she who will not even relinquish the rather unnecessary support of the manly arm, for the sake of having justice done to a considerable portion of the human race, is but a poor woman. She is one of the victims of the age of chivalry.

Wherein is the present position of woman superior to that which she has held in the past? Most surely not in the devotion to her which is shown by men in general. The friend who does his best not to look annoyed when he relinquishes his seat in the street-car in a woman's favor can hardly be said to exhibit more devotion than did the knight who exposed his life to do honor to the lady with whom he had not yet exchanged a word. Yet those who assert most strongly that the honor shown to the modern woman is the outgrowth of chivalry and chivalry alone, would be the last to admit that the nineteenth century is inferior to the thirteenth in its treatment of women. The uplifting of woman by chivalry was very one-sided. It was only on the emotional side that she was honored. Her beauty and the strength of her love were the sole virtues for which she was prized. The woman of to-day aims at being evenly balanced. She objects to making herself a creature of impulse, a loving, clinging child. But chivalry has certainly not given her this characteristic.

The difference between a modern gentleman's conduct toward women of various degrees of culture and social standing is sufficiently well marked. Lamb said that he would believe in the chivalry of his time when he saw deference paid to a woman as a woman and not as a beauty, a fortune, or a title. There are many men to whom no such reproach can apply. But even in the noblest the ideal of chivalric romance, "deference paid to woman as woman" is not an active principle. Chivalry itself practically ignored its ideal and made it a cloak for selfishness. Why

does modern society also ignore it? The man of to-day tries to be just before he is generous. This is the explanation of the diversity of his relations with women ; this, too, is the reason for the better position of women in modern times. Society is slowly progressing toward the condition in which men "do justice and love mercy." When that condition is reached, when fairness is observed in the intercourse of men and women, then shall chivalry no more be heard of. "When the true dignity of woman shall fully appear, then shall her false dignity be done away."

IDA J. BUTCHER, '87.

"SIR PERCIVAL."

No one tendency or principle ever gains complete supremacy in this contradictory world ; the opposite tendency always exists side by side with it, always asserts itself in time. Scarcely have we written Q. E. D. at the end of our elaborate demonstration of the impossibility of the occurrence of a certain thing—when that very thing occurs. Just as the realistic school of novelists have almost convinced us that such a novel as "Sir Percival" could not possibly be written at the present time—Mr. Shorthouse writes it. For "Sir Percival" is neither a wearisome description of the manners, customs, and social life of our own times, nor a picturesque description of those of other times, nor is it a study of character from the stand-point of the microscopist. On the other hand, it is not an imitation, either feeble or successful, of the old romance, with its dense plot and countless incidents. It is a story of modern times, yet its chief charm is precisely that element of beauty and spirituality—that ideal quality—which we have been taught not to look for in such a novel. We can not

claim for it any title to greatness, but it is a work of art, and a work of art in a higher sense than mere perfection of literary technique could make it ; for it fills the mind with a pervading sense of beauty and harmony, and it has the unity indispensable to perfect art, and yet so rarely found. This unity is attained by the absence of some good qualities quite as much as by the presence of others. There is nothing bright or sparkling or witty in "Sir Percival." All the characters, except perhaps the Marquis of Clare, are uniformly serious. Nor is there any attempt to define the minor characters—the servants are servants only. Even the master and mistress of Kingswood, delightful old people though they are, are kept somewhat in the background, and the Marquis is merely a sketch. A few characters, a few simple, but noble and beautiful ideas, make up the book. Not that it is all "silver-gray, placid and perfect," and nothing more. There are occasional touches of warmer color. The characters waken in us that sympathy and fellow-feeling without which any novel must be a lifeless piece of work.

The most cursory inspection reveals the fact that Mr. Shorthouse introduces into this novel much more description than is at all usual. Exquisite as this description is in itself, if the representation of Kingswood and its surroundings were its sole object and end, one could scarcely defend the author against a charge of giving something which is wholly subordinate too prominent a place. But all this description is much more than an exquisite background. It is one of the most important elements of the novel. For as we become familiar with Kingswood, the beautiful old Saxon house with its "miles of tangled fern and forest glade," its little chapel in the wood, its associations with the past—as we become familiar with all this, we realize that we have imperceptibly gained a singularly clear idea of the person who is speaking to us. When

other characters appear on the scene, she is as distinct and vivid a personage as any of them. The author has obviated the difficulty inherent in making the principal character tell the story, in the most skillful way. Constance speaks of herself very little, but in telling of her beautiful home and the life that went on within it,—of the various influences that had been around her from childhood—she reveals herself more fully than would have been possible in any other way. And as we see this we realize at the same time that we have been looking at Kingswood through her eyes and have seen it transfigured in the light of affection and that other light “that never was on sea or land,” the imaginative insight, the idealizing power, which form the groundwork of Constance’s character. It is as if she said to all of us, as she did to Percival, “You can not think how I love this place. I want you to see it as I see it.” To show us beauty thus transfigured—that is, to remove the veil which our dullness of perception casts over it,—is in itself no small thing.

And now other characters appear,—first, Sir Percival. At the outset he appears merely a bright, engaging young fellow, in and of the gay world. Later, one sees that he had in him “the possibility of fancy and of faith,” latent tendencies and capacities which began to quicken into life under the influence of the companionship and personality of Constance. “It is odd,” he says, “but ever since I have been with you I seem to have felt some new, strange way of looking at things—as though I should be able some time to see and do things which I have never seen, never thought that I should do.” Together they ride through the chase, and visit the little chapel in the forest, and talk in the great hall by the dying fire-light. Constance soon comes to love Percival with a simplicity and sincerity characteristic of her. But this life is broken up by the coming of Virginia Clare—a beautiful, brilliant, intensely modern young wo-

man, with whom Percival almost immediately falls in love. There is a striking contrast between Constance and Virginia,—Constance with her deep religious instincts, her imagination and poetic feeling, and Virginia with her agnosticism and modern “views,” a beautiful young iconoclast. But they are alike in essential nobility and sincerity of character and their points of difference do not finally alienate them. Here again, Mr. Shorthouse shows great skill. In portraying a character like that of Constance, the danger was that she might seem too far above the earth, too angelic. Now if the contrast between Virginia and Constance had been carried even a little too far—if Virginia had been presented to us as merely an example of the absence of qualities which Constance possessed, this very impression would have been produced. But Virginia’s own beauty of character is plainly shown. We see that she is brave, strong and generous, and at the same time our love and sympathy for Constance increase as we watch the relations between them. She sees the attachment between Percival and Virginia immediately, and accepts it with gentle dignity. Even after Virginia’s death, she can not bear that Percival should be unfaithful to her memory. “Only be true,” she says to him, and sends him away—perfectly certain that she is doing right. And this act of absolute loyalty to her ideal of truth and right seems to confirm the influence which she has always exercised over Sir Percival. He becomes what she has wished him to be, and it is to her that he sends that last message from the far away coast where, in a desperately brave attempt to save a Christian bishop from the natives, he loses his life.

The character of Constance dominates the whole book. It is from her, one might say, that the light of the picture radiates. The essential features of her character are imagination and deep religious feeling. It is but seldom that we meet in fiction with a character truly beautiful and truly

religious. It seems to be a type especially hard to portray, though the records of real life, both past and present, give us not a few glimpses of just such characters—simple, pure and sincere, living always in the sunlight of faith and seeing what is invisible to others. Thinking of them, we may say with full confidence

“Oh human soul, as long as thou canst so
Set up a mark of everlasting light
Above the howling senses' ebb and flow
.....

Not with lost toil thou laborest through the night;
Thou makest the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home.”

ANTONIO AND BASSANIO.

“All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.” When we consider that the author of this well-worn quotation lived by the stage, wrote mainly for the stage, nay, even himself appeared on the stage, we might naturally expect his works to show something of the stage-scenery type. We should look for striking colors broadly laid on, rather than for minuteness of finish, and expect the *dramatis personæ* to afford us the most startling contrasts. Thus, pitchy villany would invariably set off snowy maidenhood; stern tyranny, meek submission; and so on through the long stereotyped list. This often unconscious striving for stage effect, which continually appears in the works of those who are much under dramatic influence, might well, I say, be expected in a writer whose connection with the stage was so close. But this author's name is William Shakespeare, and no such thoughts are to be associated with his broad genius.

Not that this greatest of playwrights avoids contrasts; we find them in every work that came from his pen; but

they are the contrasts of nature, felt rather than seen. Witness the two women, Gertrude and Ophelia, each with her love, the one a sensuous flame, the other the absorbing passion of a high-strung nature; witness Lady Macbeth and the Thane of Cawdor, the one an embodiment of tense, nervous, womanly strength and weakness, the other a type of man's coarser weakness and more brutal strength; witness—but our witnesses are legion. Let us turn from the many to that wonderful pair of friends, contrastingly set in the midst of Shakespeare's greatest work of contrasts. Of their mutual love there is no need to speak, for it is mutual; to what it leads the one, it would lead the other, and it is here but the frame which encloses these two fine characters from the general world, and lets us see them together.

There they stand, Antonio under a cloud of his own creation, Bassanio in the full sunshine of a happy love. This very light and shadow help us to see each more distinctly. Suppose the merchant of Venice were going on his calm, even, reserved way of life, appearing every morning on the Rialto to be respectfully greeted by all gathered there, to deliver 'such as make moan unto him' from the clutches of the Jew, and to rebuke the only being that ever rouses him to a momentary excitement and bitter eloquence; then passing on to hear, from every admiring tongue, of his great ventures on the sea. He would thus seem to us a most upright, calm, and pardonably self-sufficient gentleman. But it is not so: his first words tell us that he is sad. A mood has come over him in which his thoughts dwell continually on his own inward and outward life; and faultless as both are, he seems to himself but "a tainted wether of the flock, meetest for death." The success of his argosies can bring him but little pleasure, since he scarcely fears for their destruction. In short, his interest in existence has gradually died out, because he has so

few connecting links with the life around him, and in his despondent brooding, the love and respect which are really his, are held aloof.

But Bassanio—who can imagine him otherwise than in the full sunshine of life, love, and youth? Hear *his* first exclamation: “Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?” The joyous blood dances through his veins, and carries him to the front in all the moonlight masques and gay escapades of the wild young Venetian gallants; yes, and leads him oftentimes to “show a swelling port beyond his faint means.” His quick imagination bodies forth innumerable conceits, while Antonio speaks but little, and has given us but few similes, and those pessimistic ones. Then Bassanio has that lively interest in his fellows that Antonio lacks. In the list of the dramatis personæ, it is written: Antonio, the merchant of Venice; Bassanio, his friend. Is there not something almost pathetic in that expression, “his friend”? Antonio will scarcely use that word in the plural; for truly, “he loves the world but for Bassanio.”

But who shall count Bassanio’s friends? Antonio, it is true, dwells in his heart of hearts, but all Venice has a place, too, in his affections. He often “feasts his best-esteemed acquaintances,” and invites even the Jew to dinner. All men speak well of “Antonio the good, Antonio, the just,” but Bassanio in his glow and pride of life is a hero even to his valet; “he gives rare new liveries,” and the maid’s eyes, as well as the mistress’s, find him the most deserving of a fair lady.

Perhaps in moral worth Bassanio does not equal his friend. In Antonio, “the ancient Roman honor more appears than in any that dwell in Italy,” and this we learn only from the lips of others. But Bassanio’s honor is a thing about which he himself can talk, declaring that “ingratitude shall not besmear it.” The world which loves him can also lead him; and could we doubt which of the two

friends says, "To do a great right, do a little wrong

Such is the character contrast, not a startling juxtaposition of black and white, but a work of delicate lines and shadings, which Shakespeare has given us in Antonio and Bassanio.

LILLIAN LA MONT.



De Temporibus et Moribus.

A VALENTINE.

(Triolets.)

If I could but know
That she'd do as I ask her !
It troubles me so.
If I could but know,
I'd kneel to her — no,
She'd naught do but mask her.
If I could but know
That she'd do as I ask her !

She knows I adore,
And yet she's so cruel.
She's heard this before,
She knows I adore,
And I try not to bore,
For she is such a jewel !
She knows I adore,
And yet she's so cruel !

As sure's my name's Jack,
I will not be so treated !
No, I'll not take it back :
As sure's my name's Jack,
I'll try some other tack.
Indeed, I'm not heated.
But as sure's my name's Jack,
I will not be so treated !

St. Valentine, hear !
Make my mistress relent,
Make her kinder — the dear !
St. Valentine, hear !

She would not have a peer,
 If she'd only consent.
 St. Valentine, hear !
 Make my mistress relent !

E. N. HIBBARD.

CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

(Triolets.)

St. Valentine, wait,
 Do wait till I read it !
 It may be my fate :
 St. Valentine, wait.
 Of course, I'm sedate,
 Too sedate, far, to heed it.
 But, Valentine, wait,
 Do wait till I read it !

Ah, love-words again !
 I always resist them.
 Threats, too ! But then,
 They're love-words again,
 Words from his pen.
 Don't tell him I kissed them !
 Ah, love-words again !
 I always resist them.

If Jack did but know
 How he makes my heart flutter !
 It's fluttering so.
 If Jack did but know
 My foolish thoughts — oh,
 But they're too rash to utter !
 If Jack did but know
 How he makes my heart flutter !

But Jack must not guess
 I relent to my lover.
 Hush, Valentine ! — Yes,
 But Jack must not guess :

I should blush to confess,
And my heart to discover.
No, Jack must not guess
I relent to my lover !

J. C. DRAKE, '80.

SHALL RUSSIA HAVE CONSTANTINOPLE ? FROM
AN ENGLISHMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

With ever increasing interest, the eyes of the civilized world are fastened upon the great empire of Western Europe as it again makes a desperate effort to gain possession of "the city of two continents." This is no new project on the part of Russia, but one toward the accomplishment of which she has been advancing, step by step, with varying success for centuries. With a population of over one hundred millions, with enormous commercial interests, with a large army and wealthy cities, Russia still has no sea coast, no navy. Her few harbors on the bleak northern seas are frozen over more than half the year and are thus rendered of little value. She recognizes the fact that to a great nation a navy is power, and in Constantinople she sees the one channel through which she can obtain that power. Situated on a rocky height at the end of a narrow passage between two seas, Constantinople would become in her hands an impregnable fortress, beneath whose walls the commerce of the northern and the eastern world must pass. Through it she would have easy access to all parts of Europe and Western Asia, and her opportunities for conquest would be incalculable. The warm climate, too, possesses many charms for the Russian, hemmed in as he is, during so many months of the year, by fields of ice and snow.

Even in the time of Peter the Great, visions of the glorious Byzantine city arose before the eye of the emperor, and from that time to this, battle after battle, treaty upon treaty, has borne witness to the fixed purpose of the Russians. The open avowal by the Empress Catherine of her intention to drive all Turks from Europe, the triumphal arch beneath which she rode during her journey through the Crimea in 1787 and which announced that "This is the way to Constantinople," the wars with Turkey under Nicholas, the Crimean war in 1854, and the war of 1877 have marked the progress of the undertaking. Russia has kept her eye fixed upon the "sick man of Turkey," and has done all in her power to hasten his death. The other nations of Europe have watched with interest and solicitude her mistakes and successes, as she has advanced slowly but surely toward the long desired goal ; they have often disapproved of her ways and means, but have stood calmly by, until at last her shameful treatment of a free and independent nation has brought down upon her the indignation of two hemispheres.

The treaty of Berlin, in 1878, brought into existence a new republic. It was by the consent of Russia alone that the autonomy of Bulgaria was possible, and this consent was freely given by her. She thought that by this step she would add another span to the bridge she has so long been building to carry her into Constantinople. Events have proved that in this she counted without her host. She believed that the gratitude of the Bulgarians towards her, for freeing them from the rule of the hated Turk, would make them a powerful ally in her attempts to gain a passage through the Balkan peninsula. She supposed that it would be an easy matter to subject them to her indomitable will, and that annexation would naturally follow. She forgot that love of a newly gained freedom, that duty to each other might prove a stronger factor in the minds of the people than the debt they owed to a foreign power.

Russia's first mistake was in bringing about the independence of a state which has become a thorn in her side ; her next was in nominating a prince to govern that state, who was so imbued with ideas of Republicanism, of progress, of his duties to the people intrusted to his care,—for Alexander was really the choice of the Russian emperor, although nominally of the Bulgarian people ; she blundered again when, upon discovering the aspirations for independence on the part of the Bulgarian prince, she strove by fraud and misrepresentation to alienate from him the affections of his people. The height of her audacity and imprudence was reached when she openly seized upon the ruler of a free people, tore him from his throne, forged a declaration of abdication, and after heaping shameful indignities upon him and upon his house, carried him into her own dominions. By this crime, worthy of only the most barbarous nations in the darkest ages, she has succeeded in making every inhabitant of Bulgaria her enemy. She has proved to Bulgaria and the other states of the Balkan peninsula that instead of being the friend of “nascent, struggling nationalities,” she is in truth their bitterest foe. She has placed in the most glaring light before the European powers her determination to possess herself of the Turkish capitol. She has forced upon the attention of every Englishman the all-important question : Shall Russia have Constantinople ? The dearest interests of the British Empire, and moreover of all friends of liberty, of progress, and of mankind in general, emphatically answer, No.

Since the sixteenth century, the foreign policy of European nations has been controlled by the great principle of the balance of power. It is by this alone that the weak have been able to exist side by side with the strong ; by this is the security and independence of each secured ; by this alone have wars purely of ambition and conquests like those of ancient Greece and Rome been rendered impossible.

Russia at Constantinople means the overthrow of this system, one of the chief requirements of which is that "no one among the states shall injure the independence or essential rights of another without meeting effectual resistance on some side and consequently exposing itself to danger." Are the other powers to offer no opposition when the Russian potentate snatches nationality from a people who have proved themselves, in the few years of their self-government, worthy of the respect and co-operation of the civilized world? The bravery, loyalty, and forbearance of the Bulgarians in their struggles have drawn forth admiration from all sides, while Prince Alexander has shown himself to be an eminent statesman, a true soldier, a disinterested and devoted ruler.

Are these people to be deprived of their liberty and made a part of the Russian empire? That this will be the result if the other powers do not interfere in the matter is undoubted. Years ago the late Lord Derby ably expressed the plan of action which Russia has followed, when he said: "Russia has never proceeded by storm, but by sap and mine. The first process has been invariably that of fomenting discontent and dissatisfaction among the subjects of subordinate states, then proffering mediation, then offering assistance to the weaker party, then placing their independence under the protection of Russia, finally from protection to incorporation of these states into the body of the Russian Empire." The first of these measures has been taken and in spite of the blunders she has made and the difficulties she has met with in the character of the Bulgarians, Russia is now making desperate efforts to bring about the final result. The interests of safety, progress, and freedom alike demand that she be checked.

Again, the balance of power requires that "no one potentate or state can absolutely predominate and prescribe laws to the others;" that it is the duty of all to check the

first encroachments of ambition. Russia at Constantinople would be in possession of a stronghold by means of which she could easily become that predominating power, and there is every reason to believe that, driven on by her insatiable ambition, she would embrace the opportunity offered. She would command the Danube and, enraged as she is because of the interference of Austria in the Crimean War, and the changes by which the treaty of San Stefano became the treaty of Berlin, the Austro Hungarian monarchy would fall an easy prey to Russian forces. With Russia at Constantinople, the French navy in the Mediterranean would be in danger ; the English interests in the Suez canal would be imperiled ; and France, deprived as she would be of her route to the China seas, would undoubtedly make an attempt to seize the Egyptian provinces ; the road to the invasion of India would be opened and here Russia would find a store-house from which to recuperate the forces drained by wars of conquest. The independence of the several Balkan principalities would be impossible.

The character of the nation in whose hands so much power would be placed by this means, must be considered. Russia is already regarded with fear by the other nations of Europe because of her aggressiveness, while her system of government is so tyrannical that the state of things at home is little better than a reign of terror. Her deeds of cruelty and injustice have given rise to one of the worst classes of modern times, a class which compels the Czar to live in hourly anticipation of a horrible death, and threatens the destruction of the empire.

In her international relations, Russia has shown that she has little respect for the rights of other countries and no scruples about breaking treaties. That she cares nothing for the independence of nations when such independence interferes with her own interests, is shown by the fact that

she was one of the strongest supporters of the Roumelian and Bulgarian union until she found that such an alliance would be detrimental to her ambitious plans, and then she became its worst enemy. Russia claims to be the champion of the Christians ; but by a Russian a member of the Greek Church alone is considered a true believer. In few other places do Christian missions meet with so much opposition as in Russia. Her educational institutions are many and for the most part of a good character, but they are established and conducted solely with a view to the increase of her army. It is educated soldiers that she desires, not educated citizens. All the industries of the land have the same object. There is no freedom of speech nor of the press. The government is, in short, a despotism. Beyond doubt, for this very reason Russia should be allowed every opportunity for advancement and development ; but the possession of greater power together with the temptations for extension of territory which Constantinople would bring, is not the way in which to procure the desired end. One might as well place a galvanic battery in the hands of a curious man utterly ignorant of all the laws of physics. The amount of harm possible in the two cases is proportional.

Certain it is, however, that the imperial city can not remain in the possession of the Turks. The Ottoman Empire is undoubtedly beyond reformation, and it must soon disappear entirely from among the European nations.

Since, then, it is for the interest of all that Russia shall not have Constantinople, since Turkey can not longer retain it, to whom shall Constantinople belong ? Perhaps Greece has the best claim. Nearly onehalf of the inhabitants of Constantinople are Greek, and the seat of the Greek Church is at Constantinople. The Greeks are a progressive people, and moreover their possession of Constantinople would not destroy the European balance of power.

But they are not at present strong enough to maintain possession of the city. Until Greece gains that strength, or until some indisputably better claim appears, let the Turkish Empire be kept in existence as in former years, by the Western Nations.

EUGENIE C. KOUNTZE, '88.

The visitor in New York City may still see, in a little chapel in Twenty-third street, the great picture which has recently been the theme of so much discussion—Munkacsy's "Christ before Pilate." A great picture we may call it without hesitation, notwithstanding the adverse judgment which some critics pronounce upon it; for whatever defects may be pointed out in the painting, the artist has achieved wonderful success in a direction in which modern artists have usually failed. He has embodied in his work a spirit which appeals to the highest, most unselfish, and most reverential part of man's nature. The "Christ before Pilate" is an example of true religious art.

On turning from the noisy street into the chapel, one is impressed by the quiet that pervades the place. There is none of the crowding and jostling and loud-voiced criticism that usually distinguish the picture-inspecting public. The chapel is almost in darkness; only the picture, which occupies the entire breadth of the wall opposite the entrance, receives light from above; there is nothing to distract the attention. As each new comer looks on the white-robed, solemn Christ, standing calm in the midst of a turbulent mob, he is awed into silence. The people sit quietly before the picture, speaking little; if they criticise, they raise their voices hardly above a whisper. The dim light, the almost oppressive hush, the serious faces, form a grateful contrast to the noisy world outside, and to the ordinary surface-aspect of this busy, pushing age. Surely,

there is more reverence than we suspect, stored up in the heart of this nineteenth century, though it does not find its way to the surface so generally as might be desired.

Of the work of art which reveals this latent reverence, much might be said ; criticisms favorable and unfavorable might doubtless be multiplied. But those who have been deeply impressed by the picture will hardly care to take part in such discussion. They may well be satisfied if they can carry it away in memory, just as it is, and live out the impulses which it has awakened in their hearts. They need not fear that the memory will readily pass away. No one who has felt the meaning of the picture will soon forget the scene portrayed. There is the mob, pressing forward with threats and taunts, their faces indifferent, curious, sneering, or distorted with brutal anger ; there sits Pilate in a great chair, raised slightly above the crowd, his fingers locked together and his forehead wrinkled in perplexity, his eyes downcast, fearing the mob and unable to look into the face of the man whom he is to judge. Before him stands the Christ, a white ideal in the midst of this realistic barbarism. His hands are bound ; his face expresses intense suffering, but beneath the suffering there is strength to bear ; no one, in looking on that face, could fear a shadow of yielding. Together with the weariness of physical suffering there is the pain, sharper than any which the rude mob can will to inflict, of sorrow for the burden of sin that weighs upon the world. Yet the face is not stern, as some critics have said ; it is only strong and unyielding. Its strength is not born of despair or fanaticism, but of a pure faith that will endure to the uttermost. The artist has surmounted difficulties which have defeated men more noted than he ; he has combined the expression of calm and gracious dignity with that of bitter sorrow ; he has shown faith triumphant and divinity regnant in a tortured human soul.

Editors' Table.

We rejoice to publish a word of glad tidings, which will doubtless send a thrill of pleasure through the heart of many an alumna. The old "honor system" is abolished; "the ten" will henceforth exist no more, save as a tradition. The ploughing and sowing of past years have not been in vain; at length the season of harvest has come. Not everything has been accomplished which some of the workers for the abolition of the system desired. We shall still have an honor list, but the injustice which was inevitable under the old régime will be avoided. Honorable mention will be given to all those whose average throughout the four years has reached eighty per cent, and out of this number the speakers for Commencement Day will be chosen. The number of honors will no longer be limited; so there will be no opportunity for a member of a small or poor class to receive, in the eyes of the public, a place above a student of higher rank in a larger or better class. There will be a fixed standard for all classes, and this will probably result in making class rank a matter of greater pride than individual rank. Thus a second evil of the old system, the undue fostering of personal ambition will, we hope, be remedied. In behalf of the Senior class we take this opportunity to express heartfelt thanks to President Taylor and the Faculty, for their kind hearing of our petition.

The work of the Sunday morning Bible classes has been resumed with renewed vigor, now that President Taylor has

finished his general lectures upon the history of the Bible. It was with regret that most of us saw the course come to an end, although the fresh interest in the study of the Scriptures and the additional clearness of ideas which it has brought about, promise to make the atmosphere of the several class-rooms more pleasant than formerly for both teachers and students. The new Greek Testament class, too, and the spirit in which its formation has been received, should be subjects for congratulation with all. In these days when College journals are filled with comments upon the decline of the desire to study, it is gratifying to be able to announce that among only three hundred students, and in a college where Greek is not required for admission, forty students have voluntarily entered a class for such a study.

We welcome a serious and earnest Chapel talk like the one Dr. Taylor recently gave on the subject of reading. It reminds us of the talks which the alumnæ speak of in connection with Dr. Raymond, which proved such a help and stimulus to the students. It is only natural that, however noble a purpose we may have, at times our aim in life appears secondary. We do our lessons from day to day and think our duty is done. Our good resolutions are lost sight of; the be-all and end-all of existence is to make a brilliant recitation; we think of seeming, not of being. Without frequent hints and reminders we become careless. And if we become careless and negligent in matters where great principles are involved, are we not much more likely to become forgetful and thoughtless in little things? Perhaps a word may be said to justify ourselves, for the tendency of college life is pre-eminently a selfish one. We are bound by no ties to those around us and are responsi-

ble only for ourselves. Thoughtful consideration in little things makes life much easier for those around us. Good manners may seem trivial and unimportant to many, "but little things, aye little things make up the sum of life." A truly high-minded woman considers that principles are involved in little as well as in great things.

What should be the character of an ideal chapter meeting? The question is being discussed with much interest by those who have the welfare of our chapters at heart. The pivotal point in these discussions is the clause in the constitution of Philalethea, which proclaims it to be a literary society. The question now arises, how much is meant by the word literary? Is it to be taken literally, or shall we dare to combine social pleasures with intellectual efforts? In a society like Philalethea, which is open to all students of collegiate rank, we must bear in mind the varied tastes and inclinations of its members. There are those to whom an evening spent in listening to carefully written essays seems but a wearisome repetition of English Class, while on the other hand many students regard the brightest and most faithfully interpreted farce as utterly unworthy the labor of a Vassar student. How are these positions so radically opposed to be reconciled? We would suggest a skillful combination of these extreme views. We can recall many pleasant evenings where scenes from Dickens, Scott, Burns, and Tennyson have not only instructed but have entertained us. Again, after a week of diligent application to study we have found healthful relaxation in one of Howells' delightfully absurd farces. Are evenings thus spent necessarily unworthy of the time and labor of our students? Is it not possible to make such entertainments of so high an order that they will be per-

fectly consistent with the character of a literary society? We should consider that an ideal meeting which, by maintaining the true dignity of Philalethea, would not only stimulate intellectual activity, but at the same time afford profitable amusement and promote sociability among our students. There is a growing tendency among us to the formation of cliques,—a tendency which springs from illiberality, and which can only result in selfishness. Our chapter meetings are almost our only social gatherings, and surely they might become a powerful agency in diffusing a more charitable and kindly spirit among us.

HOME MATTERS.

As everyone admits our last Hall Play was the best that we have had since the presentation of the "Private Secretary" some two years ago. In its way the "Russian Honeymoon" was perfect—as perfect, in fact, as our plays at Vassar can be. It was no light task to cast a play, rehearse and present it in two short weeks, and great credit is due to the chairman's executive ability. In the plays in which Miss Cleveland has hitherto figured, her acting has been pretty and dignified, yet we never forgot Miss Cleveland herself; but in the "Russian Honeymoon" her own individuality was lost in that of Paleska de Fermstein. Claude Melnottes are always popular, and as the part of Gustave, Count of Woroffski, reminds one of Claude Melnotte, and moreover was taken by so efficient an actor as Miss Berry, it excited the deepest interest and sympathy in all. The feeling and pathos which Miss Berry expressed in her voice were very effective in the scenes with Poleska. Yet perhaps Miss Patterson deserves the largest share of praise, since one could hardly find a more difficult

part for a girl to act than that of the old shoemaker. Then, that resounding laugh and the never failing stock of proverbs were endless sources of amusement. The minor parts were all well taken. We shall long remember Koulikoff's pomposity, the sweet little Countess Vladimar's blasé airs, and pretty Micheline's coquetry with her picturesque lover.

On the evening of January 19, a concert was given in the College Chapel by the Beethoven String Quartette Club, of New York. On the afternoon of the same day, Dr. Ritter met the students in the Chapel and gave briefly the history of the stringed quartette. Haydn is recognized as the creator of the stringed quartette and modern symphony. Some compositions for two violins, the viola, and violoncello were written before his time, but to Haydn is due the form of the stringed quartette so popular in modern music. Since Haydn, all artists have striven to master this form, but few have succeeded. Mozart accepted the main features of the stringed quartette as Haydn had developed them, but all of his compositions bear the impress of his sad, gloomy life, and reveal his individuality to a degree not observed in Haydn's creations. Beethoven took up the form of the stringed quartette as Mozart and Haydn left it, but he added new features as his genius required them. Through his efforts the stringed quartette reached the culmination of development in form. In his quartettes the fundamental theme reached an importance hitherto unknown, and the whole composition is characterized by dramatic yet uniformly emotional feeling. In the choice of forms Beethoven is frequently moody and fanciful, yet by his masterly genius in each of his works he has developed an natural organic whole which carries in itself its own individual laws.

The concert was one of the most enjoyable ever given in our College Chapel. There was perfect sympathy between the performers and the audience during the entire programme. All of the pieces were thoroughly appreciated, and the artistic yet faithful interpretations shown in the rendering of the selections called forth the warmest admiration. The quartette in B flat by Dr. Ritter, was received with great enthusiasm, and is perhaps the finest of his compositions for stringed instruments that we have had the pleasure of hearing. Miss Thompson and Miss Goodsell, of the School of Music, played in the quintettes of Rheinberger and Schumann with accuracy and evident appreciation.

We append the programme in full :

1. Quartette, B flat - - - - - *F. L. Ritter.*
 Allegro non troppo, Andante alla Marcia funebre.
 Allegretto grazioso, Allegro con Spirito,
 THE BEETHOVEN QUARTETTE CLUB.
2. Adagio from Quintette, op. 114 - - - - - *Rheinberger.*
 MISS THOMPSON and THE BEETHOVEN QUARTETTE CLUB.
3. Quartette { *a. Andante Cantabile op. 11, - - - P. Tchaikowsky.*
 { *b. Scherzo (Prestissimo) - - - A. Borodin.*
 THE BEETHOVEN QUARTETTE CLUB.
4. In Modo d'un Marcia, from Quintette, - - - - - *Schumann.*
 MISS GOODSSELL and THE BEETHOVEN QUARTETTE CLUB.
5. Quartette, op. 18, No. 5 in A major, - - - - - *Beethoven.*
 Allegro, Menuetto, Tema con Variazioni, Allegro.
 THE BEETHOVEN QUARTETTE CLUB.

Rev. Charles W. Sheldon, of the American Missionary Association, addressed the Y. W. C. A. at its regular monthly meeting, on January 9. His subject was, "Work Among the Indians," and he spoke from extensive personal knowledge of the work which is being done.

The number of Indians is gradually increasing instead of decreasing, as is so often supposed, and they are evidently a permanent factor in our national life. The efforts to exterminate them have been not only inhuman and fruitless, but exceedingly costly. \$500,000,000 have been spent in these efforts, and for every Indian killed, thirty-five white men have lost their lives. It is evident that the Indian must be civilized. This can be accomplished by no superficial methods. He is ruled completely by his idea of God. He worships anything that he can not understand, and his religion is one of fear. The very first thing which must be done for him must be to change his conception of God and give him a religion of hope. It is hardly to be supposed for example, that the Indian, who believes that his God forbids him to work, will readily become an industrious citizen unless this belief is changed. The Indians are, almost without exception, very anxious for missionaries and schools. The last request of Geronimo before he went on the war-path and his first request when captured, was that missionaries and teachers might be sent to his people. The foundations of the work are already securely laid, and the difficulty now is the great lack of men and money to carry on and extend the work. There are at present sixty-eight tribes which are not having a thing done for them by the Christian Church.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Rev. Washington Gladden conducted Chapel services, January 16.

The committee for Founder's Day has been appointed, with Miss Bradley as chairman.

January 14, President Taylor gave an informal talk before Qui Vive, on Socialism.

A Freshman wants to know the Latin for *viz.*

Professor Van Ingen has two water-colors on exhibition at the Academy in New York.

Miss Wilson has been appointed chairman of the third Phil. play.

Dr. Vasey, of Washington, who several years ago generously contributed toward the College herbarium, recently sent us several packages of pressed plants.

On the Day of Prayer for Colleges, January 29, the services in Chapel were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Judson, of New York.

The new semester began January 31.

Twelve students have entered College since Christmas.

Miss Hoag has returned to College.

About thirty students have elected Plautus.

Philaethea has invested in a new carpet for the Lyceum stage.

The class in Sophomore Chemistry is the largest on record, numbering over sixty.

German student (not yet familiar with German text) translates, "*Rüche ist süß.*" Revenge is on foot

Dr. Hall is to remain until the end of the year.

A class, under Miss Sterling, has been formed for the study of the Greek Testament. It is to meet Sunday mornings at nine o'clock.

The lectures on Socialism began on the seventh of this month.

During the week preceding the Easter vacation we are to have a series of lectures on American History, by Professor Johnston of Princeton.

It is said that Miss Reynold's regret at leaving Vassar was tempered by the fact that her new abode is within a few hour's ride of both Paris and London.

It is the custom in '90's class-meetings to solve the difficulty arising from a tie by voting over again.

At the Alumnae meeting recently held in New York, a correspondent for the MISCELLANY was appointed. We suggest that Boston and Chicago follow suit.

Miss Pocock has been elected President of the Junior Class, Miss Halliday of the Sophomore, and Miss Prentiss of the Freshman.

The Natural History department has received a generous gift of money from Mr. Frederick F. Thompson, of New York City. The money is to be invested in twelve compound microscopes (each with two objectives) and fifteen dissecting microscopes.

"*Aquila suspensis demissa leviter alis pilleum aufert*" was recently translated, "The eagle descending, gently lifted his hat."

A change has been made in the honor system ; hereafter all students whose average during the entire course is eighty per cent. or over, will be entitled to honors.

The officers chosen by the Y. W. C. A., for the ensuing year, are :

President—Miss Chester.

Vice President—Miss Barnum.

Recording and Corresponding Secretaries—Miss Hague and Miss Keene.

Treasurer—Miss Forbes.

In most sepulchral tones the Junior chemist sang,

“ Pull for the shore, sailor,
Pull for the shore ;
Heed not the copper
But bend to the ore !”

Two members of the Junior Astronomy Class distinguished themselves the other evening by the zeal with which they sought information regarding a strange, brilliant and unusually large body which had just appeared in the West. Imagine their feelings when the instructor in Astronomy, hastily called to give her opinion, pronounced the *stranger*, Venus.

Vassar can say “ well done,” to her Western Alumnae ! We have received the following :

The Vassar Alumnae Association of Chicago and the West offers to young girls resident in the city of Chicago, a Vassar scholarship, yielding an income of four hundred dollars a year, and covering the expense of board and tuition during the regular College course.

1. This fund is to be applied to the aid of such students of superior mind and high scholarship, as cannot, in the judgment of the scholarship committee, afford to pay the charges for board and tuition at Vassar College.

2. For the present year, young girls resident in Chicago are alone eligible to the scholarship.

3. All applications must be made in writing to the scholarship committee.

4. All applicants must be ready on the first day of June, 1887, for examination in the requirements for admission to the Freshman Class.

5. This examination will be competitive, the scholarship being awarded to the applicant who presents the best paper.

Students desiring to take the examination must inform the scholarship committee before May 1, addressing

MISS E. W. TOWNER,
350 Dearborn Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

During the first years of the existence of our College it was the custom of its Founder to express his views concerning its future, in a series of addresses read by himself to the Trustees at their meetings. It was while thus reading his usual communication that his final summons came to leave his great work for others to continue. These communications were afterwards collected and published by the Honorable Board to which they had been addressed. Recently, finding that very few copies of this early edition were extant, and that none were available for purposes of reference by the Alumnæ, it was decided by the New York Association, at its annual meeting in January, 1886, to reprint these valuable papers, trusting that a general knowledge of their importance would result in a sale of copies sufficiently large to cover the expense of issue.

An opportunity has in this way been offered to the Alumnæ, of learning exactly and in detail, the wishes of Matthew Vassar concerning the College which bears his name. In several of the addresses remarkable passages occur, treating in the clearest and most forcible manner of

women at the College, and of the importance of non-sectarianism. They are unmistakable evidence that our Founder held views which, though expressed twenty years ago, are those still advocated in the front ranks of progress. The recent wide-spread interest of Alumnæ in the welfare of the College makes this publication indispensable to them, as well as of great interest to all other friends of Vassar. It is therefore hoped that the opportunity now offered to those not yet supplied with copies will be promptly used.

Copies of the pamphlet containing these addresses may be had for twenty-five cents each, (by mail three cents more), upon application to

MISS FRANCES W. SWAN,
284 Mill Street,
Poughkeepsie.

PERSONALS.

'68.

Miss Ely has been appointed President of the New York branch of the General Association of Collegiate Alumnæ.

'76.

Miss H. E. Hersey has edited a new book entitled, "The Religious Poems of Robert Browning." Each poem has an introduction and explanatory notes.

'78.

Miss Mary W. Clark, has been appointed New York Correspondent of the MISCELLANY.

Miss M. M. Abbott delivered a lecture, at her home in Waterbury, Conn., on the Growth of Modern Astronomy.

'79.

Miss E. Hakes is teaching at Miss Graham's school in New York.

'80.

Miss Reynolds has accepted the position of Lady Principal of Woodstock College, Woodstock, Canada.

'81.

Miss Meeker is again spending the winter in California.

Miss Stockwell is teaching in New York City.

Miss Drury is spending the winter in New York.

'83.

Born, in Unionville, Conn., December 26, a son, to Mrs. Caroline Ransom-King.

'86.

Miss Botsford has gone South for her health.

Married, in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 7, 1886, Miss Irene Backus to Dr. A. Wilbur Jackson.

Miss Wood, a former student of the College, has written a new book entitled "Upon a Caste." Her book has received very favorable reviews from the most critical magazines.

Miss Hinsdale, '69, Miss Lupton, '73, Miss Wylie, 77, Miss M. M. Abbott, 78, Miss Acer, 84, Misses Borden, Acer, Moir, Lingle, Sherwood, and Southworth, '86, Miss F. Les-

ter, of the School of Music, '86, Misses F. and L. Halliday, and Miss Bemis, formerly of '87, have visited the College during the past month.

ALUMNÆ CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, February 7, 1887.

DEAR MISCELLANY :—

At the annual meeting of the Vassar Alumnæ of New York and vicinity, I accepted with no little diffidence the duties of New York correspondent of *THE MISCELLANY*. To increase the alumnæ subscription by assuring it some items each month of special interest to alumnæ, was the idea in view in creating this new office, with the hope that other branch associations would follow our example; and the theory is certainly excellent, but as I was given no instructions as to manufacturing items when none came under my personal notice nor were sent me by more fortunate newsgatherers, I foresee an occasional lapse in its perfect workings. I impressed upon the minds of the alumnæ present, so far as the fact that lunch was waiting would allow, that my address is 603 Fifth Avenue; and I announce it here too, in the hope that I may hear from any one who has items of interest which will help make my monthly letters more readable. None of you can know where the lightning may strike next year, so I adjure you to do as you would be done by when your turn comes! I trust that an appreciation of my prospective difficulties will excuse so long an introduction to this letter, in which I propose to add some gossip to the official report of our annual meeting which will doubtless appear in *THE MISCELLANY*.

That report will hardly mention how it stormed, January twenty-ninth, in powerful protest against our intention to

make the occasion one of rather more dress than usual,—which protest, I may add, was only partially effective. The ladies who received with President and Mrs. Taylor, and Mrs. Fisher-Wood, the newly elected President of our Association, were Mrs. Capwell-Allen, Mrs. Thaw-Thompson, and Miss Cecil, and all these ladies were in full dress. Eight ushers, distinguished by rather more elaborate badges of pink and gray than those worn by other alumnæ, gave the introductions, and they, with the other alumnæ who live in the city, were in reception dress without bonnets. About twelve hundred invitations had been sent out, and but for the unfavorable weather I doubt if the banquet hall of the Hotel Brunswick would have accommodated those who had accepted. I judge that about four hundred guests were present, and among them not a few whose interest was very flattering to our Alma Mater and her new President. Just here let me speak of the golden opinions won by President Taylor from the many who met him then for the first time. It was delightful to all loyal alumnæ to feel how assuredly we have the right man ; and that, no one who looked in his face and listened to his words could doubt. We felt, too, that he will be ably seconded in many ways by his wife, whose charming manners won us all.

Mrs. Wood's address answered conclusively in the affirmative two questions : Does Vassar give all she offers in her curriculum ? and, Does she do *more*, in fitting women also for society ? She was listened to with deep interest, as the matter and manner of her address deserved. A song by Miss Cecil, who has appeared so successfully at Chickering Hall this season, was followed by President Taylor's address, which showed him already thoroughly conversant with Vassar's aims and needs, and in which he paid a well-deserved tribute to her Faculty and teachers. Then, while all pressed forward to meet the receiving party, tea and coffee, cake and ices were passed about, and social chat be-

came general. Many of the prominent clergymen of New York and Brooklyn, the Presidents of several colleges, Messrs. Frank Stockton, J. Wells Champney, James C. Beard, with many others, were surrounded by interested and shifting groups. I am very sorry for Vassar's daughters who could not be present to look with filial pride upon a gathering which did such credit to their Alma Mater, in every way.

Perhaps the Secretary will not record in her minutes of the business meeting, the hearty expressions of thanks to our committees for the untiring work they have done in furthering Vassar's interests. Mrs. C. K. Fitch was credited with being able to be in all places at once, and to do everything equally well, and all the members of the executive committee shared with her the gratitude with which we noted the success of their work. Miss Swan and her committee on the publication of the Vassar letters merited and received no less appreciation. Before we adjourned to lunch, letters of regret were read from Mark Twain, Miss Freeman, of Wellesley, Benson J. Lossing, Lyman Abbott and others, and all of them were more than formal regrets, and expressed personal interest in Vassar's progress.

In the hour of social chat after lunch, I heard, as bits of personal gossip, that Miss M. M. Abbott, '78, who has a flourishing school at Waterbury, Conn, has recently scored a success as a lecturer. Astronomy and Higher Education are her topics thus far. Miss Rollins, '78, is in the Boston Public Library, and enthusiastic over library work. Miss Day, '78, will take her degree at the Boston Institute of Technology, and her second degree at Vassar, in the coming June. Some other items which interested me must wait till my next letter, for I fear I have already monopolized more than my due share of space in the MISCELLANY pages.

MARY W. CLARKE, '78.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

"A Legend of the Nockamixon," in the *Lafayette*, is a fanciful tale well told. The exchange department in the last number is unusually deficient.

We appreciate the attention which our suggestion to the *Concordiensis* has received at the hands of its editors. The "special cover" is an improvement upon the old one, and we hope that a permanent change will soon be made.

The *Brunonian* in an able article on college publications, says: "'The more the better' cannot, beyond a certain limit, be applied to the contents of a college paper. College papers, like other papers, to be successful must be read. But we open some of our exchanges with feelings very similar to those experienced when we sit down at the boarding-house table. There is such an abundance—such heaps, we were about to say—that our appetite is taken away. How differently are we affected when we draw up to our private table with just enough food invitingly arranged in a delicate "setting." The "make-up" and typographical work are very important features of a paper. They must not be sacrificed to amount of material." One who has seen many of the college exchanges cannot fail to recognize the justice of this criticism.

After all, the pleasantest part of an exchange editor's duty consists in reading the four or five literary monthlies which are the admiration of the college world. Among these the *Nassau Lit* holds a high place. In the January number of that magazine, the story entitled "The Broken Spell" demonstrates that there is as good an opportunity for the display of literary ability in the writing of fiction as in more learned and pretentious articles. The tale in question shows much skill in forming a plot and in description.

The many favorable criticisms passed by the exchanges from all parts of the country upon the Christmas number of the *Tuftsian* aroused our curiosity to see that paper, and it was therefore with pleasure that we received the last three issues a short time ago. The publication seems to deserve all the kind words that have been said for it. The plan it is at present following, of publishing each month an article upon the choice of a profession, written by alumni who have been successful in the pursuits they advocate, is highly commendable. The second number of this "Advice to Aspirants" on "Business" is forcibly and clearly written.

In the February number, the *Century* has succeeded unusually well in its endeavor to furnish articles of interest to all. The biographical, the descriptive, the historical, the artistic, the scientific tastes can all be satisfied here. Nor is the department of fiction neglected. The short story of "S'phiry Ann," although the subject, the mountaineers and the "moonshiners" of Georgia is a somewhat hackneyed one, gives us a pleasant impression of Mat Crim, the new aspirant for literary fame. George W. Cable's strong and beautiful tale is brought to a close, and "The Hundredth Man" is continued. S. P. Langley's article on "The Stars" is a valuable addition to the New Astronomy series. The contribution to the History of Lincoln contains the life of Lincoln "in Congress and at the Bar." Of peculiar interest to the college student is John Von Cleve's account of James McCosh, President of Princeton College, with its accompanying portrait, "The Recent Discoveries of Works of Art in Rome," and two papers on Edward Thompson Taylor, complete the list of more important features, while there is the usual number of short poems and "Open Letters."

Upon taking up the *Atlantic* for February, the first article we turn to is James Russell Lowell's poem, "Credidimus Jovem Regnare." It proves to be a keen criticism of the attitude of the present day toward science and religion, written in the usual masterly style of the author. Susan Fenimore Cooper contributes an exceedingly interesting reminiscence of her father. The two serials, "The Second Son" and "Paul Patoff" grow in strength. The first part of a short story, "The Lady from Maine," introduces some new vagaries into the behavior of the American girl of the novel writer, and is very amusing. The number of book reviews, is unusually large and includes Lowell's "Addresses," "Recent Novels by Women," "Recent Histories on the Coöperative Plan," and Brooks Adams' "Emancipation of Massachusetts." The shorter poems of the number are by John Greenleaf Whittier and William Winter.

Hjalmar H. Bjoysen's story, "Between Sky and Sea," is perhaps the most striking feature of the February *St. Nicholas*. There is something unusually thrilling in the description of the fierce Iceland storm and the life of privation and danger led by the fishermen on the coast of the bleak northern sea. Among the shorter tales, "Grizel Cochrane's Ride" is the best. It is founded on an incident in the reign of James II, a period in history that is always full of interest for children. Washington Gladden's advice to boys is most excellent but, as the gentleman himself admits, it is somewhat difficult to follow. The new serial by James Otis promises to be as bright and interesting as his former stories. "Saru-Kani Kassen," with its strange but expressive pictures bears witness to the fact that the Japanese know how to entertain children. With the conclusion of "Prince Fairyfoot" the editor's explanation as to how Mrs. Burnett came to depart so far from her usual line as to write a fairy story, is welcome. The most beautiful of the poems in the number is "Pine Needles."

The Nassar Miscellany.

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'87			'88
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VOL. XVI.

MARCH, 1887.

No. 6.

"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE."

I began reading "Pride and Prejudice" when I knew nothing of Jane Austen beyond the fact that she took high rank as a novelist. The book surprised and disappointed me. After the first few chapters, I wondered in what the author's greatness lay; and after reading patiently a few more chapters, I gave up all hope of becoming interested, and finished the book hastily. But I discovered later that Archbishop Whately spoke of Jane Austen with highest admiration; that Macaulay placed her among those who most nearly approach Shakespeare; and that Walter Scott read "Pride and Prejudice," "that finely written novel," as he called it, three times. Then I read the book again, very carefully. But it was as dull as before; and I was obliged to confess that I was incapable of appreciating Jane Austen's art.

In "Pride and Prejudice" the chief characters are four young people who are employed in overcoming difficulties in the way to matrimony. Pride is represented by a gentleman from the aristocracy of England, prejudice by a girl from the middle class. The high-born Mr. Darcy, against his will, falls in love with Elizabeth Bennet. He reveals to the astonished young lady not only his love, but the great sacrifice he is making in offering his spotless name to her, whose misfortune it is to belong to a common family. She declines the honor of his noble hand, and, with frankness equal to his own, dismisses him to recover as best he may from this blow to his pride and affection. Accident brings them together again, and his changed manner, showing no trace of haughtiness or resentment, opens the way for a new friendship. He finds an opportunity of showing her family a kindness, and then gratitude completes the change in Elizabeth, and their pride and prejudice are no more. The other principal characters are Elizabeth's sister, and Mr. Darcy's friend, Mr. Bingley. Jane Bennet, the beauty of the family, is charitable, even-tempered, and of refined manners. Mr. Bingley, with his easy good-nature and lack of pride in his high station, is favorably impressed by Jane at their first meeting. He soon manifests a dangerous preference for her society, and in spite of his sisters' attempts to avert such a catastrophe, he is at last "secured" as the son-in-law of Mrs. Bennet. The Bennets are a strange family. Mr. Bennet is the victim of a matrimonial mistake, and seems determined to make the most of his circumstances by using them as subjects for satire. He does not hesitate to employ his wit even upon the failings of his wife, who, however, is not troubled with a deep sense of the injury. She is a woman of little common sense and of no refinement. Her three ideas concern her nerves, her husband's entailed estate, and her daughters' prospects of marriage. Her silliness soon fails to

amuse, and even her maternal pride is not admirable. Of the three younger daughters, one tries to be clever and the others are giddy and coarse. Among the other people who are presented is Mr. Collins, a young rector, whose unbounded conceit can not prevent his being servile toward those above him in rank, and whose utter want of tact is equaled only by the delight with which he undertakes matters of the greatest delicacy. Mr. Wickham is a handsome young fellow, not bad enough for a villain nor good enough for an honest man. Charlotte Lucas is a shrewd young lady, not troubled with sentiment nor with delicacy of feeling. When Mr. Collins offers her his comfortable parsonage and his life-long companionship, the knowledge that her friend, Elizabeth Bennet, has just declined the same offer does not keep her from accepting the "good chance."

The narrative is dramatic. The characters are made to speak for themselves. Not even their personal appearance is described. Jane Bennet is beautiful, and Mr. Bingley is "good-looking and gentleman-like." With such slight hints we may picture these people as we please. Our information in regard to their surroundings is just as meagre. Pemberley, the beautiful home of Mr. Darcy, is the only object that receives more than a few passing remarks by way of description, and even that is not well described. The characters are presented in a life-like manner. There are no long soliloquies and no impossible conversations. Though American young ladies of our time do not talk of love and marriage so freely as did Jane and Elizabeth, doubtless among English ladies of Jane Austen's time such conversations were not unusual. Mr. Bennet's sarcasm is so keen and racy that we wish he had talked more. On the few occasions when he appears, his remarks give an air of liveliness to the otherwise insipid discourse. Mr. Collins's arrogant speeches, though disgusting, are only too real.

But the life pictured here is tame and unpleasing. It is country life without the charm of simplicity. The people, known only in their social relations, are altogether commonplace. The novel presents none of that analysis which, in the modern novel, makes the most ordinary life interesting. It is neither broad nor deep, and is devoid of poetry and passion. Compare it with "*Middlemarch*." Both are realistic. In both, the writers present only what they see. But while Jane Austen sees only the outward, imperfect life, George Eliot sees the inner life with all its hopes and fears and aspirations. Where Jane Austen observes only a word or deed, George Eliot perceives a thought. One book presents men and women as they might appear to a superficial observer; the other presents them as they appear to one who seeks to know "the meaning of man." One is called the work of an artist; the other is the work of an artist who is a great moral teacher. As for the characters themselves, in one novel we meet the elegant idler, Darcy, and the spiritless beauty, Jane Bennet. In the other, we know Lydgate, one of the noblest men who ever struggled against a heart-sickening environment, and Dorothea Brooke, devoting all the wealth of a pure, strong nature to the pursuit of an ideal, and suffering because the sacrifice was in vain. "*Pride and Prejudice*" represents the spirit of its age. There is no questioning of old theories, no desire to solve mysteries. The world is accepted just as it is, and the short period of human life is passed in serene unconsciousness of the great unknown on either side. In "*Middlemarch*" the seriousness of life is felt. Dorothea in her religious enthusiasm and Lydgate in his pride of intellect, face the great problems of life; and both form such conceptions of man and the world as call for warmest sympathy and noblest endeavor. George Eliot speaks through them. But not only through them; her own voice is heard everywhere, praising beauty and virtue,

pitying misery and weakness, rebuking selfishness. We prize the wisdom, the beauty, the earnestness, of her own speech no less than the noble character she has created. Jane Austen's aim is to give a faithful picture and therefore she hides herself from view. George Eliot's aim is to present the truth ; and her purpose is too great to allow her to speak only through the lips of others.

VERLISTA SHIAUL, '87,

THE OLD SCOTCH GARDENER.

Our acquaintance was purely a business one. He was only the old Scotch gardener who had charge of one of the most extensive greenhouses in a certain Eastern City, and I was one of his patrons.

His hair was rather sandy, just dusted with a faint suspicion of white, and it curled in riotous little rings under the ragged brim of the faded old hat he always wore. His eyes were blue and kindly, but one rarely caught a glimpse of them, for they were almost hidden under his shaggy brows. His rough beard was the same color as his hair, only the red tinge in it was a trifle more emphatic; and his shoulders had that pathetic droop which one so often sees in those whose lives are spent in the close air of a greenhouse. His hardened hands told of labor, but calloused as they were, nothing could have been gentler than their touch for the flowers. The shabby old hat, a loose blouse of no particular color, a pair of rusty old pantaloons, and great coarse shoes so much too roomy that they gave him a queer shambling gait as he moved about among the flowers, completed his costume.

He was habitually very silent, answering the questions put to him in a brief though not discourteous way, which

rather discouraged further loquacity on the part of his visitor. Occasionally, however, he seemed to forget his shyness, and at these rare times I always found it worth while to listen, for his sayings were so quaint, and his thoughts almost poetical.

There were two things my old gardener loved ; one was his flowers, and the other, his "lassie," as he always called his cheery little wife, who made a bright home of the tiny cottage which had been built for them on one corner of the grounds. There was something very touching in the old Scotchman's devotion to the gentle, soft-voiced woman, for whose lungs our variable climate seemed too trying. When I first began to stop at the cottage for a little rest and chat, the sharp paroxysms of coughing which often interrupted her conversation told me that the frail body could not long stand such a strain ; but she always said, "Dinna min', lassie, dinna min', it will a' be weel, when the Spring-time cooms on." Somehow her fond old husband did not seem to see how surely she was slipping away from him ; her own hopefulness appeared to blind him to the truth.

One day late in January I stopped at the green-house for some pansies, and as I stood watching him half caress the flowers as he plucked them, he suddenly stopped and said apologetically, "It allus gaes agin' me to cut them. They seem sae mooch like bairns, for they allus looks up into your face sae cheerful-like and trustin' ; it seems like hurtin' one's frien's. But I dinna believe they feels the hurt. Noo this ane here," he continued earnestly, pointing to a superb white blossom, with a face so clearly outlined in delicate blue pencillings that it was almost startling, "this I ca' Faith, for it allus hauds its face up sae hopeful ; an' somehow they seem amaist to ken one's feelin's like ;" and then as if ashamed of having talked so freely, he fell industriously to arranging the bunch of pansies. As I passed, I stopped to look at a magnificent fuchsia which

as literally weighed down with great blossoms. The outer envelope of the flower was a pure, waxy, white, whose pointed tips curled gracefully back disclosing a brilliant scarlet carollo. "It always seems," said I, "as if the poor flowers would grow so tired, hanging with their heads forever downward. They have no fragrance either. I can't see why some people admire them so." "Na', na', leedy," the gardner answered quickly, touching one of the blossoms almost reverently, "Ye maun na' say that;" and there was a spirited ring in his voice, that I had never heard before. "Dinna ye ken the why they hang doon, an' why they hae na sweetness o' breath? Dinna ye ken that one the night that the blessed Saviour prayed i' the Garden, as the Gude Book tells, he wep' a meekle i' his agony, an' frae' the spot his tears fell on, a bonnie flower sprang up? Whiter than the snaw it was, an' its breath filled a' the air with sweetness, an' as the sufferin' Saviour passed frae' the garden, he stopped an' blest the bonnie blossom. An' as he touched it, the flower sent up a' its breath i' a great cloud o' dewy sweetness to cool his achin' brow; for that as a' it had t' gie. A' the lang night the flower bent its head doon, lower an' lower, as the Saviour's prayer, "Thy will be doon," quivered i' the air about it. An' the next day when they nailed Him to the cruel cross, an' the blood frae' his puir, bruised, body trickled to the grun', the flower i' the Garden tried to cry out, but it couldna mak' a soon', an' instead, its heart grew red an' redder like the blood itself. An' so for a' time the puir fuchsia has been content to hae' na sweetness, an' though it canna speak, it's been sayin' the Saviour's prayer, ever since, by its bowed head. Ye maun na' say, leedy, the fuchsia is nae gude'."

He had entirely forgotten himself in his narrative. His earnest reverence seemed to transform him, his figure straightened, his hands half clenched, and his eyes flashed at the spake of Calvary's awful tragedy; then his voice

grew wonderfully soft and tender when he told of the Saviour's blessing and the fuchsia's sacrifice. The quaint Scotch dialect too, which it is impossible to represent, added an indescribable charm. As he finished the legend, he seemed to remember himself, all his old shyness returned, and he abruptly hurried away.

I did not see my old friends again for some time, for I left a few days later for a visit, from which I did not return until the latter part of March. On my return I determined on my first walk to stop and see how the sick "lassie" was. As I came in sight of the house, I noticed that the side window, through which the morning sunlight usually poured into the little sitting-room, was tightly shuttered, and with a strange foreboding, I hurried on. When I reached the front of the house my heart sank, for on the door was the black symbol of death. Thinking to learn from some of the assistants when my old friend had died, I walked through the green-houses, but all was apparently deserted. I had just stopped to decide what to do, when a strange sound, half-wail, half-sob caught my ear. I turned quickly, and there before the white fuchsia—and near it was one of the snowy pansies, which had evidently been carefully transplanted from its bed to a pot—knelt the old gardener. His hat lay on the moist earth floor beside him; his face was buried in his hands, and occasional sobs shook his frame. The roses hanging from the roof, seemed to droop lower in very pity: the tremulous ferns bent closer to the ground; the drop of water which still clung to the pansy's velvety cheek looked like a tear, and the still, heavy air seemed freighted with the silent sympathy of the flowers.

He had not heard my foot step on the soft floor, and as I quietly turned to go, I caught the words, broken and low, "Thy will,—Thy will—"

The little cottage is closed ; the old gardener is more silent than ever, and his hair is whiter now. He never apologizes when I find him looking at his pansies with tears in his eyes, but only says, in such a patient, pitiful way, "They seems to ken one's feelings, ye know."

L. MINNA FERRELL, '89.

"L'ALLEGRO" AND "IL PENNEROSO."

There are no two people who take exactly the same view of another, however intimately they may be connected with him. Neither does any person show the same side of his character to any two others. Consciously or unconsciously, one adapts himself to the various levels, the diverse characters of his associates. Hence a biography is the representation of but a single phase of that manifold mystery, a human soul. However vividly a person may be described, we must see him face to face and hear him speak, before we can form a true idea of what he is to us. And where this is not possible, we gain access to him through his works. They are his heart friends. To them he has confided his highest hopes, his most sacred joys, his deepest sorrows, all of which they impart to us without reserve.

Thus it is that we do not look in the biographies to find John Milton. Those of earlier date tell of his goings out and his comings in,—facts gained from men whose lesser minds took in all of his that they could assimilate, just as our little world absorbs the light of the sun, all unconscious how small a portion of his infinite power it receives. Later writers, though they may appreciate him as far as it is possible for one soul to be appreciated by others, do not satisfy us as to what we ourselves should think of him. Let us, then, look at one phase of a single

short period of Milton's life, the period discovered to us in two of his earlier and best-loved poems.

Though apparently antithetical, a single personality underlies them both. "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" are Milton. In "L'Allegro," where in another poet would rise a merry peal of laughter, only a fleeting smile, sweet and serious, rests on the delicate lips, and the dark eyes look out thoughtfully, without a sparkle of mirth, from the earnest soul within. They scan the lovely English landscape :

"Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray.
Mountains on whose barren breast
The laboring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide."

They drink in the warm sunshine, the blue sky, and all the beautiful world about them. "Towered cities—and the busy hum of men" attract them, and they rest with delight on picturesque and splendid sights, romantic pageants, and chivalric displays. But all is a poet's dream. It is not a sympathetic, but an æsthetic enjoyment, and from it all he turns to "immortal verse" as the best and brightest, the climax and quintessence of all joys. One is never merry when he hears sweet music, and through Milton's soul celestial harmonies are continually ringing. So it is that the smile soon fades away, and the sensitive mouth falls into serious, musing lines.

There is no lack of tenderness, but it is showered on the creatures of his poetic reverie. The soul looking out through those grave eyes was made for solitude. Nature made no companion for him, but he does not feel the lack, as those do from whom the sweet draught of friendship has been taken after a single taste. His joys are all solitary ones. He loves to wander under the infinite deep blue, and

watch the fleecy clouds as they sail across the moon; to lie under forest-roofs in dreamy revery; to linger and muse in the great dim cathedral, with its rich windows and thrilling organ-peals. External circumstances are of value only as they form a fitting frame for his own thoughts, an harmonious accompaniment to the divine melody within him.

The goddess of "*Il Penseroso*" is by no means the monster shunned by "*L'Allegro*." The "pensive nun, devout and pure," has nothing in common with "loathed melancholy, of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born;" but is rather the twin-sister of *L'Allegro's* guiding spirit. The sole difference is that the reveries of "*L'Allegro*" play about the haunts of men, while those of "*Il Penseroso*" shrink as far as possible from their profane gaze, and the discordant sound of their voices.

In this young poet, the chords of whose sensitive nature shudder even at the approach of rude fingers, but respond with glorious melody to the touch of the lightest zephyr, it is difficult to recognize the germ from which is to develop the man of adamant, strong, austere, terrible withal in his resistless course. But the great oak grows from the slender sapling, with its delicate foliage and tender buds; and the poet of "*Paradise Lost*," shaped by the pressure that banished dreams and musings and brought him into rough contact with life, developed from the poet of "*L'Allegro*" and "*Il Penseroso*."

KATHARINE WARREN, '89.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

The white-caps were tossing gaily on the harbor of Ipswich, as I watched them, one day last summer, from a private landing. It was just the day for a sail and the bay was alive with sloops and yachts. Presently I hailed two children whom I saw approaching in a small boat. With much ado, the children managed to "bring her up into the wind and let her shoot to leeward," and after some awkward bumping against the dock, tied the boat and took me on board. It was one of those tub-like cat-boats which, as the sailors say, will "make more lee-way nor headway," and we were sailing toward 'Squam before a somewhat squally wind. The boy, a lad of fifteen, stout, short and brown as a sailor, sat at the helm. He wore a blue flannel shirt and brown trowsers which, though shabby, were neatly-fitting and conventional in style. His large black eyes were fixed on the pennant at the mast-head, and his right hand, which held the rudder, nervously responded to the slightest veering of the pennant. At the other end of the boat, reclining against the cabin in a nest of shawls, was his sister, an overgrown girl of twelve. She wore a short skirt, once black but now green with age. Some inches above the crooked flounce was a dusty line marking its former position, and half way down the front of the skirt was a large triangular rent. A blouse waist out at elbows, and grimy tennis shoes, were quite in keeping with the skirt. On her head she wore a large straw hat, tied by a white cord under her chin. The trimming had long since gone out to sea, and the crown opened like a lid, allowing

lock of short brown hair to escape. Every now and then he glanced at me with her roguish black eyes, and I noticed a rosy oval face with a certain stylish, piquant beauty in striking contrast to her dress. She was evidently vivacious, yet the luxuriousness of her pose showed that she knew how to enjoy indolence. A mischievous spirit of cockery lurked about the corners of her mouth, yet as she watched the changing clouds that hung over the distant water, something in her look suggested the dawning of deeper thought. All the while she hummed a low tune, half losing herself in the motion of the boat. But the wind lulls and the boy calls out, "Here, Hat, you Miss-uncified laziness, come and hold the rudder while I draw in the sail!" "Well, I suppose I must," drawls Hat, as she gets up with a yawn and takes the helm, while Fred lolls away at the sheets. But Hattie's thoughts are too capricious to remain within the compass of our small boat.

In a moment, they are at the Antipodes and the rudder is asserting its free-will. A sudden squall brings the lee-rail under, which causes Hat to shout with hilarity, while Fred looks serious. "Bring her up into the wind," cries Fred, "or we shall be jibbing!" "Now Fred, don't begin to turn flippers with rage, I'm holding it." "You'll turn flippers, my lady, when the boat capsizes and you get coked!" "Turn flippers, indeed! I'll stride the keel and come riding in like Old Father Neptune in the surf!" "You'd be the first to scream when the danger came. Look where you're steering to!" "Well, here, take it yourself. I'd rather die of shipwreck than of your grumbling." Fred, with a slightly bitter smile, takes the rudder. Hat lolls over the cabin and sits by the mast with feet dangling over the water, singing "Ho all ye little niggers," in variations, all the rest of the way to 'Squam.

ECCE CAUSA.

DEDICATED TO EXCHANGES.

Oh, would we might gain inspiration,
 Invoking triumphant the Muse,
 To defend us from base condemnation,
 And soften our brothers' harsh views.
 We regret that the Misc.'s prosy pages
 Compare not with those of the men ;
 But the fault is not ours, 'tis the age's,
 That we wield no poetical pen.
 For the fates have to us been so sparing,
 Reserving their gifts all for you,
 Who now, in your work richly faring,
 Seem destined great wonders to do ;
 And we may not find fault with their dealings,
 Whose cause we can easily trace,
 And sigh that regard for our feelings
 They could not take into the case.
 Resigned must we feel to be wanting
 In that which we can't have, alas !
 Alone you deserve, nothing daunting,
 Your deeds sublime carven in " brass."
 Our grounds have a hill, nobly rising,
 And mountains spread out to our view ;
 But Parnassus the Muse no more prizing
 Dwells down on the Campus with you.
 For she finds nothing else so æsthetic,
 And nothing so dear to her heart,
 As feats in your class-sports athletic,
 In which you e'en " cut " to take part.
 'Tis proof of your self-abnegation,
 To sacrifice " Bohning " and " Math,"
 Diminish your *close application*,
 Thus incurring the Faculty's wrath ;
 Of losing a " sheep-skin " brave danger,
 Depart from your dear College home,
 To its classical walls be a stranger,
 O'er desert base-ball fields to roam.
 Of your tennis and foot-ball and racing,
 The Muse seems excessively fond ;
 Still fonder of eagerly tracing

The course of swift sculls on your "pond."
Had not even all this and your "rushes"
Sufficed to gain hearing from her,
She must surely have heeded your "crushes,"
Such themes as would any heart stir.
Thus you come to excel in love-ballads,
Eclipsing e'en Sappho of old,
Though she ne'er needed champagne or salads
To prevent her warm love's growing cold.
'Tis small wonder you're "left" by your lover
By whom you've been cherished full well,
When you're willing to take from her brother
The banquet he hoped would be "swell."
But 'tis mounting to heights too celestial
To which we're not priv'leged to soar,
To leave modest studies terrestrial,
And let your love-ditties us bore.
So enough of your wondrous effusions,
No more mention our poor "Vassar Muse."
Unlike yours, one of many delusions,
And too weak to endure much abuse.
And if e'er an exchange in its contents
Again our "No Muse" doth decry,
We'll "smell a mice," since larger rodents
Our accusers' importance belie.

The sun had sunk far down in the west, the waves had long ago lost their sparkling brightness, and were fast parting with that late afternoon glow which casts a spell over the sea. This change in the face of nature, together with our own internal sensations, warned us that the supper hour was at hand; so we gathered up the umbrellas, shawls, and books that lay scattered about on the sand, and returned to the cottage.

During our absence, there had been a new arrival; she was seated on the veranda as we came up. A hasty glance in passing revealed a woman of about forty years, large, well-proportioned, and fair. Her face was of a strong and

interesting type, such as causes one to look involuntarily a second time. In the dining-room, a little later, the landlady introduced her as Miss Santoine, and gave her a seat at our table. Our surprise at hearing a French name in connection with one who, almost anywhere, might have been taken for an English woman, was increased by her soft accent and melodious Southern voice. During supper she informed us that the landlady had made a mistake in the introduction; she was Mrs., not Miss, Santoine. This added to our interest at once; we felt sure that there must be some mystery concerning the woman. Later in our acquaintance, she told us fragments of her history. When she was scarcely more than a child, her father, a rich Southern planter, had married her to a Frenchman of about twice her own age. Everything went smoothly until her father's death, which occurred not long after her marriage. After this, she led a stormy life for a few years, until her husband died—killed, as we inferred, in a duel. She was left in possession of a very large estate, which she managed in person. She told us of whole days spent in the saddle, riding from coal-mine to cane plantation, from cane plantation to tobacco fields, and so on through all parts of her estate. Our respect for her increased the more when we found that, in addition to her practical ability, she had an extensive knowledge of English literature, and could speak fluently both French and German.

Hardly less unusual than her romantic story, were certain personal peculiarities. Her hands, especially, were very striking. They impressed one at first sight, not with their beauty, though in this they were by no means lacking, but with their strength. And in my case this impression was confirmed by experience; for she undertook, one day, to cure a headache for me by pressure, and it seemed as though her hands would crush in my skull. She gave us electric shocks, too. By taking hold of one's hand, she could keep a very perceptible current flowing.

We were becoming more and more interested in this strange woman, when one morning we found her place at the table vacant, and learned that she had left suddenly, at a very early hour. Our landlady told us that Mrs. Santoine had boarded with her once before, but that she had been called Miss Santoine then. At that time a rumor was afloat, that she had been an actress in an inland city for many years; but nothing was definitely known of her. Was our fascinating heroine a rich Southerner or a second-rate actress—who shall say?

According to Plato, the root of all philosophy is Eros, the desire of the mortal for immortality, to which it properly belongs and for which it must strive through the intuition and exposition of the Idea. The worthy philosopher longing to become pure spirit, is absorbed in the study of the Idea. But he should live not for his own soul alone, not alone for the highest development of those who have attained to his level; an important part of his duty lies in the guidance and help that he can give to the common people and to the state at large. This is clearly shown in the seventh book of the Republic, in the famous allegory of the cave, which is one of Plato's finest expositions of the relation between noumena and phenomena. The world of common men is typified by a cave or den in which they are so chained that they can not turn towards the mouth. A fire burns behind them and throws upon the wall which they face, shadows of puppets, of men, and of material objects. They have never known the reality, but they suppose the dim and distorted images which they see to be real. The philosopher is like one of them who has been released and led into the world of reality. He beholds men and things as they are and sees the sun shining. At first he can not bear the light, and the shadows seem to him the only realities; but after a

time he learns the truth. He must learn it thoroughly, but he must not stay to enjoy it. Duty calls him to return to the cave and be chained down in his former position. His eyes, now used to light and realities, will require some time to become accustomed to darkness and shadows, and he will long for that which he has left, while his fellow-captives will think him a mad man to doubt the reality of that which seems to them the only true existence. Soon, however, growing used to the gloom, he will be able to understand the shadows as never before, and to explain them to others who have not had his broader experiences, who do not know the true ideas; and this the philosopher should do. Is not this allegory one of the touches in Plato's writings which show the moral as well as the intellectual influence of Socrates? It is surely a noble work to aid those "souls which have sojourned in that celestial region where the voice of truth rings clearly, where the aspect of truth is unveiled, undimmed; but which are now in this fleeting, flowing, river of life, stung with resistless longings for the skies, and solaced only by the reminiscences of that former state which these fleeting, broken, incoherent images of ideas awaken in them."

Editors' Table.

The ringing of the period-bell is one of the infallible occurrences of College life. The bell never omits to sound its signal, it never varies its time. However desperate the impatience of the student who has prepared the first half of a lesson, and sees that the last part is sure to fall to her lot, the pitiless bell will never shorten the agony by a minute's space; however great the stupidity of the girl who has arisen at five, and is making up for lost time by falling asleep in the class-room, the bell will not save her vaguely wandering thoughts from discovery. But when its time has come, no amount of regret on the part of teacher or student, at leaving an absorbing topic, can delay the warning stroke. It comes with the precision of destiny. Certain epochs of our College life are like the period-bell. They recur in regular, unvarying succession; they are the mile-stones on our way. Whether greeted with gladness or regret, they are always at hand to remind us that the four years are swiftly passing. To the present Board of Editors, such a time has come. Their period-bell has rung. Perhaps they have longed for it in vain, at times when news was scarce and essays hard to find. Perhaps they hear it now with a little regret, and do not surrender their trust with unmixed joy. Yet it may be that they feel a sensation of drowsiness creeping over them, and recognize the need of passing the dear old MISCELLANY into other hands. Whatever may be their relief or regret, the period-bell has sounded; the editors of '87 must rise and leave the Sanctum. We bequeath it to you, '88, hoping that it will become as dear to you as it has been to us. It is an

accommodating little room—quiet in noisy seasons, warm in the coldest winter weather. Its shelves breathe out the odor of new wood for inspiration; they hold file upon file of the MISCELLANY of past years for recreation. The great table offers its services as a desk for the industrious editor, a couch for the weary. Moreover, this table has an interminable drawer, which strengthens one's belief in infinity. You will find it, '88, occupied by—strings. But do not rashly seize upon them and put them to use, or you may rue it. The drawer is a magic one. Take nothing from it; but when your brain is perplexed and your heart discouraged, whisper into it your tangled thoughts. They will trouble you no more. To be sure, there will be one more tangled string for each vexation; but the drawer, as we have said, is indefinite in capacity.

Composite photography, to which our attention has been recently called by Professor Stoddard's proposal to take a composite photograph of the Senior class, is an interesting subject in many respects, but it has rather a special interest for College students, in that it seems to afford almost material proof of the independent existence of that somewhat mysterious entity which we call a class. Just as the various negatives fall one upon the other, here effacing and there deepening something and at length producing an image different from any of those that have helped to make it up, so each member of a College class contributes some part of her personality to the formation of the class character, which is easily distinguishable from the character of any individual in the class. For do we not all recognize a class as something which can be loved and hated, despised and respected, which has a character of its own and a separate existence? One observes sometimes a sort of antagonism between two

classes which does not at all imply or necessitate personal antagonism between individuals in the classes. But though class-feeling may lead to excessive partisanship, still on the whole it is a good and generous feeling—a reaction against the narrowness and personality of College life, and the source of much of its pleasure and interest.

A history of the success of the MISCELLANY can be found in that highly interesting yet little read volume known as the MISCELLANY scrap-book. This history, if it may so be called, contains clippings from our various exchanges, regardless as to whether they reflect credit or discredit on our paper. The fact that ours was the only college journal edited by girls brought us, in the early days of the MISCELLANY, much flattery and many compliments, of which the following is a fair specimen. "Our gentle friend the Vassar Misc. comes to us lively and entertaining as ever." It is interesting to observe how this peculiar gallantry has disappeared and has been succeeded by criticism worthy of the name. My meaning may be made more clear, if the above be compared to a clipping recently taken from an exchange. "The Vassar Miscellany has for several years occupied the front position; its articles are characterized by their power." Our paper is no longer considered a thing *sui generis*, but is ever being associated with the Nassau "Lit" and Yale "Lit." Among these clippings we come across such phrases as "the profound erudition and wisdom of the Vassar Misc.;" another exchange calls our publication "incomprehensible but ever the same." The thought is frequently expressed that the success of the MISCELLANY ought to induce women to enter the field of journalism, and this is worthy of careful consideration. Statistics show that the number of

women who have chosen journalism as a profession is very small ; indeed so small that in some localities the demand is greater than the supply. But, to return to our scrap-book. The spirit in which our paper is criticised is as varied as the dispositions of the editors. First, (and these are not few in number) are the critics who have little or nothing to say and who say it in as many words as possible ; the patronizing critic is not a rarity ; besides these we come across the advising, the urging, the "mildly suggesting," the compromising, the admiring, and ironical critics ; rarest of all is the just and able critic ; he seems to have been but recently evolved. The remark is several times made, that the high standard of the VASSAR MISCELLANY has tended to elevate the tone of college journals in general. We do not dare to flatter ourselves that this is true ; if it only contain the germ of truth, it is strong evidence of the MISCELLANY'S success.

The many pictures which were hung in our corridors a short time ago have been welcomed with delight by all the students, and we need no longer bewail the bareness of our thoroughfares. Aside from the pleasure we derive from studying the new pictures, we must consider the advantage they are to us in dispelling the old impression of blankness which the staring white walls could not fail to make upon every stranger who walked through the corridors. To be sure, their simplicity did much to heighten the effect of the leaden sky, whenever they were used, as we are told was the intention of their designer, as a place for exercise on stormy days ; and at least once a year their long unbroken lines of parallel walls furnished an excellent example of perspective in the art lectures ; still we willingly sacrifice this to the beauty we have gained. There

is a rumor afloat to the effect that next year is to bring tinted walls and still greater improvements in the corridors. We sincerely hope that there is some foundation for the report.

How completely have we forgotten the moral lessons which were emphatically impressed upon our Freshman minds! When we read the "*Auream quisquis mediocritatem diligit*" of Horace, what a responsive chord was awakened in our hearts! A mediocre position in College was no longer a disgrace. Mediocrity itself was made glorious by these few strains of the "Epicurean bard." How far have we fallen from Freshman teachings! To-day we mourn that we have no Commencement or Class-Day appointments, that we are not invited to become MISCELLANY editors, and that our essays are not in demand to fill the columns of our College publication. We are not invited to play at concerts or take part in the Hall plays, and we lament our lack of musical and dramatic gifts. We have not even sufficient executive ability to recommend us for the chairmanship of committees. Mediocrity has become our "thorn in the flesh" and our lives are made miserable by it. Still, mediocrity has advantages which more than offset the slight mortifications which it sometimes occasions us. We shall spend the pleasant Saturdays of the coming spring in excursions over river, lake, or mountain, while our talented friends, the "honor girls," the editors, and essayists, with heated brows, disturbed countenances, and minds ill at ease, will envy us our leisure from the bottom of their hearts. We shall attend concerts and plays without any of the excitement and worry which necessarily result from long and constant rehearsing. "Vexation of spirit"—inevitable lot of the committee

woman—will be unknown to us. All of these and many other advantages are ours, if we will but recognize them. Mediocrity is not fatal to the truest happiness. Not only have we learned this from Horace, but our experience has often proved it in our College life. Then why do we look upon the “golden mean” with such dissatisfaction?

HOME MATTERS.

The Young Woman's Christian Association held its regular meeting in the Chapel, February 13. This is the first meeting that has been in charge of the new officers, and we wish them all a most successful year. The announcement made in morning Chapel that Dr. Kendrick would address the Association in the evening, caused a smile of pleasure to spread from face to face, and a larger audience than usual assembled at seven o'clock. Dr. Kendrick took his text from Acts, x, 38—“Who went about doing good;” and in simple but forcible language he showed this to be the sum and substance of Christ's biography, inasmuch as doing good was not only the aim and purpose, but the practice and habit of his life. He then urged all who would bear the name of Christ, to imitate their master in this his noblest characteristic.

On Tuesday evening, February 22, one of the pleasantest concerts of the season was given in the Chapel by Miss Auguste M. Fischer, a pianiste recently returned from Germany, and the Crescent Quartette of New York. There was that pleasing variety in the selections, which is necessary to meet the approval of a large assembly, and the audience listened with enthusiastic attention from the beginning to the end of the programme. Miss Fischer was a

pleasing pianiste. In all of her selections she gave evidence of careful training in technique. Her touch was fine, clear, and delicate, and seemed especially adapted to a brilliant style of music. In the *Fantasie* of Schumann she seemed to lack strength and even spirit, but her rendering of the *Preludes* of Chopin, the *Valse* of Raff, and the *Gnomensreigen* of Liszt was deserving of the highest praise.

The Crescent Quartette sang with spirit and evident appreciation. Their voices were clear and true, and particularly in the piano passages, harmonized perfectly. The *Serenade* of Dr. Ritter was the most pleasing of the Quartettes and was received with great applause. The soloists, Mr. Humphries and Mr. Dufft, received enthusiastic encores. In the *Bedouin Love Song*, Mr. Dufft displayed wonderful strength and richness of tone.

We append the programme :

1. The Ruined Chapel, - - - - - Becker
THE CRESCENT QUARTETTE.
2. a. Gavotte, G minor, - - - - - Bach
b. *Fantasie*, Op. 17, First movement, - - - - - Schumann
MISS FISCHER.
3. Serenade, - - - - - F. L. Ritter
THE CRESCENT QUARTETTE.
4. Preludes, Nos. 1, 3, 6, 7, 8, 13, 16, 19, 21, - - - - - Chopin
MISS FISCHER.
5. a. Ah ! 'tis a dream, - - - - - Lassen
b. Dedication, - - - - - Schumann
MR. HUMPHRIES.
6. Forsaken. - - - - - Th. Koschat
THE CRESCENT QUARTETTE.
7. a. *Valse*, Op. 54, - - - - - Raff
b. *Capriccio*, Op. 76, - - - - - Brahms
c. *Gnomensreigen*, - - - - - Liszt
MISS FISCHER.
8. Bedouin Love Song, - - - - - Pinsuti
MR. CARL E. DUFFT.
9. The Happiest Land, - - - - - J. L. Hutton
THE CRESCENT QUARTETTE.

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On Friday evening, February 25, Bishop Boone delivered a lecture in the Chapel upon China and the Chinese. The lecturer first spoke of the extent of the territory of the Chinese Empire, to which the area of United States cannot be compared, then of the inhabitants, who number six times the population of the United States. Of this vast population, one hundred and fifty millions live on the borders of the Yangtse Kiang, the "great river" of China, and along this river we find the oldest civilization of the Empire. Here the influence of the life and teachings of Confucius is most strongly felt. Confucius wrote no books, but his followers collected his sayings and transmitted them to posterity. These teachings constitute the Chinese classics, and by the age of thirteen, all children among the educated classes have memorized them. The central truth of the doctrines of Confucius was filial piety, and since his time ancestor-worship has prevailed in all parts of China. The educational system of China is quite complex. Competitive examinations for the first degree take place in all of the schools. For the second degree the examinations are held in the capitals of the Provinces and thither the competitors, sometimes numbering fifty thousand, flock every three years. The third degree is given at Peking, and those who obtain it are sure of high office and are known as the literati of China. By nature the Chinese are endowed with keen active minds, their memories are well trained, and they show great power of application. In their commercial relations with other nations they are remarkably successful, and they have been brought to believe that the Western nations are intellectually their inferior. Bishop Boone spoke briefly of the manners and habits of the Chinese and in conclusion alluded to the extreme degradation of the women whose life is one of perpetual misery and hardship, and whose only hope lies in the teaching of Christian women from Christian lands.

Our holiday, on the anniversary of Washington's birthday, was made doubly pleasant by the musical treat which we enjoyed in the morning. Miss Sarah Cecil, a former graduate of the College, and at present one of the popular concert singers of New York, sang in the College Chapel. Miss Cecil's voice shows marvelous power combined with sweetness and purity; every tone is full and rich and she possesses to a high degree that tender and sympathetic quality which is so effective and pleasing, and yet so rare among singers. Her piano and pianissimo passages shade into each other almost imperceptibly, and her soft notes are exquisitely sweet and delicate. Miss Cecil sang many selections which revealed to good advantage the fine qualities of her voice, but best of all we liked the German ballad, and the sweet pathetic rendering of that quaint old Scotch song, "We'd Better Bide a Wee."

At the close of the Chapel services, Wednesday evening, March 2, Dr. Mary Taylor Bissell read a paper before the students upon "Emotional Stimulation among Women." Dr. Bissell stated that women are endowed by nature with a more emotional temperament than men. This is shown in their devotedness to home, their constancy and wide-reaching sympathies. Woman may be a "blue stocking" if she will, but tender and sympathetic she must be. The effects of undue emotional stimulation are seen in childhood as well as in advanced age. There are many home influences which foster self consciousness and introspection among children and especially among girls. The out-of-door sports and physical training of the latter are in every way insufficient. Most of the literature for children is pernicious; it plays upon the feelings, excites the emotions and passions and is wholly unfit to be placed in the hands of a

child. It is only within a very short time that we have had a truly wholesome literature for the young. Then there are many social dissipations and certain systems connected with school life which tend to excite the emotion, called worry.

Among women much undue emotional stimulation comes from a lack of congenial employment. As a rule, women who do nothing, suffer more from hysteria and nervous exhaustion than the over-worked. So close is the connection between mind and body, that to cure diseases which spring from emotional causes, the mind alone is subjected to treatment. The old meaning of the word emotion,—commotion, shows how effectually it stands in the way of true mental vigor. The intellect is the worst enemy of the emotions, and what we need is an education which shall discipline rather than eradicate them. Physical activity, a sound body, and congenial employment, these are the only sure remedies of the evils caused by undue emotional stimulation.

In our College course, perhaps, there is nothing that is anticipated with more pleasure than the yearly "Trig" ceremonies. Without doubt there is nothing harder to prepare than these same ceremonies. Trigonometry has been disposed of in so many ways already, that to the ordinary committee there seems to be nothing bright or new left. Moreover, the mathematical puns are a little time-worn and it requires considerable ingenuity to make them attractive. '89's committee, however, surmounted all difficulties and succeeded in presenting, on the evening of March 5, one of the brightest ceremonies that it has been our good fortune to see. The dainty programmes announced that we were to have the pleasure of witnessing "a Morality Play of the Nineteenth Century." The scene was

laid in the garden of Eden, where '89 (Miss Poppenheim) was tempted by the serpent ('88) to eat of the apple of Trigonometry. Having tasted its bitterness, '89 persuades '90 (Miss Sherwood) to eat of the same fruit. The latter eats and dies. '89 overcome with remorse at the death of her spouse takes the poison of Calculus. Their death is rejoiced over by the mathematical imps, who join in a wild dance around the prostate forms of '89 and '90. We regret that we are unable to go more into the details of the play. From the prologue to the clever epilogue, nothing was lacking to make it a success. The stage was remarkably pretty, the singing excellent, while the acting has seldom been surpassed on the Vassar stage. We thought the choruses of the alumnæ between the acts unusually bright. The hearty laughter and applause of the audience showed how fully '89's ceremonies were enjoyed by all.



COLLEGE NOTES.

The classes in elocution have been organized. Five Seniors and eleven Juniors have selected that study.

Professor Drennan is to be critic of the Junior essays for the remainder of the year. Professor Drennan's Shakespeare lectures still continue.

Dr. Gray, of Harvard, has sent the Natural History Department seeds for a Botanic garden.

Miss Bradley has resigned her position as chairman for Founder's Day. Miss Sweet has been appointed to fill her place.

A Junior wishes to know whether Washington's Birthday always comes on the twenty-second of February.

Professor Drennan conducted services on Sunday, February 22.

Two new colleges for women have been founded, one in Montreal, the other in New Orleans.

The College has received a number of economic and rare plants from Washington.

The third Hall Play is to take place on Saturday, March 19.

After Dr. Bissell's recent lecture, one of the students was heard to remark that she didn't think emotional people had much feeling.

Dr. Hall has an article on the Higher Education of Women in the Popular Science Monthly for March.

A committee for the Junior party has been appointed with Miss Wallace as chairman. We wish them all success.

The Endowment Fund Committee has united with the Physical Culture Committee ; their united efforts are to be directed toward the completion of the Gymnasium Fund, which has now reached 13,351 dollars.

Miss Mulford read a paper entitled "A Study of Bacteria," before the Scientific Association of the Vassar Brothers' Institute.

A member of the class of '89 didn't quite see why their Trig. ceremonies were entitled "A Morality Play." To her at least the moral was not evident.

The most unselfish creature of whom we can conceive, is the girl who is first to enter the elevator and who firmly

plants herself across the entrance, allowing the crowd which follows to wedge its way past her as best it can.

Lenten services are held by the students in Room J, Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings and Sunday afternoons.

The course of lectures on Archæology has begun. We are not surprised to hear of Signor Lanciani's popularity at Harvard and of the large audiences which he drew at his lectures in New York City.

The two pictures bought by the College at the recent water-color exhibition at the New York Academy have at last arrived. Each of these pictures is very beautiful in its way ; it is difficult to decide which we most admire, Mr. Earle's strong " Arabian Head " or Mr. Farrer's delicately colored landscape.

The huge box that stood outside of the Senior parlor on St. Valentine's day was filled brimfull of missives sent by '87's ardent admirers. Over four hundred Valentine's were sent. The Junior's are said to have recognized the material with which the box was covered.

" All true reformation is slow," the Historian says, and here at College we follow the general rule. The abolition of the procession last Philalethean day was a decided improvement, a second step toward reform was recently taken : hereafter the speaker of the day is to deliver his Chapel address in the afternoon ; thus the entire evening can be devoted to promenade and dancing. This new arrangement is a great advantage, as comparatively few fine orators are willing to have the time of their address limited to thirty minutes ; henceforth no restriction as to time will be necessary.

Miss Goodsell, assisted by the Senior Class, gave a reception to the College officers and members of the Junior Class, on Monday evening, February twenty-first. In the early part of the evening, Miss Cecil entertained us a delightful half hour with several songs. .

The editors of the MISCELLANY for the year beginning April 15, are :

From '88 :

Miss KOUNTZE.

Miss LEWI.

Miss BARNUM.

Miss MACCREERY, Business Manager.

From '89 :

Miss NETTLETON.

Miss FERRELL.

Miss M. E. CHESTER, Assistant Business Manager.

First Junior. I Shall make a failure in this examination.

Second Junior. Why ?

F. J. Because I don't know anything about it.

S. J. Oh ! I thought there was some unusual reason !

MY VALENTINE.

As in an Erdmann furnace
My loving heart doth burn
For Chemistry the adored :—
Do not my affections spurn,

But if you do, and then
I wish to meet my fate,
When I ask for calomel,
Please give me sublimate.



PERSONALS.

[Any communications concerning former students will be gratefully received by the Personal Editor.]

'68.

Miss M. W. Whitney read a paper on March 9, on "The New Stars of Andromeda" before the scientific section of the Vassar Brothers' Institute.

'70.

Mrs. Swallow-Richards was nominated to the Board of Supervisors of the public schools of Boston, Mass. Mrs. Richards refused to be a candidate.

'74.

Married at Boston, Jan. 20, 1887, Miss Annie G. Hines to Mr. Carl Barnes, of the Washington Geological Survey.

'76.

Miss H. E. Hersey has been lecturing recently in several of the Boston suburbs. Her subjects have been "Is Browning worth Reading?" and "The Modern Novel and its Relation to the Modern Women."

'77.

Miss Mary T. Spalding read a paper before a literary society in Newburyport on the Astronomical Work done at Vassar.

Mrs. Swift-Atwater and Miss R. B. Jacobs have gone to the Bermudas for six weeks.

'79.

Miss Cornelia Dike is teaching in the Chauncey Hall School, Boston, Mass.

'80.

Miss Kate Darling and Miss Grace Darling (formerly of '81) have been studying in Munich this winter. They hope before long to go to Italy in company with Miss Eugenia Atwater.

'81.

Miss Hodge is teaching in Providence, R. I. Miss Bush is at present teaching in Ishpenning, Michigan.

'82.

Miss Phillips has sailed for Europe to be gone until October next.

'84.

Miss Starkweather is teaching in the Collegiate Institute, Ballston Spa, New York.

Miss Cecil sailed on the Etruria for a summer abroad. She hopes to be in London during the jubilee season.

Mrs. Cornwall-Stanton of England, is at present in New York City. Mrs. Stanton expects to remain here until next fall.

'85.

Miss Leach started for Rome in February and intends before long to visit the American School at Athens.

Miss Mary Ricker is teaching at a private school in Philadelphia.

The following have been guests of the College during the past month: Mrs. Backus, '73, Miss Palmer, '79, Miss J. F. Wheeler, '82, Miss Cecil, '84, Miss A. R. Foster, '86, Mrs. De Saussure, Miss S. B. Anthony, Mrs. Smell and Miss Foster.



ALUMNÆ CORRESPONDENCE.

603 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, }
MARCH 7, 1887. }

DEAR MISCELLANY :—

Into the few weeks just before Lent, is crowded a large number of the receptions and teas of the season. This year was no exception, and all those ladies whose duties are largely of a social nature,—and none the less exacting for that,—were busy enough until the bells of Lent rang in a solid calm. To my question, asked whenever an opportunity offered, “Do you know any items about the Alumnæ?” came invariably an answer including a list of the Alumnæ seen at recent receptions and the like; until I concluded that Vassar certainly does fit her graduates to enter and enjoy society! I have even felt inclined to compile some statistics to be hurled at the lady who said to me in perfect good faith, *à propos* of the Vassar reception, “What a lot of queer people there must have been there?” But statistics are wasted on some people, and we may content ourselves with knowing, if she does not, that college bred women and their friends cannot be instantly detected as “queer!”

Among the receptions at which Vassar has been well represented, I may mention that one given by Miss Maltby, of '75, at her home in Brooklyn, on Classon Avenue. Miss Maltby has lately taken an established and already flourishing day school, to which it is proposed to add a boarding department, and make it a thorough preparatory school for Vassar. Her teachers are several of them Vassar graduates, among them Miss E. P. Clarke, of '79, and Miss Ricker, of '85, and the school, already remodeled on Vassar principles, offers unusual advantages in every department. The large and well-appointed house was thrown open in every part to the inspection of guests, who could not fail to be favorably impressed with its arrangement. Miss

Maltby and those who received with her were in full dress, and they welcomed among their guests many of the best known people of Brooklyn, and not a few from New York. Among the Vassar Alumnæ present were most of those living in the two cities, and with Mrs. Backus was Miss Cushing, of '74, from Boston.

A few days later, a delightful reception was given by Miss Colgate, of '79, at her home on Madison Square. Miss Mollie Garfield received with Miss Colgate, and among the guests was a very large number of the younger graduates of Vassar, not only from New York and Brooklyn, but from more distant places. The society papers pronounced Miss Colgate's reception one of the most charming of the season, as it could not fail to be with its profusion of flowers and fine music, and its charming hostess.

I noticed that the Water-color Exhibition was well patronized by Vassar people, who attended if they did not exhibit. Indeed, Vassar was represented "on the line" by two dainty Holland scenes, by Professor Van Ingen, and by the pretty little face of one of Mrs. Champney's children. Miss Bush, of '68, is devoting herself to Art study, I hear, with flattering prospects. With so excellent an Art School, Vassar has a right to expect to find the names of some of her Alumnæ in a list of successful artists. Is it not possible that some one better informed than I, can tell us already of some Alumnæ who deserve notice in this connection? I sympathize to a certain extent with a friend who said the other day, "I am always so glad when any of 'the girls' prove to people that Vassar graduates can do something besides teach!"

MARY W. CLARKE, '78.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The *Bowdoin Orient* contains "An Aztec Legend" which is very pretty and is well told.

In "The Unauthorized Life of Link-Un, [A Magazine Article without Gunpowder or Maps]" the *Yale Courant* adds one more to the list of clever parodies for which it is famous.

ON LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE.

If it be true that "on the ways of men
 The sun, the moon, the stars shed no such light
 As one great deed," achieved with sword or pen,
 Which fills the world with glory or delight,
 Then it is true that in these modern days,
 In this new land, a poet has surpassed
 The stars' bright sparkle, and the sun's clear blaze,
 And done a deed of which the fame shall last
 As long as English is a spoken tongue :
 So long will men in tender tones rehearse
 The touching story that the bard has sung,
 With moving pathos, in immortal verse,
 And fancy picture, in the star's pale sheen,
 The drooping figure of Evangeline.—*Ex.*

We sympathize with the *Pennsylvania College Monthly* in its efforts to have the name of its Alma Mater changed to "Gettysburg College." To people who are not well acquainted with the many universities and colleges of Pennsylvania the similarity in the names is very confusing.

"Chit Chat" in the *Signal* is bright and original. The custom this paper follows, however, of printing the heading of the subject matter in bold type at the sides of the columns savors too much of the text-book and mars the appearance of the sheet.

The distinctive feature of the *Rutgers Targum* seems to be its editorial department, which always contains much of

interest to college students. Its literary contributions also are unusually good, and it was with much surprise, therefore, that we read—no, rather attempted to read, “Rats in the Garret,” in a recent number. This is said to be the longest poem (?) ever published in a college paper and we hope that the *Targum* will have that trite old saying, “Brevity is the soul of wit,” so forcibly brought to its notice that it will not soon publish another such attempt.

John T. Stoddard’s article on “Composite Photography” in the March *Century* has attracted much attention, with its description of an entirely new application of the photographic art. There is something decidedly fascinating and stimulating to the imagination in the shadowy faces produced and, judging from the “composites” given, this manner of obtaining typical representations bids fair to become popular. For college classes at least its advantages are many and we have already seen in the college journals several suggestions for thus preserving the features of a college class. Though of widely different characters the beautifully illustrated article on “The Cathedral Churches of England” and that on “French Sculptors” will appeal strongly to all lovers of art. R. Kelso Carter and J. M. Buckley present two papers on “Faith Healing : Pro and Con.” Charles F. Benjamin’s “Recollections of Secretary Stanton” gives a minute picture of the stirring times in the War Department at Washington in the ’60’s. The only short story of the March number is a sequel to the pathetic creole tale, “Carancro,” and traces the development of Bonaventure’s noble character ; the painful impression left by the sad fate of Zoséphine in “Carancro” is quite dispelled by the well-earned reward of Bonaventure in “Grande Pointe.” “The History of Abraham Lincoln” has advanced to the move ment for slavery, and Stock-

ton's "Hundredth Man" is continued. "The Topics of the Time" contains an unusually large number of interesting discussions.

"One Hundred Days in Europe," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, will perhaps have more readers than any other paper in the *Atlantic* for March, and deservedly so, for it is full of happy expressions and is written in the entertaining style which characterizes Dr. Holmes. James Breck Perkins criticises the writings of Théophile Gautier and describes the rise of the romantic school in French Literature. The "Curiosities of Criticism," by Agnes Repplier, is an able defense of honest literary criticism and gives an estimation of the importance of such criticism to both author and reader. "The Lady of Maine" is brought to a striking close. It is one of the brightest short stories that have appeared for some time. "Paul Patoff" and "The Second Son" are continued. William Cranston Lawton contributes a learned article on "The Hippolytos of Euripides." The book reviews for the month are upon recent poetry, "Agnes Surriage," and "Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States." James Russell Lowell's beautiful little poem on "Fact and Fancy" completes the prominent features of the magazine for March.

The March *St. Nicholas* is a very full number. It opens with a well written description of the "Boyhood of Thomas Bailey Aldrich," of which the author says "The Story of a Bad Boy" is an account. "How Double-Darling's Old Shoes became Ladies' Slippers" is a bright little story in which one of the good old-fashioned fairies does all in her power to make the heroine happy. The eighth number of "Historic Girls" narrates the stirring adventures of "Jacqueline of Holland," "the most picturesque figure in the history of a picturesque land." "Jenny's Boarding House,"

by James Otis is continued, and like the earlier writings of that author is full of homely humor. Alice Wellington Rollins tells a charmingly fantastic little tale. George J. Manson adds "A Commercial Traveller" to the "Series of Practical Papers for Boys." "More About Gas Wells" will be welcomed by all who read the article of last month on the subject. The Brownies appear once more, this time under the guise of charity. Lidia Gould's rhyme of "The Tongs" is prettily illustrated, and "Oh" is the brightest of the comical pictures.



VASSAR ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.

Minutes of the Twelfth Annual Meeting of the "Vassar Alumnae Association of New York and vicinity," held at the Brunswick, January 29, '87:

The meeting was called to order at 11:30 A. M. There were over one hundred members present. The minutes of the last regular meeting were read and accepted. The chairman of the Executive Committee made her report, stating how they had investigated the schools in the adjoining States. The report was accepted. It was also carried unanimously that a vote of thanks be offered Mrs. Fitch, the chairman of the committee. The report of the committee on the "Publication of the Communications of Mr. Vassar" was next read. It stated that there was a balance of \$57.50 unprovided for. The motion was carried that voluntary contributions be solicited from members of the New York Association to cancel this indebtedness. The committee recommended that a notice be inserted in the "VASSAR MISCELLANY," stating where copies of the pamphlet could be bought; also, that, as soon as the pecuniary liabilities connected with the pamphlet are settled, the electrotypes plates and all the unsold pamphlets be presented to the General Association of Alumnae, with the recommendation that one copy of the book be given to every member of each successive Senior Class on her graduation. It was also recommended that a copy of the pamphlet together with an appropriate statement concerning it, be sent to the Board of Trustees; also that a presentation committee be appointed by the Chair. The publication committee was appointed to act as the presentation committee.

A motion was carried that a committee be appointed to revise the Con-

stitution of the New York Association. The following members were elected :

Mrs. BROWNELL, Chairman.
Miss ARNOLD, Second member.
Mrs. COLLIER, Third member.

It was carried that a New York Alumnae Correspondent for the VASSAR MISCELLANY be appointed. Miss Clarke, of '78, was elected.

The question of Alumnae representation was next brought before the meeting. Mrs. Backus spoke on the subject in a very encouraging manner, stating that a committee of the Trustees had been appointed to ascertain the views of the Alumnæ Association ; also that the Western Association were unanimously in favor of Alumnae representation. In concluding, Mrs. Backus made the following motion : That the President of the Association be empowered to appoint three members of the Association to serve as a conference committee, whenever their co-operation may be desired by the committee on Alumnae representation belonging to the General Association, or by the committee of Inquiry, recently appointed by the Board of Trustees ; and furthermore, that the Secretary of the Association be instructed to send information of this action to other local Associations, in order that, if so disposed, they may choose similar conference committees. The motions were carried.

Miss Palmer made the following statement concerning the Endowment Fund : As the committee on Endowment completed the settled sum of \$10,000, last June, and gave that sum to the Trustees as an Observatory Fund, the committee have not any report to make ; but would like to state that their work in the future will be toward the completion of the Physical Culture Fund.

The following persons have been appointed by the chair to serve on the Conference Committee :

Dr. BISSELL, Chairman.
Miss MEEKER, '74, Second member,
Miss PRUDEN, '75, Third member.

Miss Ely next made a statement concerning the Physical Culture Fund :

The Vassar College Gymnasium Subscribers, in account with Mrs. C. M. Pratt, Treasurer :

Credited, by cash on hand, - - - - -	\$ 77 46
" " " received since, - - - - -	824 25
By investments, - - - - -	6,450 00
Amount pledged, - - - - -	6,000 00
Total, - - - - -	<u>\$13,351 71</u>

Of the amount subscribed, Miss Drexel gave \$500—which is an interesting fact, inasmuch as she is at the present time a Sophomore at Vassar

College. Miss Ely further mentioned how greatly indebted the Association is to Mr. Pratt for his kindness in making investments for us.

The following officers were elected to serve for two years :

For President—Mrs. WOOD.

For Vice-President—Miss HAKES.

For Secretary—Miss E. CLARKE.

For Treasurer—Mrs. C. ALLEN.

Elections for the Executive Committee were as follows :

Chairman—Mrs. TRASK.

Other members—Misses DINSMOOR, DENTON, DARLING, MALTBY, REED, THURSTON.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

C. A. VALLEAU, '83.

Secretary.

The Nassar Miscellany.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

'88			'89
De Temporibus et Moribus.....	E. C. KOUNTZE.	Exchange Notes.....	A. T. NETTLETON.
Literary Miscellany.....	E. LEWIS.	College Notes and Personals..	L. A. FERRELL.
Home Matters.....	C. L. BARNUM.	Asst. Business Manager.....	M. E. CHESTER.
Business Manager.....	E. L. MACCARTHY.		

VOL. XVI.

APRIL, 1887.

No. 7.

THE FANCIES OF MY CHILDHOOD.

Whenever I read or hear of the strange theories of which philosophy, science and literature are full, it seems to me that they are the thoughts and fancies of the author's childhood, which, with constant modifications, have followed him through his youth, and which, ripened by maturer intellect and by the experience of years, have been given to the world in manhood. It seems as if Locke's doctrine of representative images could have been evolved only from the brain of an imaginative child ; it may have been the theory of external objects formed by Locke in his childhood ; perhaps

"The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still was Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Was on his way attended."

And the man did not see it "die away," but the fancies of his childhood clung to him, each year bringing stronger confidence in them until finally, believing them to be the true solution of the problem of the ages, he set them forth to the world in the light of a wonderful genius. If we could imagine an ancient Greek a child, we should say that the philosophical system of Anaxagoras was the polished and elaborated outgrowth of the brain of a child in search of some theory to explain why he existed, what he was, what the seemingly external existence was, and how he and it came into being.

Probably every child has these theories of existence. I remember that I had three distinct theories in which I believed implicitly. Of course I could not believe in all three at the same time ; for a period—six months perhaps—I would accept one as true and would refer to it for explanation every phenomenon of my consciousness and modify it to suit varying circumstances, until I had a complete system of philosophy ; a firm belief in one of the other systems would succeed when I was unable to explain something I had noticed by the theory at that time in favor. Perhaps the one of the three that held my confidence for the longest period and that seemed most comprehensive was the following : I believed that the earth was a hollow ball, the interior of which was peopled, and by the really existent people ; we were mere puppets whom the God of the real people created to act for their amusement. One day and night they spent in the interior of the earth, their home, attending to their affairs ; the next day and night they came to the surface of the earth, flying up through the ground by means of a talisman which always seemed like Aladdin's wonderful lamp. We were only ideas, created by God to act for them, fulfilling our mission for one day and night and the next passing into nothingness, from

which we were recalled by the creative inspiration of God. Throughout these transitions from entities to a state of absolute blankness and nothingness, we seemed to preserve a sort of unity and identity. The book of our lives was arranged by God ; previous to one's twenty-first birthday, his words, his rôle rather, were put in his mouth, but after that time, when he apparently went to bed it was but to study his part for the next day—that is, the next day of his existence. This theory, of course, was not complete in a day ; as nearly as I remember, the foundation tenet, that is the belief that we were not real entities, rose in my mind spontaneously ; it was by no exercise of thought that it was evolved ; it seems always to have existed in a mind perhaps predisposed by nature to idealism. Then as circumstances arose requiring explanation, I would add branches to the main trunk ; for instance the question presented itself : if we people of the world which I saw were but actors created for the amusement of the real people, why did I not know it and why was I not obliged to learn my part ? This was easily answered by assuming that it was only to men and women that the secret of their non-existence, as it were, was disclosed. I thought that I had found out the real solution of the mystery of life—if life it could be called—and I dared not tell anyone that I had discovered it, for I believed that if it were known that I was possessed of the secret, some awful punishment—I hardly know what, something too awful even to imagine—would be inflicted upon me. I would go night after night into my mother's room to see if she was learning her part for the next day ; but I never saw her studying ; I never saw the great book of her life ; and I would creep back to my bed disappointed but hopeful. Though I did this every night for months, I never lost my belief that I would at some time prove my theory correct.

This view, however, did not explain everything, and I was looking for an all-comprehensive philosophy; one thing, for instance, that it did not explain was the feeling that I had lived before in another country, among another people. Although I knew no more of Pythagoras than that he had made many additions to a—to me unknown—science; although I knew of classical mythology little beside the commoner legends like those of Perseus, Polyphemus, and Circe; I evolved a theory—no, I did not evolve it, it sprang into being of itself as soon as I wished for it—almost identical with the ancient conception of the Lower World. I believed in the orthodox manner that after death men were judged according to their lives, but my orthodoxy extended no further; for I thought that only those who had lived perfect lives went to heaven and that only the basest of men suffered eternal condemnation; while the ordinary majority, after having been purged from their sins by punishments varying according to the degree of guilt, and after having been washed in a river to obliterate all remembrance of their former lives, were born again into this world. This succession of life, death, punishment, life, was to go on until eventually every one except a few utterly base souls would be good enough to reach heaven. Not because I lacked instruction in the ordinarily accepted interpretations of the Bible, but because I was an American child and thought I had a right to my own opinion of the matter, I regarded the words, “Ye must be born again,” as corroborative of my view. Perhaps this belief as a whole may have been rather pernicious, for I used to try to be wicked enough to escape going to heaven; I wanted to reach heaven some time, but I preferred passing a few more lifetimes on the earth; my life at that period was a constant struggle to attain the happy medium of wickedness. I spent, however, many pleasant hours in re-

viewing the deeds of my life when I was Cicero, for I knew that my soul had once been in the body of that eloquent old Roman. I could not help believing that I had once seen he, when I remembered my feeling of exultation after I had delivered the first Catilinian oration and my pride and pleasure in being hailed as the father of my country. I thought that the reason I remembered my life as Cicero was because when I was dipped in the River of Forgetfulness I had been held, like Achilles, by the heel, and so, as my heel had not been wet, I possessed a faint recollection of that former stage of my existence.

My other theory, also evolved to explain the suggestion of a former life when the other beliefs had lost the charm of novelty, I have recently found to be an unconscious plagiarism from Plato. It was this: babies dream out their lives when they are lying apparently without thought. This accounted for the feeling that I had done a thing before under the same circumstances.

There were many other beliefs which dominated my mind for longer or shorter periods, but these three stand out most prominently in my memory and have had the most influence upon me. I can yet feel the effects of my childish thoughts; even now I cannot hear any one speak of Cicero's vacillation and cowardice without becoming angry and standing ready to defend *my* conduct. My belief was so strong that it yet requires all my reason to argue it down.

When one looks back at his own childhood and sees the strange fancies, the undefined fears, the formulation of theories unlike anything he has ever heard, it seems impossible that he should believe that all knowledge is gained from experience of this life. It seems that there must either be something inherent in the mind or something placed there by a former experience of life—and I cannot

bring myself to throw aside entirely my childish belief in metempsychosis.

LOUISE S. FAGAN, '88.

THOUGHTS FROM SHELLEY.

“ Fearless he was and scorning all disguise
 What he dared do or think, though men might start,
 He spoke with mild yet unaverted eyes;
 Liberal he was of soul and frank of heart.”

Such a spirit was Shelley—pure, brave, generous, loving and lovable, instinctively worshipping all that is beautiful. Persecution, public or private, he loathed from his very soul. Liberty was his watch word. He desired something more than mere toleration. He might have said with Mirabeau “I will not speak of tolerance. The freedom of conscience is a right so sacred that even the name of tolerance involves a species of tyranny.” Stung by a burning sense of the cruelty and injustice that he saw about him he waged a ceaseless war in defense of liberty and truth. He was determined to pierce to the core, and overthrow all the shams and fictions, the smooth hypocrisies, the cruel conventionalities of society.

With the fierce, iconoclastic French Revolution, Shelley could not wholly sympathize, though he welcomed with enthusiasm whatever was noble and admirable in it. He accepted the revolutionary idea of human progress—a sudden glorious regeneration of society. In this respect he stands in marked contrast to Tennyson. Shelley cries: “Let Prometheus be unbound; let tyranny and superstition die; let liberty and truth spring into might; let us start afresh to-day!” But Tennyson says: “True reformatations are never sudden. True liberty consists in obedience to

law." How many ages has it taken for us to learn what we should be ! It will take many more for us to *become* what we should be. As much higher as the animal is than the clod, so much higher than ourselves will our descendants be, in the dim future of the race when by self-knowledge and self-control they will be drawing near the "One far-off divine event." And this might also have been Shelley's idea of progress had his life not been an arrested one.

The true lover of Shelley finds a rare beauty in all his poems. To a mind susceptible to his peculiar influence there is nothing more delicately lovely than his minor lyrics, nothing more weirdly beautiful than the "Witch of Atlas," nothing more powerful than the tragedy of the Cenci, and nothing grander than "Prometheus Unbound."

In "Prometheus Unbound" Shelley rises to the sublimest heights of his art. Prometheus represents humanity suffering under the sway of evil. He will not yield to Zeus who chains him to the rocks. Prometheus is too lofty, too majestic to feel revenge. The poem ends with his liberation, the overthrow of evil, and the triumph of good. The moral purport of this great lyrical drama is grand and lofty. Its characters are of superhuman greatness. It is full of divinely poetic visions of tender ecstasies ; every verse is throbbing with a transcendant music. Compared with this production, some of the earlier poems of Shelley are crude indeed, yet the exuberant fancy and intellectual power of "Queen Mab" strikes us with wonder when we reflect that it was written by a mere boy.

The "Revolt of Islam" is of striking originality, a splendid flight of the imagination, a blending of gorgeous colors. But "Alastor," full of deep reflection and melancholy beauty, is far grander. Alastor is Shelley's self, a finely gifted being, ever yearning for the high, ever striving to pierce the veil of the infinite. The "Epipsychidion"

and the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" are the records of an early enthusiasm ; both these poems are intoxicating in melody, passionate in the worship of ideal loveliness. In these Shelley pours forth his whole soul expressing the most exquisite conceptions of beauty.

As a poet of nature, Shelley is almost unrivalled. The stars seeming to him like a swarm of golden bees ; the wave sobbing itself to sleep on the desolate shore ; the mountains robed in silent majesty ; the flowers radiant with beauty ; the joyous skylark high in heaven ;—all whispered in his listening ear their deathless song.

It has been truly said that he who seeks for truth must incur the danger of being persecuted. Even in this day of enlightenment, there exists in many minds a prejudice against Shelley which is unexcusable, since it must be founded either on ignorance or, what is worse, intolerance. During his life time Shelley was most cruelly misrepresented, yet the poet's faith in man remained unaltered. It is now almost a century since this splendid meteor shot across the horizon of the world's literature, kindling in the hearts of men purer impulses, loftier aspirations. Besides a mind wonderful for its depth and powers of imagination, Shelley possessed a profound love for humanity and it is for this he must be revered. Far higher than his soaring imagination, far deeper than his subtlest insight is the beauty of his noble heart.

A BIT OF CHINA.

Mr. Gus Browne was going to Middleton on business. His sister, Mrs. Allen, and his small niece, popularly called Baby Bo, had just bidden him good-by in the front hall and he was hastening towards the corner and a car. Mrs.

Allen choked back a sob as she gazed after the deserter. To be told that it was unavoidable had not comforted her and visions of burglars danced in her head. "Just think," she said, "Baby, only you and I and Mary for three weeks!" But Baby Bo maintained her air of calm indifference and continued to wave a by-by to Uncle Gus. It took a great deal to ruffle this young person's serenity.

Meanwhile Uncle Gus and the street-car met and he was soon on the way to the station. As he entered the train his glance lighted upon a beautiful maiden, deeply absorbed in a book. The seat beside her was unoccupied. Now Mr. Gus, though well past forty, still had a soft spot in his heart for pretty girls; so he made his way toward the young lady without delay. "Is this seat engaged?" he said.

The young lady raised her dark lashes, disclosing eyes of exquisite loveliness,—at least so thought Mr. Gus.

"No," she replied, and became absorbed again in her book. Mr. Gus seated himself, and for half an hour yearned for an opportunity. It came at last. A gust of wind, entering with the conductor, blew the book from the hands of the young lady. Mr. Gus, after a gallant rescue, restored it with a bow and smile. He received a bow in return and a radiant smile, but nothing further. "It's a pleasant day" he ventured to remark. "Yes sir," said the fair unknown, giving him smile number two; then she returned to her book. Mr. Gus gave up in despair. In the abstract he admired reserve in travelling, but disapproved of it as maintained towards himself.

The train soon steamed into Middleton. To his delight he beheld the beautiful unknown gathering up her belongings. "Can I assist you, madam," he inquired. "No, thank you," said the maiden with a final smile; final because just then a man in livery entered and taking the

articles in question preceded her out of the car. Mr. Gus followed as speedily as possible, but when he reached the platform the young lady and her attendant had disappeared. He saw no trace of them in his passage through the station ; but, reflecting that Middleton was a small place, contentedly betook himself to his hotel. During the afternoon his interest in the lady increased, and he even entertained that thought so pernicious to the peace of middle-aged bachelors,—“I’m not so very old after all.” It seemed almost a case of love at first sight. That evening, when Mr. Gus extracted from his left coat-pocket some lozenges for the delight of a small boy, he discovered therein a mineral substance which proved to be china, glazed china, of a triangular shape. It was thin, and white, except for a faint red tinge on one edge and the coal black color of the apex. Mr. Gus was astonished. His thoughts immediately flew to the fair unknown. She had sat on his left in the car. He rejected various hypotheses,—among them that this was a mysterious token of affection,—and at last settled upon one : the young lady had at one time busied herself with a dainty bag, probably the china had fallen from the bag into his pocket. To a person void of imagination this supposition would have seemed extremely improbable, for the china would have had to perform an unparalleled gymnastic feat to reach Mr. Gus’s pocket. However, our hero was well furnished with imagination ; so, on this hypothesis he proceeded to build many air-castles. He was, by the way, quite a connoisseur in china and prided himself upon his ability to classify any piece at sight ; but this mysterious triangle baffled him. He was as zealous as a naturalist who possesses one bone of an extinct animal, but in vain. His leisure moments were spent in traversing the streets in hopes of meeting the young lady and restoring the china, but she

seemed to have vanished into thin air. He imagined himself presenting the china, imagined her growing radiant with pleasure, for his hypothesis had become a theory. He believed, not only that the china belonged to the beautiful unknown, but also that it was very dear to her, a bit of some broken treasure. Meanwhile the three weeks came to an end and Mr. Gus Brown left Middleton with regret, for his charmer had not appeared and the mystery was as profound as ever. Mrs. Allen and Baby Bo met him at the station and there was so much to say and do that not till evening, after Baby Bo had gone to bed, did he have an opportunity to tell his story. Mrs. Allen was interested and sympathetic; but, when at the climax he produced the china it had a singular effect. The little woman leaned back in her chair and laughed till she cried. Mr. Gus was first astonished, then amused, and had begun to grow rather angry, when she cried, "Oh Gus, *that* is a piece of Susan."

"Susan!" cried he in amazement. "Yes," said his sister, who had by this time, partly recovered,—Baby's doll, you know. "Doll!" shouted Mr. Gus.

"Yes": she broke her a few days before you went away and this was such a nice piece that I let her keep it. She must have put it in your coat-pocket the very morning you left, when we found her playing baby with the coat.

The next day the china was restored to its lawful owner, who received it with her usual calm indifference and immediately put it in her mouth.

Mr. Gus never saw the fair unknown again.

MARIAN CLARK AUSTIN, '88.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

Of what do you think these days of alternate sunshine, rain and snow remind me? Of nothing more or less than of maple sugar. When the snow begins to melt, the sky becomes over-cast, the clouds discharge their burden of moisture and the whole country (gradually) assumes the appearance of one vast mud-puddle, and instead of the poetic image of the first snow-drop and the yellow crocuses, that great delight of my childhood comes into my mind. Have you ever taken part in a real "sugaring off" in the woods? If not, you have my sympathy. It is something to remember,—the great maple grove on a chilly, cloudy day with the mist rising and the moisture trickling down the trees and mingling with the sap, which runs slowly through the troughs and drops into the great pails beneath. The snow lies about in little drifts in the hollows. Two steaming oxen drag about a rough sled laden with great hogs-heads, into which is poured the liquid sweetness collected from the pails.

The inside of the sugar-house presents a brilliant scene, decidedly the reverse of that without, though this has nevertheless a melancholy charm of its own. Over a blazing fire the sap boils and hisses in broad, shallow vats. We take out a little in the long handled dipper, cool it on the snow and drink it. The taste is delicious and exceedingly sweet. When the sap boils down even more, we drop it on snow and eat the waxy morsels with delight. Then is the time for "sugaring off." The men and maidens gather

from all around and contrive to turn the work into a frolic, the substantial result of which is a great array of golden brown cakes of maple sugar.

The time set for my departure from Central America, where I had spent two years, was fast drawing near, and my affairs were for the most part satisfactorily arranged. But I was still in doubt about my long cherished plan to bring Mariquita back to the States with me. Mariquita was an upper servant in the Colegio where I had been teaching and she had been my especial handmaiden. It was the custom in the Colegio for each teacher to have one girl whose duty it was to do her errands, tend her room, mend her clothes, escort her in her solitary rambles, and, in a word, perform any required service at the shortest possible notice.

On my arrival at the Colegio my attention was so taken up with the novelty of everything in the country, and, what was worse, with an overwhelming attack of homesickness that I had no time to spend in studying the people immediately around me. Gradually, however, I became aware of the fact that my room had the most careful attention, that everything was done on time—a very unusual circumstance in that country—, and that I lacked nothing. I soon discovered that this was all owing to my handmaiden. In the course of time I learned that this conscientiousness in performing the details of her multifarious duties was only one of her many interesting characteristics. She was exceedingly bright and had a passionate love for her religion and her country. This brightness made her a great contrast to the other servants, who were remarkable for their stupidity. There was an air of romance about

her too, that served to increase the interest she had for me. Very little was known of Mariquita's antecedents, no one seemed to claim her, and Donna Luisa, her self-constituted guardian, could tell us nothing, except that her relatives would have nothing to do with her because she worked for a living, and because she was a trifle darker than they.

When Mariquita heard that I was going away, she came and besought me not to leave her, promising all sorts of blessings from the Pope and the Saints if I would but stay. A happy thought struck me as she was pleading,—I would bring her to the States and watch the effect of our civilization upon her bright, though impassive mind. The idea was especially pleasing to me, but I did not find it easy to take Mariquita from her home. There was a struggle, lasting for days, between her love for her religion—in other words her country—and her devotion to me. I knew that this was not to be the only struggle, for there was still before me a consultation with Donna Luisa and the Padre. But after I had assured them both that there were numberless Roman Catholic churches that Mariquita could attend, they consented. The condition was made, however, that her religion was not to be tampered with; for all Spanish Americans are under the impression that to be a Protestant is the worst thing that can happen to one, that Protestantism is under the leadership of the Prince of Darkness and no amount of talking will convince them to the contrary. This is especially true of the lower classes.

I knew that, after Mariquita had made up her mind, there would be no turning back, although I, having an instinctive misgiving which I never fully understood until years afterward, told her of all the disagreeable things she would have to encounter—the cold winters, the utter loneliness (for she could not speak English) and the strangeness. She always replied in her pretty Spanish way: “I

shall be near you, and it is enough." There was no evidence of emotion when she parted with her friends and it was with an unmoved countenance that she turned back, as we stood on the deck of the puffing, little river steamer, to catch a last glimpse of her beloved Nicaragua. This was in keeping with her character, for, though naturally impulsive, she was self-contained and, in a way, a Stoic.

On a lovely starlight night, three weeks later, we lay in New York Harbor, for, as it was Sunday, we could not land until the following morning. The scene was indiscribably beautiful. We seemed to have been dropped suddenly into some Venetian lagoon. I expected a burst of admiration from Mariquita, but, to my discomfiture, she gazed about her stolidly and merely said: "*Muy bonita.*" This attitude of apparent indifference continued all through her two year's stay. Even bustling, hurrying New York called forth no exclamations of surprise. At first I attributed this lack of interest and enthusiasm to home-sickness; but, as it continued, I evolved the theory that she had made up her mind to show no surprise or pleasure for fear that it might be interpreted as a wish to live here always.

The climate seemed to have a bracing effect on her mental qualities for she quickly learned our ways and she studied English unceasingly. It was most interesting to watch the development of her character. For instance, she soon evinced a keen sense of humor and great powers of observation; and often she would entertain us a whole evening by giving, in her bright Spanish way, her first impressions, never praising but always poking fun at our methods.

After the first year passed, Mariquita talked of nothing but her return to her native land, and longed for the time to arrive when she should be at home once more. She used to build air-castles about the life she would have. She

thought that, since she had learned English, she would no longer be a servant in the Colegio but she would teach the Spanish girls, and be looked up to by all. She often thanked me for bringing her where she could have so many advantages, and for enabling her to enjoy life so much more keenly. I gradually shook off the feeling that I had made a mistake, and was convinced that my experiment had been successful. She showed more feeling at leaving us than she had at leaving her own land, but her tears would give way to smiles when I promised to come down to see her, and to write often.

Two years have passed since Mariquita left us, and I feel but a vain regret as I think of her. Not one of her bright hopes was realized. She had left her people as a servant and they would receive her in no other capacity. Her stoicism—stood her in good stead in her disappointment. Though she maintained a stolid indifference and adapted herself to her old life again, she could not but feel the keenest mental pain and shrinking when she came in contact with her ignorant, degraded, and superstitious fellow-servants. She could never be as she had been, for her contact with our civilization had been too close and the impression made had been too deep. Nor was there any longing for the old life of ignorant content. Her indomitable bravery urged her forward in the path of knowledge, painful though it was, and overcame her national indolence.

My chagrin and remorse at my failure are complete. As I think of how I made her realize the worthlessness of her life, I am led to question whether it is for the best to bring such a strong, sensitive, unenlightened nature into contact with our modern civilization.

I remember, when a child, lying on the grass and looking up eagerly, through the waving tree-tops, into the blue sky beyond. The sky had such a fascination for me that I could look at it for hours and not grow weary. It was so grand, so immeasurable, and so beautiful.

The grass beneath me was a wonder too—a beautiful emerald green, cool and refreshing. But the grass was a fact—something that one knew all about, while the sky had a vagueness and unreality. Everything on the earth seemed limited and confined. The sky was boundless and free. Then there were the clouds, the lovely, snowy clouds. They were almost more fascinating than the sky. Such fantastic shapes they took, as they floated across the azure space above me! I delighted to trace in their strange outlines similarities to all sorts of things. What enchanting castles, spirited horses, and beautiful women, I discovered in their snowy depths! Sometimes my imagination peopled them with a race of fairy-like beings like Bryant's "Little People of the Snow." Sometimes I thought that the clouds themselves were alive and sporting like children. They seemed so gay and bright that I envied them. Most children long to be bees, birds, or butterflies; perhaps I wanted to be a cloud. A fairy story I had read greatly interested me. It told how, when the mermaids died, they turned to white foam on the waves and were afterwards caught up by the sun and became fleecy clouds. Such a death, it seemed to me, would be the height of happiness.

Perhaps the sun was shining and lighting up the clouds so that they seemed like gleaming gold. Or, the last rays of the setting sun would give them wonderful purple, orange and crimson hues. Then, I thought them too gorgeous, and liked the silvery, white clouds all the better for the contrast with their splendid sisters.

As I grew older, I ceased to remember the beauties *above*

me. My playmates and friends became of greater interest. The sky was still there. That did not change. The clouds were always there but they were no longer my playmates. I had forgotten the clouds.

Sooner or later something comes into the life of everyone which changes the very face of nature. The finest landscape no longer gives us the unalloyed delight which a slight pleasure afforded us in childhood. We grow old and become hardened. We forget the clouds above and fix our eyes on the earth. If we do look up, it is but for a moment. Something spoils for us the pure beauty we contemplate.



Editors' Table.

After years of faithful service the old weaver died and left the little village, of which he had long been the mainstay, in doubt as to the source from which it was to be supplied with his necessary wares. After a short period of sorrowing the villagers naturally enough called upon the weaver's apprentice to ply the trade which was all important to their comfort and with many a misgiving he entered the workshop of his master and took his place at the loom. Accustomed as he was to only the simplest parts of the work before him, he looked with despair upon the delicate texture and intricate patterns wrought by the skilful hand of his predecessor and compared the slender fingers of his master, rendered smooth and dexterous by long handling of the silken threads, with his own rough and clumsy ones. He set manfully to work, however, since he knew that in some way the people must be clothed. At first things went hard with him. His bungling fingers tangled and snapped the threads, the supply of materials ran low, and he knew not where to obtain more; but most discouraging of all was the rumor that the villagers thought little of his ability and openly expressed the belief that he would never attain to the excellence of his old master. His only comfort was good old Father Time, the appeaser of all strife and the healer of all woes. The friendly old man came each day and stood at the young man's elbow, directing his blundering fingers and with kindly words cheering his sad heart. Month after month passed by and the threads grew ever more manageable and the work of the former apprentice more

finished, until at last he found the tide of favor turning and there were even those, who said that the fabrics wrought by him were as beautiful as those of the weaver, who died so long ago. The cloth that he spun no longer appeared rough and uneven; the golden threads were no longer tangled into unsightly knots, but formed patterns of exquisite beauty. He, who had been the poor, trembling apprentice had become the master workman and as he heard the praises of his fellows, he was content.

The board of editors from '87, the weaver, who for so many months has spun the threads of college thoughts and events into the finished web of the MISCELLANY, exists no more and the board from '88, the inexperienced apprentice, has been called in to continue the work so efficiently done by its predecessor. With much anxiety the new board begins the task before it, feeling painfully its own inexperience and the difficulty of guiding unskilful fingers through the intricacies of the editorial loom. Doubtless the threads of gold will at first be unevenly woven and there will even be parts of the cloth in which it will fail to appear at all. But Father Time will lend his aid and the board even dreams that the lot of the apprentice in at last becoming the master workman may be theirs. Until this result is gained they wish to ask for patience and forbearance from all the friends of the MISCELLANY and to assure them that they "mean well."

College-bred men are often heard to say that the greatest benefit derived from their course was from the use of the library, access to which was almost the only advantage offered students of fifty years ago, outside of the regular college course. But now we have free concerts, lectures, the use of laboratories and many other aids to culture. This year,

with us, has been especially rich in privileges as a result of the forethought and good judgment of our new President. Do we appreciate how favored we are? Students who confine their mental exertion to the preparation of daily recitations deliberately exclude themselves from the atmosphere of broad intellectual culture which pervades the college. It is a mistake to be negligent in the performance of our daily routine of duties, but many students go to the other extreme and nervously spend all their time in preparing their lessons. Perfect recitations should be considered a means, not an end. They are a part of the discipline which fits us for greater attainments. We do not wish to be simply encyclopaedias, and so let us embrace all opportunities for general culture, not to do so is narrowing. To remain away from a lecture or a concert for the sake of preparing more carefully a lesson on which a sufficient amount of time has already been spent, is like losing a glorious sunset to take the last stitches upon some garment which might as well be finished to-morrow. There is great danger here of allowing our thoughts and purposes to run in one groove. To avoid this, let us read, listen and think; then we shall gain from our college course what it ought to be worth to us. We shall cease to think that life is merely existence, and infinity nothing but the end of the tangent of a right angle.

A few days ago I heard a student remark that it would be impossible for her to write an editorial as she had never read one. This girl, we can safely say, was not an exception. The number of sermons and complaints which appear among our editorials is doubtless the cause of their unpopularity. But, we beg of you oh fellow-students, to remember that the MISCELLANY is the only organ which we

have wherein we can praise, comment upon, or censure any College custom. Therefore be patient with us when we scold, bear with us when we preach, judge us fairly when we complain, and remember that we sometimes praise. This month, alas, we have another existing evil to bewail.

When the President of the Philalethean Society calls the meeting to order and announces that we will listen to the roll call and minutes of the last meeting, who of all those present does not rejoice when an influential senior rises and moves that these ceremonies be omitted. We have cause for rejoicing, have we not been spared hearing the secretary call a list of some one hundred and fifty names? Yes, we can quote the latest statistics; one hundred and sixty-five students are registered as members of the Philalethean Society. And although the number is so large it seems—if we may be permitted to judge from appearances—that we cannot find enough girls to act in the four hall plays. For the last few years it has been the custom to ask those who are not members of the society to take minor parts in our entertainments. Sometimes these non-members simply sing or play between the acts, the principle however remains the same: an entertainment supposed to be given by the Philalethean Society is in part given by those who are not members. Among all that long list of names read by the secretary, surely there is a sufficient number whose combined dramatic ability can furnish four hall plays a year and if necessary amusement between the acts.

Few events create a more general stir in College than the arrival of the annual Catalogues. The new student is anxious to see her name enrolled in the important volume, while the old student, to whom this has ceased to be a

novelty, turns first, perhaps, to the "Summary," to note the whole number of students and to rejoice over the increase. This year, however, the event was awaited with even more than usual impatience, for vague rumors of important changes in the curriculum were afloat and put everybody on the *Quivire*. The requisites for admission have been greatly increased, and it must cause a thrill of pride in the heart of every loyal student, to know that Vassar's trustees are not content to allow her standard for admission to be below that of any College, either for men or women, in the land. The change of time for recitation from forty minutes to one hour, has advantages which may not at first strike the student. It will probably increase the time demanded for daily class-room work thirty or forty minutes. But any student who remembers the half-solved problem in an examination which ten or fifteen minutes more would have seen completed, or the absorbing discussion which the inexorable period bell interrupted, cannot but rejoice that a few extra minutes are added to the periods, which are now far too short. The advantages of the intercalated system are, of course, patent. It affords the student opportunity for a greater variety of studies, as well as more time between recitations on the same subject in which to digest the information acquired. It will take time, of course, to get the new system into perfect working order, and in the transition period some unlooked for obstacles may present themselves, but this great stride toward a raising of the already high standard of Vassar, cannot but bring new blessings and fresh laurels to her in time.

Within the next few weeks there will be a great many visitors at the College, and most of them will make the tour

of the grounds and the various buildings with their student friends. It is to the advantage of the College, as well as for the pleasure of the guests, that this tour be as interesting as possible ; yet many of us lack the power to make it so because we have had little opportunity to learn the real value of the various collections which we show to our friends. Few of us know what books in the library, pictures in the art gallery, or specimens in the cabinets, are rare or in any way of special interest or value. In short, we have not the knowledge which will make dull collections interesting, and which will show our College to strangers in the best light. It is hardly possible to gain much of this information except from those who have charge of the different departments and they have little time to devote to those who do not come under their instruction. We sincerely wish that some plan might be devised by which we might learn to appreciate more fully the unusually great advantages which the College offers to us in these directions.

HOME MATTERS.

Mrs. A. S. Quinton of the Women's National Indian Association, addressed the Young Women's Christian Association at its regular monthly meeting, March 13. She spoke first of the territory which the Indians occupy, of the differences in the degree of their civilization in different parts of the country, and of their treatment by the national government. She then told us more especially about the condition of the Indian women, whose degradation is great, but whose feelings and aspirations really do not differ greatly from those of their white sisters. The association which Mrs. Quinton represents is doing much good work at home and among the Indians themselves. It confines its

missionary work to those fields where nothing has been done by other societies. It has many flourishing branches which aid in the work of circulating knowledge on this subject arousing interest in it, and trying to bring about legislation which shall be favorable to the Indians.

The third Philaethean play was given in the Lyceum, Saturday evening, March 19th. The play was "The Rivals," by Sheridan, and though familiar to many, was none the less interesting. Soon after the distribution of the unusually pretty programmes, we listened to the overture, by the orchestra, a delightful innovation in our modest theatre. When we saw Miss Hoy's name in the cast, as Mrs. Malaprop, we confidently expected a treat, and we were not disappointed. She bore off the palm of the evening, and proved herself as successful in a comic part as in the tragic one which she took two years ago. Miss Lorenz, as Bob Acres, was capital, especially when trying so carefully to preserve her honor. Miss Paterson has proved her ability to take widely different parts upon the Vassar stage with almost equal success. Miss Field gave an extremely good impersonation of Sir Anthony Absolute. Miss Skinner made a fine appearance as Captain Absolute, which however hardly made up for the too evident lack of familiarity with her part. The minor characters were almost without exception well taken, especially those by Miss Harris and Miss Boss. Much praise is due the committee for the successful presentation of a play which was in some respects unusually difficult.

The last two of the course of lectures by Professor Lanciani of Rome were given March 21st and 22nd, upon

2. "Thou Everywhere," (with Piano and Violoncello
accompaniment). - - - - - *Lachner.*
MISS WARD.
 3. Spinning Song, for Violin and Piano, - - - *G. Holländer.*
MISS CLEVELAND and MR. DANNREUTHER.
 4. Largo, for Violoncello and Piano, - - - - *Händel.*
MISS PATTERSON and MR. HARTDEGEN.
 5. Romanze from Suite, for Violin and Piano, - - - *Ries.*
MISS SKINNER and MR. DANNREUTHER.
 6. "But the Lord is Mindful," Arioso from St. Paul, - *Mendelssohn.*
MISS PROCTOR.
 7. Sonata, for Violin and Piano, - - - - - *Händel.*
Andante, Allegro, Adagio, Allegretto Moderato.
MISS LORENZ and MR. DANNREUTHER.
 8. Sonata, for Violoncello and Piano, - - - - *Mendelssohn.*
Allegro assai Vivace, First Movement.
MISS BURTIS and MR. HARTDEGEN.
 9. Trio, C Minor, op. 1, - - - - - *Beethoven.*
Allegro con brio, Andante cantabile con variazioni,
Menuetto, Finale.
MISS BREWSTER, Piano.
MR. DANNREUTHER and MR. HARTDEGEN.
-

Professor Alexander Johnston, of Princeton College, gave us this month a series of six very instructive lectures upon American History. The course was especially valuable because the subject is often so greatly neglected by educated young men and women. The fact that so large a number of students attended all the lectures, though they came at an unusually busy time of the year, is sufficient proof of the interest in his subject which Professor Johnston aroused. He followed the development of our nation in a way which clearly showed us the true philosophical relation of the events which we have hitherto studied in books more like mere chronicles than histories. The printed analyses of his

lectures and the references given were a great convenience to us during the course and will be valuable for future study.



COLLEGE NOTES.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who was at the time the guest of Professor Mitchell, read a most delightful paper on "Dante and Beatrice," in the Chapel Friday evening, March 11. It was the same paper as the one prepared and read by Mrs. Howe before the Concord School of Philosophy.

Dr. King of Albany conducted Chapel services, March 13.

Inquiring Freshman: "Is the biceps a figure used in Geometry?"

Dr. Taylor addressed "T and M" March 11, on "The Optimist's View of America."

Professor Johnston's lectures were very largely attended throughout the course.

Miss Hubbard gave a delightful organ recital March 13.

Professor Drennan completed his course of Shakespeare lectures with "Macbeth."

One of the students was heard to remark last week that "all she heard now was crickets and curriculum."

Dr. Ecob of Albany preached Sunday Morning, March 27.

The surprise and delight manifested by the students, when Dr. Taylor announced that the Faculty had decided to lengthen the Easter recess two days, can be better imagined than described.

We wish to congratulate the Western Alumnæ on the gratifying response which her scholarship offer has received. The large number of candidates, who have already applied for permission to take the examinations, proves that the Association, by its generous gift, has supplied a long felt want.

Class in Geology.

Professor—"Miss Y. what occurs after fossilization?"

Miss Y.—"Well—er—why! all organic life ceases."

Professor—"O! yes, Miss Y., yes, we will admit they are all dead."

Sensation.

The following is a list of the members of the class of '87, whose average for the four years has been above the standard recently adopted, and who have therefore received "honorable mention":

MISS BERRY,
MISS BUTCHER,
MISS BOWEN,
MISS CRITCHLEY,
MISS A. K. GREEN,
MISS E. C. GREENE,
MISS HALLIDAY,
MISS HARKNESS,
MISS SWEET,

MISS JONES,
MISS LEARNED,
MISS MAURY,
MISS PALMER,
MISS PRATT,
MISS SHAUL,
MISS SHELDON,
MISS SMITH,
MISS WILSON.

The Commencement appointments are :

MISS BERRY,	MISS PALMER,
MISS A. K. GREEN,	MISS SHELDON,
MISS E. C. GREENE,	MISS SMITH,
MISS MAURY.	

The appointments for Class Day are :

Historian—MISS SWEET.
Prophet—MISS JENCKES.
Chapel Orator—MISS BUTCHER.
Tree Orator—MISS CANFIELD.
Poet—MISS HOY.
Marshal—MISS VANCE.

Miss Rich has been chosen by the class of '88 for Spade Orator on Class Day.

It rather detracted from the pathos of the scene when a Freshman rendered the passage, "*Und nahe war mir das Weinen,*" "and near me stood the wine."

The Easter music rendered by Miss Hubbard and the choir on Sunday evening, April 3, was especially fine. These "home" concerts and recitals are always enjoyable and the large audiences prove that they are appreciated.

The Chapel services of April 4, were conducted in the morning by Dr. Leavitt.

One of the students who had evidently not quite grasped the situation, was overheard to remark while looking over the new curriculum, "Well! with all these studies added, we shall probably have to graduate in the future with 'Conditioned' on our diplomas."

Professor Van Ingen addressed the Art Club, March 19, on the subject of "True Criticism in Art."

An unusually large number of students remained at the College during the Easter vacation.

Dr. Elmendorf, of Harlem, conducted the morning Chapel services, March 20.



PERSONALS.

[Any communications concerning former students will be gratefully received by the Personal Editor.]

'71.

Miss Elizabeth R. Coffin has a charming picture, "The Window Toward the Sea," in the present exhibition of the Academy of Design.

'73.

Mrs. Backus, now President of the Inter-Collegiate Alumnae Association, recently read a paper before that body on "The Influence of Higher Education on Philanthropy."

'75.

Mrs. Barton-Perry has a school for boys in Germantown, Pa. Miss Mary Ricker of '81, is one of her assistants.

'76.

Miss Mary Jordan has been delivering addresses this winter in the vicinity of Northampton, on the subject of working women and their wages.

'77.

Married, at Penn Yan, N. Y., April 5, 1887, Miss Sarah F. Sheppard to Mr. Hatley Kendig Armstrong.

'78.

Miss Helen Thompson is one of the ladies in charge of the boarding school formerly Miss Burnham's, in Northampton.

'79.

Miss Emma Perkins recently delivered a lecture in Cleveland, O., on "The Augustan Era."

'81.

Miss Frances M. Abbott was recently appointed as one of the Board of Examiners who conducted the competitive examinations for West Point in the Second New Hampshire District.

'82.

Miss E. C. Semple is teaching at Miss Peers' school in Louisville, Ky.

Miss Mary R. Sanford is making a tour of the South.

'83.

Miss Rose Baldwin is teaching English at Miss Peers' school in Louisville, Ky.

Miss Mary Sherwood is spending her Easter vacation in Munich.

'85.

Miss Betty Woods is teaching at the Mount Vernon Institute in Baltimore, Md.

'86.

Miss Hayman of the School of Music, is teaching at De-Garmo Institute, in Rhinebeck.

Miss Eleanor Ferris has been in Chicago, the guest of Miss Witkowsky.

Frau Kapp, who has charge of the German at Smith College, and Miss Longwell and Miss Watson from the English Department, were the guests of the College last week.

Mrs. Emma Colby Smith, '69, Miss Ada Thurston, '80, Miss Slee, '83, Miss Reed and Miss Adams, '86, Miss Nichols, '79, Miss Crossley, Miss Putnam, Miss Greene, Miss Kennedy, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and Miss Scudder, have visited the College during the past month.

ALUMNÆ CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, April 8, 1887.

DEAR MISCELLANY:—

The March meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, (will some one kindly suggest a pleasing abbreviation for that name ?) was held at Columbia College on the nineteenth, and was fully attended. Mrs. Backus, '73, read a very able paper concerning the "Need and opportunity for College trained women in philanthropic work." After an appreciative glance at Paula of Rome, Elizabeth of Hungary, and Elizabeth Fry, who yet worked for the day only, with no thought of economic laws, Mrs. Backus referred to the perplexities of the educated women of to-day, who wish for *method* in philanthropy, and find themselves at heavy odds through faults of both work and workers. The young graduate, full of enthusiasm, finds herself at the end of each season more appalled by the work to be done,

and so runs the risk of neglecting her own affairs and incurring the criticism of lack of balanced judgment. She must be able to say "No" if she wishes her "Yes" to have any force. The speaker held that every woman should choose her special form of charitable work with care. The teacher should not take a class in a mission school, but may influence the home life of her pupils, perhaps; the house-keeper who must economize, need not give, but may teach the servants. Too many women think that true philanthropy consists in sowing on the stony ground of sickness and crime, instead of on the hopeful soil where prevention, not relief, is wanted. Mrs. Backus referred to the many forms of work in which women are now engaged, and which are not sentimental, but purely practical,—The Sanitary Science Clubs, the Cooking Schools, the Health Protective Associations, and others, and the paper closed with an encouraging showing of how far the hopeful aspects of the work of College-bred women in philanthropy, exceed the dismal outlooks.

Miss Brace, '72, read a report of the Sanitary Science Club, presented by Miss Talbot of Boston; and Miss Prudden, '75, read the report of the Boston Cooking School, written by Miss Cushing, '74. It was very interesting and its statistics were most encouraging, for we learned that the average total expense for each pupil was only 33½ cents for twenty lessons—lessons that educated the faculties by cooking, rather than made cooks.

The discussion that followed was opened by Mrs. North, of Wellesley; Mrs. Allen, '74, spoke of work with the poor mothers and children in Brooklyn; Dr. McNutt told of the establishment of the Baby's Ward in East 20th street, and surprised us by the figures, showing that while one fourth of the yearly deaths in New York is of children less than a year old, only 250 of the 10,000 free hospital beds are for

babies. Dr. Mosher spoke of her work in the Woman's Reformatory at Sherburne, a pioneer institution of its kind, through whose influence crime has materially lessened among women in Massachusetts. Mrs. Florence Kelly Wischnevizki, who has just returned from Germany, spoke of her special studies there upon subjects of social economy, and the discussion was only closed by the inexorable hands of the clock, which at five o'clock adjourned the meeting.

Last week Mrs. Champney, '69, gave a reception to Mrs. Lillie Chase-Wyman, whose collection of short stories called "Poverty Grass" is the outgrowth of the true stories which have come under her notice in her philanthropic work among the poor people of the mill village where she has always lived and where her family are the mill owners. The MISCELLANY readers know of her book through the wide spread praise of the critics, and have doubtless read it as well, so they can appreciate the pleasure it was to meet its author in Mrs. Champney's artistic rooms; and to meet, with her, most of the prominent people of literary and artistic New York—the people whom Mrs. Champney and her husband naturally draw about them. If I had space to give a list of the names of the guests, those names which everyone recognizes would far outnumber the others—but space forbids. I may only mention that as Mr. Champney had a recently finished portrait of Wm. E. Dodge upon his easel many of the family and friends took the occasion of the reception to congratulate its artist; and that Mr. Bagby, the author, and a pupil of Liszt's, was kind enough to play and to charm us, his hearers.

A delightful luncheon was given recently by Miss Palmer, '79, of Brooklyn, to the out-going Executive Committee of the Vassar Alumnæ, where Vassar and "ways and means" were, of course, the topic of the day. Miss

Poppleton '76 and Miss Bernard '78 are in town this week. Miss Cecil has gone abroad, and Miss Darling '81 expects soon to go. President Taylor has been visiting the private schools of Brooklyn lately, and in every way displaying an active interest and enterprise in the matter of reaching the public. The Alumnæ certainly have every reason to thank him for his efforts, and to appreciate his success.

MARY W. CLARKE, '78.

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EXCHANGE NOTES.

The *Hesperian* for March 15, contains a review of "She." The estimate of the novel is just and the literary merit of the article worthy of mention.

Yale seems to hold the opinion of other colleges in regard to composite photography. The *Courant* for March 19, gives voice to the feeling of the college in a bright article. This new science has its advantages, no doubt, but it can never produce a substitute for the class album. We do not want to search for the personal identity of a friend, now thinking we have caught the face, and now losing it in the chaos of a multitude of features. It is too suggestive of the troublesome little "amoeba" who is himself only until he comes upon a foreign substance, when he adapts himself to that and becomes something else. He never has any individuality by which we can recognize him. The April *Century* contains an excellent humorous poem on this subject, by Bessie Chandler.

The *Bates Student* has a good sketch of Wallenstein's life. It is concise and well written.

The *Butler Collegian* calls our attention to Professor Anderson's translation of Victor Hugo's "William Shakespeare."

We are impressed with an article in the *Adelphian* entitled "Missing Scenes." The style of "Judith Shakespeare" is admirably imitated, in the introduction. The "Missing Scenes" indicate a peculiar talent. They are clever, but not sufficiently so to prevent our detection of the fraud.

No one can fail to be interested in the chapters of "The Hundredth Man," in the April *Century*. The story is thoroughly original and so full of quiet humor and quaint expression that we are lenient toward possible improbabilities. Can one fancy a young lady so ready to enter into conversation with a comparatively strange young man of questionable social position, as Miss Stull was? How naïvely she accepts his attention and makes herself charming to him, never suspecting, apparently the "rush of delight to the head" which nearly over-powered John!

Gay is a sweet young girl whose freedom from self-consciousness is charming. The scenes between Mr. Stratford and Gay are very pretty.

Mrs. People reminds one strongly of Mrs. Gamp, in her rambling discourses. Her plans for Miss Matilda Stull and her honest John, are truly characteristic of a rustic mother.

The *Atlantic* for April contains the second chapter of Oliver Wendell Holmes' "One Hundred Days in Europe" and that is to say that the magazine is full of interest. Even those who have long loved Dr. Holmes and have learned to take his inimitable humor as a matter of course, marvel at the spicy sayings and fresh witticisms with which this account of travels is filled.

"Paul Patoff" breaks off at an intensely interesting point. For a time the story becomes secondary and the

author stops to give a deep and interesting dissertation upon insanity. Then the narrative is made more exciting by the further development of Paul's character and the striking circumstances under which Madame Patoff is once more introduced. The character sketches and interesting comments are sufficient in themselves to hold the reader's attention, without the development of plot which bids fair to become complicated.



The Nassar Miscellany.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

'88			'89
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MAY, 1887.

No. 8.

THE POET OF THE BIGLOW PAPERS.

If it be true that the most successful poet is he who can cause every chord of the human heart to vibrate in sympathy with his own, then no writer can lay a more just claim to the title than our recent minister to the English court, James Russell Lowell, and no literature can produce a poet more strikingly national.

We do not forget when we make this assertion, the clamor for his recall, which was raised a few years since on grounds of non-Americanism—but if anyone should ever tell you Mr. Lowell is not American, tell him to read the “Biglow Papers,” and then ask him if any other than a thorough American could have drawn such vivid pictures of pure downeast Yankeeism! Who but an American, fired with enthusiasm for the future of his country and

keenly alive to the dangers of the social maelstrom into which slavery was dragging it, could have made such powerful and noble utterances against bondage, every word freighted with patriotic love and zeal? He belonged to the very small class of those who dared to advocate the truth

“Ere her cause brought fame and profit,
And 'twas prosperous to be just.”

He stood up boldly against popular opinion and told men

“They were slaves who dared not be
In the right with two or three.”

But at the time these poems appeared, national life was too much excited to moralize, and recognizing that the people would not stop to listen to prose arguments, however sound, he adopted his clever poetical ruse, and commenced the work which will forever endear him to American hearts. For Lowell's cunningly-compounded, sugar-coated, literary pellets the people eagerly swallowed, and digested too. He had a purpose in view and from that purpose he never swerved.

His characters are few, only three, but admirably drawn. Hozea Biglow with his clear, shrewd Yankee sense, is now a thing of the past; but can you not imagine him, good-hearted, pious, honest-souled rustic, who would have haggled with you over a two pence worth on a trade, but who never turned the humblest of God's creatures from his doors? Can you not see the man who, when public life was at fever heat over the turn affairs were taking, and “War!” was the cry of the masses, *dared* to disagree, and tell plain truths in this manner:

“Ez fur war, I call it murder—
There ye hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no further
Than my Testyment fur that.

God hez sed so plump an' fairly,
Its ez long ez it is broad,
An' you've gut to get up airly,
Ef ye want to take in God.

Tain't your eppyletts an' feathers,
Makes the thing a grain mere right.
Ef you take a sword an' dror it
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment ain't to answer fur it,
God'll send the bill to you."

Our hero has been accused of irreverence in some of the passages just quoted, but to the careful reader such charges can but appear unjust and weak, for our simple, church-going, pious Hozea belongs to the class of those, "who do not put their Maker far away from them and interpret the fear of God into being afraid of Him." In this character the poet represents those genuine New Englanders in whose religion no altar was ever erected to a dim, and mysterious "unknown God," but in whose simple faith the Deity they worship is a personal Friend, and pitying Father whose name loses none of its reverence by being oft spoken. On the lips of such a man as Hozea, the above quoted words breathe as much true reverence as the low-whispered prayer of many an earth-bowed publican. In speaking of this in his preface, Mr. Lowell says, "When people stand in great dread of an invisible power, I suspect they mistake quite another personage for the Diety."

"Hear how he lays the facts before the people !
Wy its jest ez clear ez figgers,
Clear ez one an' one makes two,
Chaps thet makes black slaves o' niggers,
Wants to make wite slaves o' you."

What can be better illustrative of Yankee wit, shrewd sense, and patriotic ardor than the supposed conversation between Concord Bridge "representing the national wrath

and Bunker Hill 'Moniment,' the calm reason and wise policy" regarding the return of Mason and Slidell to the British ship "Trent" from which they had been taken by Captain Wilkes? To have kept them would only have been doing to England what she had done to us many times, and would do again if, as Hozea puts it,

"We war'nt *strong* enough to be perlite to."

Although it was a severe trial of pride to surrender our prisoners, it was undoubtedly the best policy, for England was thus compelled to yield her dearest point. The Bridge opens the conversation by saying:

"Wal neighbor wuts turned up thets new?
You're younger'n I be, nigher Boston tu;
An' down tu Boston ef you take their showin',
Wut they don't know aint hardly *wuth* the knowin'."

If an Englishman ever quotes with Burns

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us"

let him read the Biglow Papers, for therein "England's self-complacency has received some severe snubs," and in reading this "Yankee Idyl," one cannot but smile to think that the man who has told egotistical England some of the plainest truths about herself to which perhaps she has ever listened, should some twenty years later be the courted favorite in that same England. How, for instance, would our self-satisfied mother-land relish such plain talk as the following:

"Of all the sarse thet I can call to mind,
England *does* make the most onpleasant kind,
Its *you're* the sinners allers, *she's* the saint,
Wuts good's all English, all thet isn't ain't.
She's praised herself ontill she fairly thinks.
There aint no light in natur when she winks.
She *is* some punkins, thet I won't deny,
(Fer ain't she some related to you an' I?)
But I guess the Lord druv down creation's spiles,
'Thout no *gret* helplin' from the British Isles.

In many passages of this poem as in parts of his famous "Sunthin' in a Pastoral Line" the harsh abbreviated dialect fades almost to a shadow and when it is the expression of such swelling heart throbs as we feel it to be, we fail to hear the rasping consonants in which it abounds and are conscious only of the deep passionate feeling which they breathe.

If you wish to see how plain homely language can be glorified and made musical do not fail to read "Sunthin' in a Pastoral Line."

"The backwardness and coy coquetry of the New England Spring" are so charmingly represented you can fairly hear "the black birds clatterin' in the tall trees" and see

"The gray hoss-chestnut's leetle hands unfold,
Softer'n a baby's be at three days old."

and as you read you can almost smell the apple blossoms as we watch the "orchards turn to heaps o' rosy cloud," and your ears are fairly flooded with the "brook o' laughter" which the bobolink runs through the air. It is just like a breath of pure wholesome country air to read it! The blue sky is above you, the soft grass is under your feet and you instinctively throw back your shoulders, expand your chest and in fancy drink in great draughts of exhilarating air which sends the warm blood tingling through your veins. "Every line suggests a picture," and here Mr. Lowell has admirably shown his wonderful skill in using just the right word to convey the thought he wishes. As you read you find such quaintly expressed bits of philosophy as this :

"Folks thets worked thorough's the ones thets thrive,
But bad work follers ye ez long ez you live ;
You can't get red on't, jest ez sure ez sin,
Its allers askin' to be done agin."

The temptation to quote is strong. "We all have a smack of the Jack Horner element in us," and our literary plum-pudding is so full of rich toothsome plums we are at a loss to decide which is the biggest and sweetest.

The Rev. Homer Wilbur, our next character, represents, says Mr. Lowell, "the more cautious elements of New England character and its pedantry." The elaborate prefaces which he writes to each of the effusions of his parishioners, Messrs. Biglow and Sawin, abound in literary and classical allusions, with innumerable ponderous Latin and Greek quotations and amidst this mass of antedeluvian dross we find golden nuggets of such pure, pious wisdom, such eloquent and stirring appeals, and such noble and lofty thought that we are amply repaid for wading through the first. We can forgive his Latinisms when we find such eloquent and firey flights as are contained in his remarks appended to "The Debate in the Sennit." His note on newspapers at the end of "The Pious Editor's Creed" is thoroughly fascinating and full of brilliant imagery, and few things have ever been written more heavily laden with great soul-swelling grief and pity for the condition of mankind in bondage than his introduction to Mr. Sawin's second letter. Parson Wilbur is so delightfully unconscious of his thorough appreciation of himself, and he has such a strong and lovable personality that we feel when his death is announced as if we had lost a real friend.

Our last character, "the clown of the puppet show," the the chronic sitter-on-the-fence, is Mr. Birdofredum Sawin ! With the very name does not a vision of a lean, lank, slipshod, ingenious down-east Yankee appear ? Determined to be on the winning side, at the first indications of victory for the South, he becomes a "Secéder," and he unblushingly details some of his experiences in the South, in his thoroughly amusing epistles to his friend Hozea. During

the Mexican War, he enlists in hope of winning immortal renown, and although he receives some rough treatment he bears up with commendable courage. He is thoroughly unprincipled, but so brim-full of quaint drollery, we half forgive him for that.

These "Papers" were written a long time ago and for a special purpose, but there are truths in them which it would be well for us to-day to read and consider. They fulfilled their mission grandly. Northerner and Southerner alike laughed at their shrewd "local hits" and dry humor; both friend and foe acknowledged their arguments sound. People who would not stop to moralize for themselves read the "Papers" and were compelled to admit the force of their reasonings. Their wit is never the bitter misanthropic kind that has stained some of the brightest pages of Pope.

The arrows go straight to the mark, but they are always tipped with good judgment with a desire to better that which they attack. The "Papers" contain that "indefinable something" too, which is marked as distinctively *American* humor, that element which makes our cousins across the water stand in half astonished awe of it. If you want pure, wholesome, pointed wit, combined with elevated poetical feeling and prompted by a zealous love for country and mankind in general, read the "Biglow Papers."

L. MINNA FERRELL, '89.

THE VALUE OF COLLEGE HONORS.

The world is always ready to acknowledge true excellence in word or deed. "It has not only a desire, but a passion for every spark of genius that shows itself among us." The brave soldier, the skillful artist finds that enthusiasm and

renown wait upon his work. The number of men who have brought beauty, happiness, or wisdom into the lives of their fellow-creatures and have died unnoticed and unrewarded, sinks into insignificance beside the legion who have been extolled for their noble deeds. In the field of learning the rewards for successful work are even greater than in other paths of life. As the influence of the man of letters is broader, so is the fame which he may acquire more lasting than that of the soldier or the artist.

Not only to her men of genius, however, is the world of letters most generous; even to the youngest of her children she offers rewards for tasks well done and inducements for further diligence. In schools where the mere elements of learning are taught, these rewards take the form of prizes and medals given to the brightest and most faithful children. Again in academies and in boarding schools prizes are an important feature, while in the college and the university commencement appointments, degrees and fellowships form a regular system of so-called honors. In the early days, when the more advanced schools were few, the system was a simple one; but now that so many colleges and universities are coming into existence, differing widely as they do in their standards and aims, the question as to the value of the honors given by them becomes a vexed one.

The fellowship, from its very nature no less than from the fact that only the oldest and most fully equipped institutions can bestow it, is perhaps the only college honor which is free from an ambiguous meaning. It is the highest and most helpful distinction. Its purpose is a beautiful one, for through it the Alma Mater continues her fostering care towards one who has shown himself worthy of her interest. By this means many a scholar is kept unhampered by the struggle for daily bread and is enabled to ex-

pend his energies upon that work toward which his inclination and his ability draw him.

Totally different from the fellowship is the degree. This is affected more than any other mark of honor by the standard of the college by which it is given; and for this reason, its value is decreasing every day. Several years ago the degree of A. B. meant that the bearer had honorably completed four years of study in the classics, the sciences, and the arts, and had enjoyed and improved liberal advantages for mental culture. To-day when so many small and insignificant institutions have it in their power to create a bachelor of arts, and when even our best colleges are at variance as to the amount of Greek, Mathematics, and English required to earn the degree, the meaning of the term becomes extremely doubtful. That it is necessary now to write A. B. (Harvard) and A.M. (Princeton) is significant; to know the real value of the degree, one must have the curriculum and the methods of work of the college or university before him. Even more hurtful than this want of agreement in the standard of colleges is the custom of bestowing complimentary degrees. If this continues, the degree promises to become not a certificate of knowledge acquired, but an indication of good feeling.

No honor is so ephemeral as the commencement appointment; but still it is an important acknowledgement of ability and industry. To the student it is a gratifying assurance that honest effort meets recognition, while to the home friends who have watched with interest the career of the college student, yet who still know so little of his life, its presence or absence often determines their opinion of the success or failure of his efforts.

As a stimulus the value of the commencement appointment is small. Indeed it would be well if it were never looked upon as such, for its influence, when so regarded, is

much more likely to be injurious than helpful. He who works for honors simply lowers the calling of a student. He may do apparently good work while the longed for goal is before him, but as soon as the course is finished and the desired end gained, a reaction will surely come and he will dislike the very knowledge for which he has been toiling. Moreover an honor, when looked at in this light, is too often only a premium on superficial work and on dishonesty; for as the appearance of wisdom rather than wisdom itself is the thing aimed at, the temptation to bring about this appearance in any possible way and to look only at the surface of things is irresistible. Perhaps the most worthy motive of him who cares for an honor simply as such, is the desire to please those dear to him; but even this has a taint of dishonesty—the wish to seem better than he is. As for the truly earnest worker, he does not need the stimulus of a possible honor to spur him on to effort.

It is true that college honors have a certain pecuniary value, slight to be sure, but still of some importance to those who intend to make teaching or literature their profession. There is no doubt that true worth will in time compel recognition whether adorned by a college honor or not, but when a man is entering upon active life, such a distinction is of service in attracting attention. It is a good letter of introduction.

The value of the college honor is then to be found in the gratification it affords to the friends of deserving students, in its indication of attainments, in its just recognition of good work and in the aid which it lends to the best student in after life. That this value depends on the maintenance of a fixed standard is clear. Since, then, as long as the least tinge of hero-worship lingers in mankind so long will there be the desire to distinguish excellence from mediocrity by some outward mark, and so long will the college

honor exist; it should therefore be the aim of every institution of learning to make these honors of as great value as possible, by preventing them from being regarded as a stimulus rather than as a reward, and by preserving as nearly as possible a high standard in accordance with which they are awarded.

THE OLD MAN'S SEARCH.

On a lonely road near a great swamp where bull-frogs peeped and croaked in the spring, a wooden house had stood deserted for three years. Strange stories were told by the neighboring country people about its former occupant, an old man who had lived in it a hermit life. He had come, as a boy, from no one knew where, taken up his abode in the little house and there stayed until his death. What he did from day to day was a question of much conjecture. The children were afraid of him. He seemed, in his walks about the country, to be always searching for something. Indeed, everyone asked, "What does the old man want?" Once or twice he had been seen through the window eagerly working upon something on a bare wooden table, and after his death a farmer boy found under a loose board in the floor a drawing of a man's head. Much time had evidently been spent on it, for the paper was yellow with age while some of the pencil marks were quite fresh.

And now, after three years, the lads driving cows home at night hurried by the lonely swamp, for they said that the old man had come back again, and that his wistful eyes watched them from all the windows of the house.

A new minister had just come to the little Baptist church in the village. His face haunted many of the people, so strangely familiar it was to them. The young clergyman

was fond of walking alone. One Saturday afternoon in midsummer he had been strolling through the fields as usual. The sun was just sinking in the west as he came upon the old deserted house. Even in the short time that he had been in the village, he had heard stories of the old man and his unknown longing. He pushed open the door and went in. The locusts in the trees by the swamp broke the perfect stillness of the afternoon. The minister stood on the very spot where the old man's table had been for years, and looked out of the window at the brilliant sunset colors in the sky. "And so this poor fellow," he said to himself, "could never find the one thing he wanted." Something brushed against the clergyman's back and he turned quickly around. A door behind him, at the foot of a narrow flight of stairs, had swung silently open, but he was not near enough for that to have touched him. "It must have been my imagination," he said, "but the wind could hardly have opened the door."

It was growing late and he left the house and turned homeward. His way lay partly through pine woods. As he entered a shady path he was troubled by the feeling that something was following him and coming nearer as the woods grew darker. He hurried on and at length reached home, but the strange presence was still with him. He passed a sleepless night, harassed by his unwelcome guest. The morning was little better. While the minister was sitting quietly alone his follower would seem to vanish, but no sooner did he move than it appeared again, torturing him by its vigilance. The days wore on, and the minister grew pale and haggard. What his visitor was, what it wanted, how he could free himself from it, he knew not. Meanwhile his congregation were more and more haunted by his face.

It was several weeks since the clergyman's visit to the old

man's house, when before dawn one Sunday morning, after a troubled night, he rose and, drawn by some irresistible impulse, made his way again to the deserted house. The gloom of the early morning depressed him, and never before had his strange follower seemed so real. He reached the old house and a second time went in. As he crossed the threshold something made him realize the purpose of his long persecution, and he fell back against the door.

Later in the morning the boy who had searched the deserted house after the old man's death passed by. The minister, ghastly white, came to the window and beckoned to him, uttering only the words, "He wants me." As he spoke the boy saw what it was that made his face so familiar. The minister was the exact likeness of the picture the old man had drawn.

The strange news soon spread to the village, but before anyone could reach the house the minister was gone, nor was he ever seen again, and from that day the old man's wistful eyes ceased to appear at the window. They had found what they wanted, but where was the minister?

EMILY E. MORRIS, '90.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

There are occasions in our lives when the slightest sounds in Nature seem to impress themselves on our minds so that on hearing that special sound again the scene is brought up vividly before us. I never hear the beat of the surf against a sea-wall that I am not immediately reminded of a scene which was at once picturesque, impressive and pitiful. It was during the month of September in one of our sea-board cities which was at that time being visited by frequent earthquake shocks.

One of the chief attractions of the city is the Battery, a park which is the favorite resort of the people in the warm summer afternoons. It's broad stone promenade along the water's edge is always crowded with pedestrians who from here are able to obtain a charming view of the neighboring islands and beyond an historic old fort of the glimmer of the Atlantic.

Here the terrified people rushed for safety after the first two or three shocks, and as they continued to occur at short intervals, the women and children could not be taken back to their homes. Tents were kindly lent by different states, and soon the Battery was one large camping ground.

Two ministers who were living down there held prayer meetings every evening. On the third evening after the first shocks I went down with some of my friends to attend these services. The two ministers stood together under a live-oak tree, one with a Bible, the other holding a lantern. Around them clustered the people. In the foreground were old ladies seated on chairs and benches provided for

them by their friends, next to these were young girls, children and men of all ages and conditions in life. The negroes held their prayer-meetings all over the city, but many of them thronged to this one on the Battery and their black frightened faces in the rear added to the picturesqueness of the scene ; while the tents standing out white in the moonlight with a lantern hanging from each door made a strange background for such a group.

While the gray-haired old minister read, every sound seemed to be hushed in the city save the twitter of a bird overhead in the trees or the distant barking of a dog. Still in all this quiet the dull thud of the sea and an occasional quiver of the earth reminded the worshippers of their peril.

I have heard grand music and eloquent preachers since then but nothing can ever make me feel as I did that night when I heard those faltering voices raised to Heaven in prayer and praise.



In the first quarter of this century, if we had entered any large library whose owner was an educated man, we should have found many of the books which are still to be found in every cultivated home. The classics, Greek and Roman, as well as the most famous English writers of Elizabeth's and Queen Anne's time, would have appeared. Spenser, Shakespeare, Lord Bacon, Milton, Dryden, Addison, Pope and Dr. Johnson, would not have been absent. But I think the most careful search would have failed to reveal a single novel, or if, perchance, one had found its way into that august company its resting place was probably in some dusty work. At the present day it would be a very incomplete English library which did not combine the works of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer and George Eliot. Have we degenerated since the days of our grandfathers? Have

we lost in solidity of thought and thoroughness of work? No liberal, thinking man would say that we had. And yet where one novel was read in 1830, hundreds and even thousands are read now.

One of the good results of novel-reading is apparent in the increased familiarity with noted places among people of all classes. The famous stories of the last forty years have opened a new world to the great mass of the reading public. Vivid pictures have appeared of the state of society in foreign countries, of the work and sports of various classes of people, of the laws by which they are governed and the lands in which they live. An exquisite painting of Florence has been given by the author of "*Romola*" to thousands who would never have seen it as delineated by the pencil of an historian. The mention of Pompeii conveys to many to whom, before Bulwer wrote his graphic story, it was only a name, visions of a wonderful Roman city, of the lives of plebeians and patricians of eighteen hundred years ago, of a famous gladiatorial fight, and of mines rich in historical interest. In the romances of Sir Walter Scott one meets many of the most famous actors in the world's history. We enter into their daily lives, and while the unfolding narrative holds our interest, we unconsciously gain a knowledge of the customs and manners, the morals, the habits of thought of the times in which the scene of the story is laid. With interest awakened by a sense of personal acquaintance, we are led to desire a deeper knowledge of the historical character whose partly-fictitious story we have followed. Induced by this wish, we turn to history, and almost without effort, we gain in information and in literary taste.

Not only mental benefits but moral good is derived from the study of the characters of fiction. The very nature of fiction fits it to produce strong impressions not readily erased from the memory, and the story of a noble life may

have great influence in moulding the character of man. The purity and usefulness of Col. Newcome, the strength and bravery of his early manhood, his tenderness and unvarying kindness, and the pathetic patience of his old age form a character so full of manliness and simple, Christian beauty that it has been to many a reader an instigation to a brighter life, a life whose closing breath might be an "adsum."

From a woman's life is excluded the knowledge of many of the evils of the world, and the very ignorance resulting from her carefully guarded girlhood may expose her to many temptations and trials. Through novel-reading she will meet these evils and will be warned of their dangers. She will judge of the world and of the motives actuating human deeds with a greater breadth of view, and from the struggles and experiences accurately and vividly portrayed by the great novelists she may learn what her brothers acquire in their personal contact with the world.

In a recent number of the "Christian Union" is given an interesting account of the course of reading pursued from childhood by a cultivated woman. She read the famous books of all ages, but every novel was forbidden. When her school-life was finished she traveled abroad, and in her study of modern languages she read several novels, among them Madame de Staël's "Corinne" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in French. But not until she was married did she taste fully the delights of an acquaintance with our great English novelists. With a mature mind she read widely, and her estimate of the plan of her early reading is valuable. She considers the exclusion of all fiction as unwise, and she thinks the best results will attend that course of reading which includes a moderate number of good novels.

The human heart is so keenly alive to the passions, the joys and the sorrows of its fellow-beings, that the story of

a life full of strength, of pathos, or even of evil, has a power of attraction which the most interesting questions concerning inanimate things do not possess. This is the reason that fiction pleases and that knowledge under the guise of a novel will reach the minds of many of those in whom science or philosophy would awaken no response.

It is an admitted fact that what best pleases the mind will longest be retained. The strong passages of a favorite novel remain with us long after a deep philosophical treatise has been forgotten. In like manner many happy phrases, many well-chosen words are retained in the memory, and thus an enlarged and improved vocabulary is gained. Some of the purest English is found in our great works of fiction, and there is often apparent in a novel reader a terse, expressive style, happy figures, and a clever, bright manner.

Many uneventful scenes in history, many acts apparently without force or aim have far outweighed in their influence upon human affairs prominent and startling deeds. Similarly the creations of Thackeray and his fellow-novelists broaden the culture and enlarge the mental horizon of many a man and woman in whose life Freeman and Froude have never entered, and the noble aims of the great novelists are gradually and surely approaching their perfect accomplishment.

Did it ever occur to you that one of the best places in which to study human nature is a packet boat? But perhaps you have never seen one, and it is not impossible that you may not even know what it is like. It is a small, low pitched, one-story boat, drawn by a mule, which goes at the rate of about four miles an hour. He goes on slowly and methodically, until the boat reaches a lock ; then he is freed while the boat goes in, and the water is pumped in, or drawn out,

according as the slope is upwards or downwards. Then the faithful mule takes his place once more and jogs on again. So much for the boat you say, but what of the human nature?

In the early summer of 1880, I received an urgent invitation from a friend to visit her in her country home, about sixty miles distant.

At first I was delighted with the prospect, and then I thought with dismay, "Sixteen hours on a stupid little packet! That is too much to endure." But after a little hesitation I decided to accept, and not many days after found myself stored away in the little box. At first I felt cross and lonely, and refused to be comforted. Then before I knew it, I was busily watching the motley crowd of passengers come in. It was not long before I heard a most painful creaking of boots, and turning to discover the owner of the articles in question, found myself face to face with a big burly farmer and his whole establishment.

They had evidently been to the city to get their summer supply. "Father," had not invested in the vanities of life beyond the aforesaid boots, and a big sun-hat. "Mother" was gayly decked in a new pink print, and a white straw bonnet trimmed with blue roses and green strings. "John"—the pride of the family—walked conscious of his greatness. He was new from top to toe. Don't think I am guessing either, for didn't his every movement show it? Wasn't he tying that new cravat, buttoning that new coat, trying on that new hat, and creaking those new boots every minute that I saw him? Then "Mary Anne," with her hair all crimped and curled and tied with gay red ribbon, her white dress all frilled and fur-belowed, and her gilt shoes, was the embodiment of felicity.

I found it so amusing to watch this group, to listen to "Johnnie," while he whispered in a very loud tone to

"Mary Anne," that "he'd be mighty glad to get home and take off them fine things, to set his foot on earth again, and not have it screwed up in leather," to hear Mary Anne reply with most becoming dignity that she would like to wear gilt boots and have her hair crimped always, to hear "Mother" tell them to hush, that "the lady was alooking at them and would think they wasn't used to nothing," to see "Father" roll over on the packet shelf or sofa, and soon to hear his most unearthly snoring, so that I almost forgot to notice the other passengers. But when "Father's" noise became so uproarious as to be unbearable, I moved down to the other end of the boat and continued my observations. There I saw two girls who were evidently traveling together—both pretty, or rather one pretty and the other beautiful, with a soul that shone through her eyes.

The pretty one was reading a novel, of course, the other was working with absorbed interest on some fancy work.

Across from them was an artist—I knew it by his face, by those searching eyes, and that eager, restless longing depicted in his countenance. His face was a study and as I watched him I saw that he in turn was watching the girl at her work ; at first as if his glance had chanced that way, then becoming braver and braver he bent his piercing eyes full upon her, and scanned her every moment with intensity of interest. Then I saw him take out from a port-folio a sketch-book, look-up to receive the impression, then put down a few hurried lines, and so he went on until the girl looked up. Then he slowly gathered up his sketches and went on deck. Later on the party adjourned to that place, and we found him there pacing up and down.

But when the beautiful girl appeared he stopped suddenly, then walked rapidly to a remote corner, but where he could command a full view of her face, and taking out his sketch-book resumed his work. Not until darkness had

set in did he lay the sketch aside, and then so longingly, as if cheated of a treasure.

At last we grew more sociable. The captain came on deck and told us some of his strange experiences—the old farmer, who had awaked, told us how it was with him before the war. That drew us nearer together and when he finished each had something to say—only the artist, who seemed to be stereotyping the girl's features on his memory, was silent.

About nine we retired below, and soon the gentle motion of the boat had rocked us to sleep.

When about seven the next morning, the little packet horn announced my destination, I was surprised to find how sorry I was to leave, how anxious to see if "Father" and "Mother" and "Mary" and "John" reached home safely, whether "John" wore his shoes from the station, whether "Mary Anne" surrendered her gilt boots without a struggle—but, most of all to see whether the artist finished his sketch.



Editors' Table.

Ruskin says that the sun might have dipped behind the hills, leaving no trace of its glory upon the evening sky, instead of painting it with myriads of pictures in colors and shades of marvelous beauty ; and that since this wonderful display has no practical use, it must be simply for man's delight. Does not a moment's thought suggest other things which exist merely for the sense of pleasure and exuberance of spirit which shall purify and elevate us ? It will be sufficient to speak of one of these sources of real and noble enjoyment, the singing of the birds. We do not need to go to distant hills and woods to hear this music ; the sweetest notes are sounded under our very windows every day. Does it not seem ungrateful to disregard them altogether ? Why not make the tedious hour of exercise a time for an intelligent awakening to the beauty of the bird-songs ? Would it not be a simple matter to notice the more common birds and then compare them with specimens in the museum and so learn their names ? This sounds like a new study, but it need not be irksome. Why walk with your eyes fixed on the ground ? To be sure, people have been known to find stray dimes on the pavement, but the chances of doing so are small. Even if one did, to gain a hundred dimes would not compensate for the loss of the choir of birds that sings the sweetest music in the world. And they may be our own, ours to know like friends, ours to love and enjoy, ours to make us look for and find all the other beauties of nature. Let us try watching them and learning something about them. After a week spent in ob-

serving the robins, sparrows, bluebirds and others so common about here, we shall be fascinated, and before we know it, we shall be creeping stealthily along some hidden path or crawling under thick under-brush, with the hope of catching a glimpse of some more timid creature whose habits are peculiar or whose note is strangely sweet.

There are two volumes in the Library that are not as well known as they deserve to be, and which will afford very interesting occupation for spare moments. These volumes are the two bulky scrap-books labeled "Annals of Vassar Collegeia", the "memorabil" of the College since its foundation. The first one, which was begun by Matthew Vassar himself, is devoted to newspaper clippings concerning the College. It is very interesting to note the change in the tone of these articles as the College gradually became an accomplished fact, and incidentally we find occasion to rejoice that the word "female" was left out of the corporate name of the College when we see a paragraph headed "A FEMALE UNION OF SCIENCE AND ART IN POUGH-KEEPSIE" !

In the other volume, where various programmes, circulars, and things of such a nature are preserved, our eye falls upon the germ of the "Manual," in which item number five is: "Gas to be turned off, (never blown out), at 10 P. M." We also experience a feeling of gratitude that we live in happier times than those in which the rising-bell was rung at six o'clock, the breakfast-bell at seven. There is the "Bill of Fare" of the Thanksgiving dinner in 1866, on which the "Fruits" are "apples, raisins, almonds, prunes." These extracts are only hints of what we may find. We recommend a personal inspection of these books, for we are sure that it will afford much pleasure.

The wisdom of the Lady Principal in putting into the hands of the Juniors the allotment of their rooms on the Senior corridor, is very much to be commended. Although none but Seniors can appreciate the keen disappointment resulting from the miscarriage of some favorite plan for the most pleasant of years, yet every one knows how necessarily in consequence arises the feeling that one has been ill-treated. We can easily realize the trying position of the one whose duty it is to assign the rooms in struggling against such a feeling, and even while the success of the system pursued this year was as yet unproven, we could see its wisdom. The adjustment by the class acting as committee of the whole has proven in every way satisfactory ; at least it has clearly shown the vast difference between groaning over hard luck, and complaining of hard treatment. Unfortunately the allotment of the Senior apartments is only the introduction to a more universal disturbance, extending from Junior to Freshman. With every year the demand for single rooms increases, while their number proportionally diminishes. This, then, seems to be the appropriate time to sigh for dormitories composed exclusively of single rooms, and to originate plausible plans for supplying everyone according to her wishes. Having reached a point where the necessity of more ample accommodation is no longer a question of the future, we may indulge ourselves with speculations as to the probable course which will be pursued. The plan of buying one's room on entering College, and retaining it until the end of the course, has obviously its disadvantages, and would, perhaps, be particularly unfeasible here. Other plans seen equally impracticable, and doubtless we shall retain our old system to the end of time, and go on suffering our usual disturbance with the return of every spring.

One of the chief aims of college training is to inculcate and foster principles which will broaden and elevate that lasting element of each student's personality—character; and just so far as a student resists the influences of her college life which tend to do this, just so far she defeats the real purpose of her education.

There are certain occasions in our every-day experience, in which the lack of principle comes prominently before us, and while we do not wish to scold, we do most earnestly wish to call attention to some of them. Not infrequently it happens, that a member of the Floral Society, after expending time and care on the little plot of ground in the gardens, which by the rules of the Society, is her own property for the year, has gone out some fine morning, only to find her bed completely rifled. The flowers which she had been so carefully watching as they unfolded day by day, and which ought to have been hers, have been appropriated by some one else who in all probability is not even a member of the Society. Then again on the tennis grounds, this same lack of principle appears, for often members of the club, going to play at a time when many of the courts are taken, are deprived of their game because some of the players have appropriated more than their share of the balls. It may seem a trifling matter perhaps, to take a few flowers from a bed which belongs to some one else, or to take half a dozen extra balls, so that we may carelessly toss them out of easy reach and without stopping to search for them, and still have enough to go on with the game; but it is the principle or rather the lack of principle involved, with which we find fault.

Our tennis grounds are sufficiently well equipped, if we will only be fair and honest, and under the management of the Floral Society, to which all are eligible, not only are general beds provided but also individual plots, for all

who desire them, and the utter disregard for the rights of others which these acts show certainly deserves censure. It is the working of this same spirit which so generously decorates our chapel gallery, several hours before the entertainment on concert nights, and thus banishes those who scorn such methods and who go a respectable length of time before the hour announced to undesirable back seats. No doubt many of these little acts arise from pure thoughtlessness, but where not only our own characters, but also the rights of others are involved should we plead such an excuse?

Among the many changes which the new curriculum will bring to us is one in the English department: a change which by this time has probably been noticed by those who are concerned. Compulsory Junior essays are a thing of the past, so that the Sophomores have the delicious satisfaction of knowing that their fifth essay is the last one they will be required to write during their college course or rather their last essay to be submitted to the essay critic. To be sure, the students who elect rhetoric will write the usual number of essays, but it is quite likely that these written in connection with a certain study will not be suitable for publication. The work done heretofore by the students in the third year has been by far the most complete in style and thought and now we are to be deprived of our most abundant supply. We therefore wish to impress it upon the students, *all* the students, that voluntary contributions to our columns will be more welcome than ever before. As to future Juniors, we do not see what they are going to do with all their extra time on Saturdays. If ever in the future any of you have an inspiration, we beg of you, let not the inspiring mood pass; remember us, nay, remember

humanity, to which you owe your best and highest thoughts. We will read and consider anything in the way of prose or verse. What a field there is open to you! On the one hand essays metaphysical, scientific, critical, historical, argumentative, or on the other hand poetry ranging from the epic to the love sonnet. But "every cloud has a silver lining" and the "silver lining" of our cloud will be a box outside of Room N. filled to the brim with voluntary contributions.

HOME MATTERS.

The April meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association was held in the Chapel, Sunday evening, April 3. The Association was addressed by the Rev. Henry O. Dwight of Constantinople. The speaker described the work in Turkey in its religious, educational, political, and social aspects, and one could hardly help thinking what a wide scope is afforded in such work for the most varied talents, and the most extensive knowledge. What a rich field there is for a linguist, when the Turkish language is written in Greek, Turkish, and Armenian letters, and where the Jews speak Spanish, and write it in Hebrew letters! Beside that principal part of the mission work which is strickly religious and educational, the missionaries are able to exert great influence through their press. For they not only print bibles, commentaries, dictionaries, and text books of various kinds, but they publish at least two newspapers, a weekly one for the family, and a monthly one for children. The weekly paper, which has its secular as well as its religious department, is considered the best political paper in Turkey, and is often taken for the sake of its political news by those who are hostile to the Christian religion. The missionaries exert much indirect influence in

social life, and are almost the sole helpers and advisers for all classes and on all occasions. They are those "pestiverous people who can neither be bullied nor bribed," and their word can be trusted. Although much opposition to Christian work exists and occasionally becomes open and violent, yet there is progress, and the safety of the Turkish nation lies really in the success of its missions.

The twenty-second celebration of Founder's Day took place Friday, April 29. There were several new features this year that made the occasion especially noteworthy. The combination of a literary entertainment with a reception which has been customary in the evening of both Philalethean and Founder's Day has proved in some respects rather unsatisfactory, and this time the plan was tried of separating the two and having the literary exercises in the afternoon. This arrangement had many advantages, for beside making possible a more satisfactory address and a more attentive audience, it gave us much more time to enjoy the company of our guests in the evening. It had the disadvantage however of compelling many of the guests to come out twice from town.

After the song by the Glee Club, the address of the day was given by the Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, of New York, on "Democracy and Culture," and was listened to with great interest. It is said to have been the finest address ever given here on such an occasion. Dr. Van Dyke said that true culture was neither utilitarian nor "decorative," and made a strong plea for the necessity of a broad liberal education above and outside of the technical training necessary for some special pursuit. He maintained that to learn "to see, to read, and to think" was the most important part of a true education.

The evening reception was largely attended and was in every way a success, the new supper arrangements doing away with the somewhat awkward pause which we have been wont to feel after the collation. The farewell song of the Glee Club came all too soon to remind us that another Founder's Day was over.

The lecture given by Miss Hinkel in Chapel, May 3, on "The Nibelungen-Lied" more than satisfied a long felt desire to hear something definite concerning that favorite German Epic. Beginning with the youth of Siegfried, Miss Hinkel gave a clear, comprehensive outline of the story, dwelling particularly on the working of those tragic forces which culminated in the massacre of the Burgundians, and occasionally varying the prose interpretation by quaint quotations from the poem. Miss Hinkel's sympathies were with her subject and she presented with earnest feeling the strongly contrasted lights and shadows of the poem.

In her closing remarks, Miss Hinkel touched on the mythic and ethical bearing of the story, showing how the poem illustrated the simple, overflowing hospitality of the primitive Germans, the singular blending of Christian and pagan customs, the pagan conception of friendship, avenging a friend's injury as one's own, even though it led to the death of all concerned, which struck us as not being so *very* reprehensible in the pagan. We were heathen enough to admire Hagan's death-braving fidelity. We shall ever feel indebted to Miss Hinkel for giving us the cause of Brunehild's personal animosity towards Siegfried. We had always thought there must be some reason other than that assigned in the poem. In the Icelandic Edda, Siegfried had loved Brunhild and had afterward transferred his affections to Kriemhild, an injury which Brunhild never for-

gave. This was, of course, the work of destiny ; Siegfried (the Sun) could not, from the nature of things, remain with Brunhild (the Dawn), but must ever hurry on, willing or no, to join the car of Kriemhild (the Noon).

In the original Norse, the myth was supposed to represent the struggle always going on between the genial radiance of Summer and the gloomy forces of Winter.

The third of the Students' Concerts was given in the Chapel, on the evening of May 6. The May concert is peculiarly the students' own, for usually many of them make then their first appearance in the Chapel, and they are assisted by no one outside of the College. This occasion was no exception, and among the performers were numerous *débutants*. Of these the vocalists were Misses Senger, Hoy, Wheeler and Starkweather, and the pianists, Misses Sebring Putman, Pocock, Brown, Burgess, Galloway and Wickes. The playing was good, and showed evident marks of careful practice.

Miss Putman rendered very well a brilliant, dashing Tarantelle of Schumann's, which was favorably received. The opening of Schubert's "Die Forelle" by Miss Pocock was effective, and the melody in the left hand was well brought out. Miss Galloway played Chopin's "Fantasie Impromptu," contrary to the announcement on the programme. She has a pretty touch, and gave much expression, though perhaps certain passages were lacking in fire and force. Miss Rich has a charming touch, and rendered Schubert's Serenade from Shakespeare very gracefully. Moszkowsky's "Moment Musical" is a beautiful thing and Miss Wickes in some places produced a good effect. Our love for the Beethoven Sonata, April 13, makes us al-

ways very partial to it, but we think we are not prejudiced when we praise Miss Capron's performance. When the first chord was struck, every one felt that Miss Capron was equal to her undertaking; the runs were wonderfully smooth and well rendered. None too often do we hear a Beethoven Sonata well worked up. Miss Marshall gave a pretty "Schlummerlied." The organ pieces were both well played and afforded a decided contrast, the Andante opening with a soft staccato movement, while the Sonata opened with a choral. Miss Wheeler gave a "Slumber Song" from Randegger smoothly and with expression. Miss Starkweather, who has a sweet voice, sang the "Dedication" from Franz.

The programme, though long, was a varied and, on the whole, an enjoyable one.

The thanks of the Young Women's Christian Association are due to Miss Butler of Yonkers, a former student of the College, for the delightful talk which she gave us Thursday evening, May 5, upon Working Girls' Clubs. After speaking of the different kinds of societies which have been formed here and in England with the purpose of making the lives of self-supporting women pleasanter, Miss Butler gave us some account of the origin and growth of the work among the factory girls in Yonkers. One of the great needs of working-women is good literature to supplant the vile trash that so many of them eagerly read, and out of the effort to supply this need grew a very successful free circulating library. From this library work sprang that of the Library Association, which has provided its members with an opportunity of joining classes in choral singing, embroidery, dressmaking, etc., and of learning

something of domestic economy and hygiene, besides affording much social enjoyment. Proof of their appreciation of the benefits which have come to them has been shown by the fact that some of them have formed Lend-a-hand Clubs, to aid in turn those less fortunate than themselves. The plan of helping the girls to provide their own entertainments has been found to arouse much more interest and to be altogether more satisfactory than that of providing all their amusements for them.

Such work among self-supporting girls and women will be likely to engage the efforts of some of us, after we leave College, and we shall not forget the inspiration and practical help which we gained from Miss Butler's pleasant talk.

The closing weeks of the term always bring sad thoughts ; but this year the sorrow caused by the thought of ordinary partings is deepened by the shadow of final parting that has fallen on the College. The accident of April 10 deprived the Senior Class of one of its members and temporarily divided them from another, at a time when all felt the need of standing hand in hand until the last. Our graduation day will be a sad and, at the same time, a thankful one. We shall think with deep regret of the warm, generous heart of her who will not be with us again on earth, always ready to do for Class or Chapter some quiet helpful service. We shall think of the other friend, whom we hope to greet among our number soon—think of her with disappointment at her absence, with joy in her progress toward recovery, with pride in the noble fortitude with which she has made her College course complete.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Most of the Students returned promptly after the Easter recess, and were ready to begin work, April 15th.

Dr. Strong, of Rochester, conducted the morning chapel services, April 17.

At her recent Centennial Celebration Columbia College conferred the degree of LL. D. on Professor Mitchell.

Dr. Ritter will deliver a lecture at the First Baptist Church in Poughkeepsie, on Friday evening, May 20, subject: "The Protestant Hymn-Tune." The lecture will have musical illustrations by the Vassar College Chapel Choir. The proceeds of the entertainment will be given to the new Gymnasium Fund.

The prize recently offered by Lippincott's Magazine for the best article on "Social Life at Vassar" was awarded Miss L. R. Smith, '87.

Rev. Dr. Greer of Grace Church, Providence, R. I. delivered a stirring sermon in the Chapel, Sunday morning, April 24.

Professor Corson of Cornell University gave us a delightful evening of Browning reading, April 25. The wealth of meaning which Professor Corson drew from the selections by his sympathetic and expressive rendition, not only increased the enthusiasm in the ranks of Mr. Browning's admirers here, but awakened an interest and admiration among many who have here-to-fore been, if not ignorant of, yet indifferent to, the great poet.

On a botanical expedition.

First Freshman—Why are we like Dante's spirit in the

“Purgatorio”?

Second F. (after several minutes deep thought)—“Give it up.”

First F. (triumphantly)—“Because we wander in *fern* (al) regions.”

No sound breaks the woodland stillness save the crash of a botany box and trowel as they fall from the nerveless hands of a swooning Botanist.

Professor Van Ingen gave a most enjoyable and interesting lecture on “Art in the Netherlands” in the Chapel, April 27. The lecture was illustrated with stereopticon *fac-similies* of the more famous pictures by the representative painters.

Dr. Taylor delivered a short and informal address before the Dutchess County Teacher's Association, April 27. About two hundred of the members visited the College, April 28.

Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell and Brown were well represented on Founder's Day.

Dr. Kendrick conducted morning services in the Chapel, May 1.

Polycrates, the ancient tyrant of Samos, would certainly have writhed in his grave, could he have heard Schiller's line relating to him,

“*Er stand auf seines Daches Zinnen,*”

as it was recently rendered, “He stood on his *tin roof*.”

And it must be confessed that “the battlements of his castle,” has a somewhat more romantic and poetical savor, than our modern and prosaic “tin roof.”

The valuable addition to our Conservatory, consisting of over two hundred plants, was received a few weeks since from the United States Botanical and Agricultural Gardens at Washington, D. C. Thanks are due to the Hon. John H. Ketcham, for those received from the Botanical Department.

A large and appreciative audience listened to Miss Hinkel's charming and instructive lecture on the "Nibelungen Lied," delivered in the Chapel, May 3.

The Association of Collegiate Alumnae will hold its next meeting at the College, May 27.

The first Shakespeare prize for 1886-87 was given to Miss Cornelia Atwood Pratt; the second to Miss Laura Charlotte Sheldon.

The enthusiastic and substantial response which met Miss Healy's solicitation in behalf of the new Gymnasium Fund, is only another proof of the loyalty of Vassar's daughters. A considerable sum was immediately raised by the students, each of the two lower classes contributing over one hundred dollars. As all the Alumnae are heartily interested in this work and as the entire amount collected by Miss Healy is to be doubled by a gentleman interested in the project, we may reasonably hope to see our new Gymnasium a handsome reality within the next year.

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PERSONALS.

[Any communications concerning former students will be gratefully received by the Personal Editor.]

'76.

Miss Hersey will open a private school in Boston next fall.

'77.

Miss S. D. Watson is teaching at Packer Institute in Brooklyn.

'78.

Mrs. A. E. Pigeon-Searing read an original poem before "Sorosis" in New York, April 4.

Mrs. Harriet Ransom-Milinowski has sailed for America.

'80.

Miss McFadden is teaching at Miss Anna Brackett's school in New York.

Miss Carrie Dow will leave Springfield to teach at Miss Liggett's School in Detroit.

Miss Ada Thurston has just taken a degree at the Normal Training School in Physical Culture, in New York.

Miss Blanche Wentworth is teaching in Springfield, Mass.

Miss Kate Darling and Miss Grace Darling, formerly of '81, have left Munich for Rome.

Mrs. Banks-Gibson is living at the U. S. Military station at Alcatraz Island, Cal.

Born, in Leavenworth, Kansas, a son to Mrs. Aldrich-Blake.

'81.

Married, in Erie, Pa., April 21, Miss Annie Lowry Lyon to Dr. Stephen Crosby Martin of Boston.

Miss Francis M. Abbott has recently become proof reader and literary editor of the Concord *Daily Monitor*, William E. Chandler's paper.

A paper by Miss Abbott on "The Endowment and Needs of Women's Colleges" was read in Boston, April 23, before the Society for the University Education of Women.

'82

Miss Easton is teaching at DeLancey Place School in Philadelphia.

Miss Munro is teaching in Philadelphia.

'83.

Miss Gunninson is teaching at St. Catharine's Hall in Augusta, Me.

Married, at St. Augustine, Fla., April 19, Miss Lucy Street to Mr. Welles Wadsworth Cheney.

'84.

Miss Hussey is teaching at Ubet, Mont.

'85.

Married, in Cleveland, Ohio, April 19, Miss Elizabeth Deming to Mr. Alonzo Yates.

Miss Lillian Stevens has been visiting Miss Cook, at the College.

'86.

Miss Helen Reed is teaching at DeGarmo Institute in Rhinebeck, N. Y.

Died, April 16, at Asheville, N. C., Miss Helen Botsford.

'87.

Died at Pottsville, Pa., April 11, Miss Minnie Marple Keiter.

WHEREAS :—It has pleased our Heavenly Father in his infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our beloved classmate, Minnie Keiter, be it

Resolved, That we in the name of the class of '87 extend our sincere and heartfelt sympathy to her family and friends in their great affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the parents of the deceased, and published in the College paper.

CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT,	}	Committee.
LIDA HARKNESS,		
SARAH W. LEARNED.		

At a special meeting of Chapter Delta, held April 19th, 1887, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted :

WHEREAS :—A sad accident has recently removed from this chapter an acting Senior member, Miss Minnie Keiter, and

WHEREAS :—Her death has caused in Chapter Delta the deepest and most heartfelt sorrow, be it

Resolved, That Chapter Delta has suffered a loss which it may well greatly lament ; be it

Resolved, That the Chapter extend to the family of the deceased member its most earnest sympathies in their terrible bereavement : be it

Resolved, That, as a token of respect to Miss Keiter's memory, the literary meeting of April 22 be omitted ; and be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased ; be it also

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered in the minutes of the Chapter and published in the VASSAR MISCELLANY.

Miss M. L. Crumpton, formerly a student of the College recently graduated from the Homeopathic Medical College, New York City. Miss Crumpton responded to the toast "Our Class" at the class banquet.

Born, in Brooklyn, N. Y., April 27, a daughter to Mrs. Pratt-Babbett, formerly of '80.

The following alumnæ and friends have visited the College during the past month : Mrs. Emma Colby-Smith '69; Miss Mary Butler, '79; Miss Healy, '80; Miss Hodge, '81; Miss Bernard '83 ; Miss Jenckes, '85; Miss Reed, '86; Miss Iddings ; Miss Hattie Butler; Dr. and Mrs. Van Dyke; Dr. Mosher; Mrs. Macy and Professor Corson.

ALUMNÆ CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, May 7, 1887.

DEAR MISCELLANY :—

I had hoped to be able to tell you of the meeting of Collegiate Alumnæ at Washington last month, with its promised papers and social features, including an evening reception, a call upon Mrs. Cleveland, a lunch in the corridor of the National Museum, and an excursion to Mt. Vernon. But I have been unable to learn anything of how these plans were carried out, for very few of the New York Alumnæ were able to be present and I have not succeeded in hearing from them. The arrangements were certainly very promising and were doubtless successfully carried out. Nor have I been more fortunate in other ways in my capacity of newsgatherer. Nothing of any importance has reached my ears concerning our Alumnæ since I wrote you last, and it may at least be judged that they have been in no mischief, or we should have heard of it. "No news," if not "good news," is eminently respectable.

A letter from a friend in Omaha, not herself a Vassar girl, speaks enthusiastically of the interest shown in their Alma Mater by our Alumnæ there. Miss Poppleton, she says, conducted a weekly class in Shakspeare which was

delightful, and gave her receipts to the Vassar fund. More was raised by a bazaar held at her house and more yet as the proceeds of a lecture given by Dr. Talmage at the request of resident Alumnæ. It is said, also, that Miss Claire Rustin who has taught literature in the High School in Omaha for several years, has given her salary to the Vassar fund. Such enthusiasm and energy on the part of her daughters can scarcely fail to reflect credit on Vassar and secure confidence in her merits, so that she will gain doubly by their efforts. It is possible that here in the East we might well be inspired by the example set us in the West.

In my next letter I hope to tell you of the number of Vassar graduates who have successfully followed another line of work than that of teaching, who are successful writers. I find the list a longer one than I had supposed and while it may be far from complete, I shall make it as full as my means of information allow. Any suggestions, meantime, will be gratefully received.

MARY W. CLARKE, '78.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

So many of the college papers have contained allusions to "English as She is Taught" that it is unnecessary for the MISCELLANY to add any criticism upon the book itself. But we cannot help regretting that our aid was not solicited before the book was compiled. We should have offered the following composition which was the first production of a certain small boy in Vermont.

My subject is on pigs and their habits we raise a great many in a year .from 100 to 150 in number. pigs are a common noun third person. plural number. masculine and feminine genders. nominative case. Pigs are a quadriped which means a four footed animal although there are

exceptions to this rule .the atributes of pigs in my opinion rank as follows .Pigs do squeal .Pigs do eat .Pigs do grunt .Pigs do root .they like a clean trough and a dry bed .they are not admired for their social qualities I believe but are for the nice hams and spare ribs they afford .Pigs are fond of sour milk .meal and boiled potatoes. I don't suppose they would object to sweet milk I don't think they are fond of jewelry .but I have heard of pearls being cast before swine .I believe pigs are not fond of music but they were much sought for in old times by musician's children. for who has not read of Tom, Tom the Piper's son stole a pig and away he run. This closes my subject on Pigs.

We were interested in a phototype which came to us with *The Tech* of April 28. It represents the tug-of-war team which was victorious against Harvard.

After a tedious perusal of daily and weekly college papers, which leaves the mind with nothing but a confused idea as to some college or other winning in a boat-race, while some other one was hopelessly defeated in a ball-match, it is a real pleasure to take up such a magazine as the *Yale* or the *Williams Monthly*. No college seems to be as fortunate as Yale in its choice of subjects for the columns of its literary magazine.

"The Tragedy of Joseph" in the *Yale Courant* awakens tender memories of poor little Jo in "Bleak House,"—that is, it did at first, but a sudden turn of the writer's hand made us prey to as painful a deception as any advertisement cloaked in the garment of fiction. It does not seem quite respectful to the real little Jo's memory, but we must admit that "The Tragedy of Joseph" is extremely witty and amusing.

The Nassar Miscellany.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

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VOL. XVI.

JUNE, 1887.

No. 9.

SHAKESPEARE'S DELINEATION OF THE WORKINGS OF CONSCIENCE.

“ ‘A new commandment,’ said the smiling Muse,
‘I give my darling son, Thou shalt not preach ;’—
Luther, Fox, Behmen, Swedenborg, grew pale,
And, on the instant, rosier clouds upbore
Hafiz and Shakespeare with their shining choirs.”

The works of Shakespeare have furnished illustrations for many written and unwritten sermons ; his maxims are often carelessly interchanged with Bible texts ; and yet Shakespeare is no moralist. Many of his characters are eloquent in praise of virtue or yet more eloquent in virtuous deeds ; but he pictures saint and sinner with the same impartial, sympathetic insight. Desdemona is no dearer to us than Othello. We prefer Richard III, strong in his hypocrisy, to Henry IV, weak in his piety. Falstaff and

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his companions awaken aversion, but they are own children of the master's genius, no less than Hamlet. Shakespeare is more than preacher—he is creator; and in his cosmos good and evil dwell side by side. The attempt to separate these opposing forces and to determine what part of this manifold life is ruled by any one principle, seems, from an artistic point of view, as thankless as the analysis of the psychologist, who spends his ingenuity in breaking by commonplace partition-lines what was mysterious unity. But, as it is possible to study human nature without being a psychologist, so, without becoming critics or resorting to commentaries, we may gain a sympathetic knowledge of the little world of Shakespeare.

Among the moral forces active in this world, conscience rises into prominence, claiming that respect which is due to the sovereign power of the human mind. Shakespeare's delineation of the workings of conscience offers to reader, actor, and spectator of his dramas, ample material for critical and aesthetic study. But, by the master's very truth to nature, this study is rendered complex, and its results uncertain. As in real life so in this mirrored life, conscience is combined with so many other forces that it is hard to separate it from the general system. The divine gold is mingled with the alloy of passion, superstition, and self-interest. We are suspicious of it when genuine; we are deceived by its counterfeit; we search for it in vain amid noble surroundings; where we think all is baseness, it suddenly shines forth with startling lustre.

Two facts which, if passed unnoticed, make any understanding of Shakespeare's treatment of conscience very difficult, will if marked at the outset, throw light upon much that is obscure. Shakespeare did not, after the manner of the ordinary mind, observe the world from a single

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point of view. He was no man of one idea. He obeyed the command, "Thou shalt not preach." To him, life presented a thousand aspects, each of which had its features of paramount importance. He wrote with as many purposes as there were actors on his scene. But, while he looked at life through the minds of all his creatures, his own mind was not divided. The men and women on the stage were, after all, mere puppets; his was the controlling impulse. So the tone of the play was reflected from the artist's mood; and the life portrayed was now sad, now joyous, at once moral and unmoral, serious or whimsical as the case might be. The division into comedies, historical plays, and tragedies, is no merely arbitrary device for the convenience of the editor.

In the comedies, Shakespeare shows the brightness of life; it is his purpose to amuse. Hence the part which conscience plays in them is very slight. Acts of the most questionable nature are committed with little compunction, and are followed by no painful repentance. If injury is done, the sufferer forgives and forgets while the plea for pardon is yet on the lips of the offender. This seeming falsity to nature is due to no careless oversight, but is premeditated. It is essential to the perfection of a form of the drama which by its nature excludes every stern and sorrowful influence. Perhaps there are, strictly speaking, no comedies in real life; but we are under no obligation to include the whole of existence in a single glance. There is a time to watch the changing light which plays over the surface of life, as well as a time to penetrate its sombre depths. Disappointment at the absence of any distinct recognition of the power of conscience in the comedies of Shakespeare is as absurd as a woman's anger at the taming of the Shrew.

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The historical plays are broader in scope. Though they contain passages of comedy they are fundamentally serious. They partake of the nature of tragedy in the mighty and often terrible matters with which they deal, and in the thread of supernatural agency which may be traced through them all; but, with the exception of Richard III, they lack that idealism which characterizes the tragic drama. Comedy portrays life free alike from overwhelming passions and strong principles; in tragedy, the principles and passions of men tread the earth like gods, or hover above it like relentless fate. The historical drama, pictorial, realistic, occupies a ground between the two, and aims to represent men as they are. Shakespeare shows England struggling forth from barbarism. Might is still right. Party conscience is unreliable, subject to caprice, ambition, and the desire of revenge. Individual conscience is even more at the mercy of personal interest. Among the barbarous passions of the time there is little room for conscience, yet it asserts itself here and there. King John repents the supposed murder of Arthur, but the cause of his repentance is fear of the people—the same cowardice which prompts him to cast the responsibility for his crime on Hubert. The murderer of Richard II acknowledges the sinfulness of his deed, but only when the deed is past recall. On his death-bed, Henry IV exclaims,

“How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!”

and yet he leaves the crown to his son. Not until the play of “King Henry V” do we find conscience shown in its steady, normal workings. Among Shakespeare’s sovereigns, Harry of Monmouth is the one true hero. Upright in his dealings with men and reverent in his attitude toward God, his life is a continuous acknowledgement of the

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authority of conscience. In grateful contrast with the weak scrupulosity of Henry VI and the cruelty of Queen Margaret, over against the revolting brutality and the futile spasms of remorse depicted as characteristic of a semi-barbarous age, stands this sternly righteous monarch, "a king bless'd of the King of kings."

As in the character of Henry V conscience is shown regnant during all the active years of life, in that of Wolsey it is triumphant at life's close. The figure of the fallen cardinal is one of the most pathetic and venerable in literature. His repentance, although it comes late, and only under the stress of reverses, is none the less genuine. Those words of gratitude, spoken in his disgrace, are full of sad sincerity :

"The king has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,
These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honor."

His life is lost, but he will try to save his faithful servant from like ruin.

"Say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it."

Every word of his advice to Cromwell is an avowal of his his own past sins. The little sermon, pitiful in its recognition of the good which he has missed, is a partial atonement.

By virtue of the characters of Cardinal Wolsey and Queen Katherine, the play of "King Henry VIII" approaches the dignity of tragedy. In "King Richard III" we are no longer on doubtful ground. Here events sink into insignificance, the passions of men are the actors, and fortune gives place to necessity. Richard makes murder his occupation,

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hypocrisy his pastime. None of his wickedness is due to impulse or self-deception ; however he may ensnare others, he never deludes himself. With the utmost precision, he seeks the line farthest from virtue and having found it, cuts his path through every obstacle. Everywhere except in his own breast, there is some pity, remorse, or love—at least some weakness. Clarence bitterly repents perjury and murder committed in the excitement of battle ; Edward is stricken with heartrending self-reproach at his share in his brother's death ; the hired assassins weep at the murder of the princes—but Richard slays and exalts. Perhaps in no waking moment could any pang of regret assail him ; but in a vision the tomb bursts and yields up the murdered—a miracle is accomplished, and Richard's conscience awakes. As he has been embittered by the bodily deformity which marks him as one apart from his fellow-beings, so he is now struck with horror at the blackness of soul which isolates him from all human sympathy. A terrible cry is wrung from him :

“ Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree ;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty ! Guilty !
I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me,
And, if I die, no soul will pity me.”

Remorse for a moment appalls, it can not subdue him. Quickly he assumes his wonted bearing of defiance, orders his forces, rallies his men with the cry, “ If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell ! ” and rushes to his evil end.

In the play of “ Macbeth ”, Shakespeare breaks away from all historical trammels and rises to the summit of creative power. At his word, two incarnations of ambition spring into being. Man and wife, they plot together, sin

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together, and are destroyed together ; yet with what a difference ! The woman, stern, resolute, unimagina-tive, steels herself to commit brutal murder, and stifles every prompting of remorse. From the day when she greets Macbeth

“ Great Glamis ! Worthy Cawdor !
Greater than both by the all-hail hereafter,”

to the end of the bloody work, she preserves a calm dignity, broken only by passionate words of rebuke for her husband's weakness. Yet the better life is not dead within her. To Macbeth's wild self-reproach she answers :

“ These things must not be thought
After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.”

Her firm will can control even her secret thoughts ; but in sleep it is powerless, and outraged womanhood, keeping watch in turn, shudders at the horrors that are past. The struggle between waking and sleeping, between heartlessness and remorse, is too violent for the bodily strength. The strained nerves at last give way, and the “ the queen is dead.”

Side by side with this woman is a man of poetic temperament, weak, irresolute, and as ambitious as herself. Quick to conceive evil, without the influence of his wife he would lack determination to execute it. She taunts him with cowardice, and the taunt contains enough of truth to spur him to action. Meanwhile, his weak will gives rein to imagination, and imagination joins with conscience to torture him. A blood-stained dagger, a voice crying “ Sleep no more ! ”, the form of a murdered man at the banquet—such shapes as these conscience assumes at first. But fear drives Macbeth from one crime to another. What was begun of set purpose is continued in desperation. His nature, more sensitive than that of his wife, can not sin and show no

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mark. The intellectual refinement with which he mourns the injury done to "innocent sleep" is dulled. The religious feeling is dead, with which he exclaimed :

" But wherefore could not I pronounce, *Amen* ?
I had most need of blessing, and *Amen*
Stuck in my throat."

In the words of Victor Hugo : " He undergoes the mournful gravitation of matter invading the soul..... At length the catastrophe arrives—the forest of Birnam moves against him. Macbeth has infringed all, overstepped all, destroyed all, violated all ; and this desperation ends in arousing even Nature. Nature loses patience, Nature enters into action against Macbeth, Nature becomes soul against the man who has become brute force."

In " Macbeth," the influence of conscience is supreme ; in the other dramas it is less important or less apparent. Even in " King Richard III," it holds a subordinate place. In " Hamlet " it is always present, importunate and powerless, like the ghostly visitant, deepening the gloom of the tragedy as the ineffectual struggle of nightmare augments the horror of an evil dream. In " Othello " the influence of conscience is shown negatively, by means of the character of Iago. Urged on by a base motive and untouched by any remorse, he is an incarnation of evil. To him repentance would be impossible. " Who can control his fate ? "—when his fate is Iago, the man without a conscience. The irredeemable darkness of his soul throws over the little world of Othello and Desdemona the shadow of inevitable destiny.

LAURA C. SHELDON, '87.



SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

What thoughts arise in thee, my friend, when thou hearest the word natural? Behind these three short syllables there is for me the rippling of a brook over pebbles that shine in the sunlight, the hearty laugh of a child, a little red calf with its awkward frisking, and a brisk breeze on a clear summer day. The brook is still too small to have hidden depths and an undertone, the child still too young to know its *ego*, the calf is not yet sobered by a sense of usefulness, and the breeze has left the æolian monody, vibrating with every passion, yet unlearned. Not less truly at some later or maturer time, will each of these sights and sounds express various phases of that great whole which we mortals call nature; but then there will be a mingling of meanings for the eye and the ear, and we, tired often of the complexity which everywhere confronts us, have an especial tenderness toward all simple expressions of a single thought of nature, an especial love for all that we designate by the vague term natural.

Some human beings, happy above their fellows, show this beautiful characteristic "all the days of the years of their pilgrimage"; every impulse seems to come pure and simple from a life implanted within, a life akin to that of our common mother.

In the especial snug corner of our hearts where we have ensconced such of these people as it is one's good fortune to know—ensconced, not enshrined, for there is little unknown about them—along with the gurgling brook, the laughing child, aye, and the little red calf, is a certain friend of us all. Long ago, Mr. Addison introduced us in his own unrivalled way. Let us imagine, however, that there is some one yet unacquainted with this charming friend, and whom we may tell about him.

He is, first of all, an Englishman, with a healthy, national pride, which has not been rendered unpleasantly assertive by too intimate acquaintance-on the part of its owner with any other nation. Being undisturbed in his convictions, he does not intrude them on us, though his passing remarks that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen, that the Thames is the noblest river in the world, and London Bridge greater than the seven wonders thereof, shows that there is a solid foundation of the right feeling beneath.

He is, moreover, a good old country gentleman, of the good old English type, "was tall and rid well" when young, and still follows the hounds on his white gelding. He tyrannizes over his tenants and watches over their interests, is a prominent figure in the local politics, and, on his occasional visits to the London coffee-houses, can still hold his own in discussion.

A staunch churchman, too, is our friend, though he prefers past eloquence to present mediocrity, and makes his chaplain the mouth-piece of all the departed bishops, a collection of whose sermons has been carefully made. It is suspected among us, however, that he is a wee bit superstitious; for, though he protects all the old witches, so-called, of the neighborhood, he owns to being puzzled by them; and when, after the death of a certain much-suspected Moll White, his barn blew down, his assertion that he didn't think the old woman had any hand in it, seems more an attempt to convince the speaker than the hearer.

A feeling which seized him some twenty odd years ago, then a gay young Worcestershire baronet, has brought out more forcibly than aught else, the exquisite naturalness of his character. He went a wooing with all the pomp an ardent youth could muster; but alas! the fair widow of the next county was perverse, and he has worn the same coat and doublet ever since.

All true men are abashed before the woman they love, especially if they invest her with superior mental gifts, and this lover tells us that he was absolutely dumb before the widow, who is a "reading-lady," while his admiration for her is equalled only by his almost malicious dislike to "that watchful animal, her confidant." The deepening effect of this year-long devotion appears in a hundred ways. His inborn kindness would have led him to keep his servants by him until their heads grew white with his own; but the tenderness which moves him to pick the tired hare up in his arms at the close of the chase, shows a refining of that kindness. He has been known to settle many a dispute with the words: "There is much to be said on both sides," and to my mind, a certain feminine subtlety and suave evasiveness about them, suggests here also "the reading-lady."

There is a tradition that this good friend of ours died from over-exertion on behalf of a poor widow and her children; that he left a kindly will which provided for even his white gelding, and, the testator's thoughts being true to the last, bestowed upon the maiden a pearl necklace and silver bracelets with jewels; finally that he was borne by six tenants to his last resting place at the left hand of his fathers. There is much veri-similitude about this tradition; were our friend one whose life depended on the parish register, we should be much concerned as to its truth. But he is not, and we and our children's children may ever love for his quaintness, his kindliness, his simple naturalness, a living Sir Roger de Coverley.

LILLIAN LA MONTE, '89.



SHALL WE READ BOOKS WE DO NOT
APPRECIATE?

Some one has said that benefit is derived from reading, mediately, through the thoughts aroused by it; not immediately, from the book itself. Books, then, are but thought-tools, some well-made, keen, and ready for use; others of poor material, dull, and incapable of producing the desired results. But not even perfect tools are useful to all. One workman uses one set; another, a different one; each according to the bent of his taste and talent. Little Benjamin West, working lovingly in the attic, with brushes made of hairs from the cat's tail, could never, with a perfect sculptor's outfit, have produced a fine statue. The child Michael Angelo, handling his hammer and chisel with so skillful a touch, could never have found the chord that Mozart's groping baby fingers played.

This is not less true of the mind. Everyone turns to that which is fitted to his capabilities, and will supply his needs; and this can be done by no book which has not a certain congeniality with the mind of the reader. This is by no means saying that the reader and the book must agree on all points. The best of friends may have widely differing opinions, and be none the less close friends on that account. But that indescribable something which we call sympathy is absolutely necessary to friendship, whether it be with man or book.

Only books possessing this quality, and not all of such as do, can be appreciated. No one claims to appreciate that greatest Book, in which the joy, the pathos, and the tragedy of life are blended in such perfect harmony; a Book so human, so divine; a history, a poem, a drama, life itself, with a heart as deep as the infinite, a heart to which the heart of man responds, as in water face answereth to face.

Few claim to appreciate Shakespeare, but everyone finds there living, loving, hating, human beings, playing in the drama of life on the stage of the world ; and the heart is dull indeed that does not respond with an answering thrill to their smiles and tears.

Such sympathy is necessary in the books that we choose for companions in loneliness, for relief from cares, and solace in disappointment. But we must daily come in contact with others, less attractive, to our minds, which yet stand in the same relation to other people as our chosen circle does to us. Shall we content ourselves with acknowledging that the strangers probably have merits ; but that they are of a different order from those of our favorite, and so we do not understand them, and more, do not care to ? To pursue this policy with men, would be to grow continually narrower and narrower, more and more shut up within one's own little shell of preferences and prejudices, oblivious of the great ocean of life all about. It is absolutely necessary to one's mental growth that he should associate with various sorts and conditions of books, as well as of men. He will find among them many whose hidden beauties he will learn to appreciate, whose value he will understand better and better as he comes to know them. He will widen his circle to take in these new comers, and he may find them so much more worthy of his admiration that he will allow them to supplant the old favorites, which, though good in their time, he has now outgrown. From many of those that he can never admit into his circle, he will yet gain a knowledge of life and a power of thought obtainable in no other way.

There is no limit to development. New friends may continually be added to the circle, sometimes replacing the old, sometimes but making them the dearer ; each bringing the soul a step nearer the point where it shall be

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“.....Master of the sphere.
Of the seven stars and the solar year,
Of Cæsar's hand, and Plato's brain,
Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakespeare's strain.”

KATHARINE WARREN, '89.



De Temporibus et Moribus.

AURORA TITHONUS.

I.

Far to the farthest Westward,
In a land that no one sees, or hath seen,
Lie the Happy Islands
Girdled with the gleaming belt of Eos.
On their sea-encircled margin
Pictured in the poet's dream,
Every troublous Why, and Wherefore,
Every pulsing, fevered heart-throb,
Every thought that lost itself in Silence,
Every aspiration that on Earth
Was checked
Finds there its full fruition.
'Tis the island of Avilion,
Home of Oceanus.
The long night through the monarch sleeps,
Nor dreams of aught save her, his Love.
Aurora sleeps beside him,
She sleeps and dreams,
And dreaming, wakes.

II.

From the couch of Oceanus,
Rose Aurora, violet-clad ;
Through the gleaming mist gazed earth-ward
And her longing heart grew glad.
Oh ! the monarch's kiss grew warmer
Fell his tears like rain from Heaven
As he whispered to his loved one,
" Fail me not the hour of even'."
Forth she stepped in jewelled splendor,
Shook her tresses wreathed in dew,
Fastened tight her amber girdle,
O'er the dancing waters flew.

O'er the dancing waters flew,
To the green-tipped pines of Ida
Was Aurora speeding,
Leaned she o'er a mossy bank
Whereon a youth was sleeping.

As the goddess gazed upon him,
Flushed her forehead, pure and bright,
Tinging all the Eastern cloud-gates
With her rosy, morning light.

But the sleeper woke, nor stirred he,
Till Aurora, bending low,
Spoke the magic word that Cupid
Utters when he strings his bow.

At that mystic word a rushing,
Surging tumult fired his brain,
And a wild and bitter longing
Filled his heart with mortal pain.

Poor Tithonus! Never after,
As the poets sing in rhyme,
Was thy heart to know the gladness
Of that glorious morning time.

III.

"No, never in Avilion
Can'st thou and I together dwell.
But there is a vale
Deep-sunk in flowing meads,
And sheltered by a darkling wood
That skirts the base of Ida.
Within its reach Scamander
Murmurs past his reedy banks,
And sportive wood-nymphs
Wanton in the shade
That answers to the call of Pan.
Thither let us speed,
And in the shadow of a dusky dell
Made soft as any bird's breast
With its grassy spires,
Let's cheat my flying Hours
With love's delights."

"Aurora ! Gentlest of the god-head !
Thou wert created perfect
And thou knowest naught of love,
Save its supremest bliss.
While I — am mortal
And upon my heart
The weight of clay falls heavily.
A sadness dims my spirit,
And my days have been
One weary length of pain,
Since first our lips met
On the crest of Ida.
Make me immortal, like thyself.
Give me life, eternal life,
That ever flows in continuity
Of love like thine. Or else,
Our love will be a dream,
And thou will wake some morn
And with thy golden sun-beams
Kiss the urn that holds
My funeral ashes."

IV.

Rolling high on huge Olympus
Darkling clouds forever storm,
Veiling gods that sit in council
Round the awful Thunderer's throne.
Thither sunny Eos hastened,
Threw her at the feet of Jove,
And before the gods assembled
Told the story of her love.
To the lovely Morning Glory
Jove inclined a willing ear,
In despite of angry Juno
Standing in the circle near.
But the gods ne'er liked the story,
Shook their heads in grave dissent,
Only sea-born Aphrodite
To the scheme assistance lent.
Softly stole she from the circle,
Sent Jove's eagle down to bring,
From the storied mount of Ida,
Sad Tithonus, on his wing.

Soon before the august conclave,
 Quick the eagle laid him down,
 And Zeus bade his rural cup-boy
 Pass the ambrosial bowl around.

Then Jove seized the bowl himself ;
 " Drink, Tithonus, live forever,
 Be a god among the gods,
 And Pluto's realm shall hold thee never."

V.

Alas ! Aurora, pass no more
 Betwixt me and the bank whereon
 The Stygian barque is moored.
 Thy jealous Hours have robbed me
 Of my love, and of the youth
 Which made love possible.
 Thy dawn-lit face I cannot see
 For I am blind ;
 The morning carol of thy voice
 I cannot hear, for I am deaf ;
 The rapture of thy touch no longer thrills ;
 No more the footstep of thy soul
 Awakes an echo in my own.
 My nature cannot warm itself
 Beneath the fulness of thy golden folds.
 My sense is shut, my soul is dead.
 Why did'st thou fling the glory of thy smile
 Athwart my happy, human fate ?
 I vexed thee not, nor robbed thee
 Of one little beam that went to light the world.
 I was a happy, shepherd prince
 E'er first I met thee,
 Skilled to lead my father's sheep
 Through grass-deep meadows
 On the plains of Troy,
 And dreamed of naught
 But that some simple, Trojan maid
 With timid earth-lights
 In her warm, dark eye
 Would call my father, hers.
 But now Laomedon has perished,
 And dark Proserpina has summoned

To her cheerless realm my all
Of kin and friends.
A race I know not fired
The wind-swept heights of Troy.
Stone-built Ilium has fallen,
And on her site the homes of other men arise.
Coldly now I roam within
The chilling shadow of my past.
Alone ! alone ! Oh ! give me death.
I long for thy death more than I ever
Longed, in mornings gone, for thee.
Love ever proves a curse
And life with gods a thing
Not meant for man.

BEATRICE P. WARD.

The Homeric Question, in its later as well as in its broader signification, discusses the point whether such a man as Homer ever lived and composed, rather than whether the poet Homer was the author of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* which formed the early question. Confining ourselves strictly to the discussion of early days, we shall try to answer the objections which are brought up against the once universal and undisputed belief that the two great Epic poems of Greece are the work of one man.

In very early times there were men who disputed this fact. They were called or Separatists, and their arguments were based partly upon mythological, partly upon linguistic differences in the two poems. The petty examples of which they make use have little weight ; for at that time mythology was in a fluid state, and there were many legends—seemingly contradictory—in regard to the same divinity. They said, for instance, that in the *Iliad* Charis is the wife of Hephaestus, in the *Odyssey*, Aphrodite ; in the former work, Neleus has twelve sons, in the latter but three.

In the differences of language of the two poems, we must take into consideration the place of composition and the changes which the text may have undergone at the hands of the early critics and editors. Regarding the two poems in this light we are not surprised to find many dissimilarities.

As to the fact that the different style of the two poems is wholly inconsistent with the unity of authorship, we shall bring forward the subject-matter of the two poems. The subject of the Iliad, nominally the wrath of Achilles, virtually, the siege of Troy, has to do with war and all its attendant circumstances,—fierce contests, hand-to-hand encounters, and the capture and enslavement of the vanquished.

On the other hand, the Odyssey treats of peace and its attendant circumstances, and describes the wanderings and adventures of one of the Grecian heroes on his homeward way. The two subjects so diametrically opposed, are surely sufficient to account for the dissimilarity in style which we grant is, and should be, very great. Why should discrepancies and contradictions which we accept without question in Virgil, Dante, and Shakespeare, whose works were all written when composed, be accepted, while those of Homer, whose works could not have been written for years after their composition, are brought up against the unity of authorship? Doubtless in course of transmission, lines, or even whole scenes, crept into the manuscript, but this has no weight against the unity of the poems. From the variety of the subject-matter nothing would have been easier than for the notes and amendments of copyists to have gradually become a part of the whole work, and for later poets to have inserted their own compositions.

Another point which our opponents endeavor to make is that, as writing was not employed in the early age in which Homer lived, these long poems could not have been com-

posed at that time. They are too long to be recited as all compositions then were ; too mighty an undertaking for any poet of the period to attempt. In answer we would say :

First, many persons in classic times knew the Homeric poems by heart, as Niceratus and the Greeks of Olbia on the Pontus.

Second, memory was far stronger in the age when writing was not known, as is shown by the poems of the Icelandic Skalds which for two hundred years were preserved by oral transmission. Again one of the songs of the Calmuck national bards sometimes lasts a whole day. We may also mention in this connection that Eschenbach, a man who could neither read nor write, composed the old German poem "Parsifal" which contains twenty-four thousand eight hundred and ten verses. Even in the time of Socrates, when the power of the memory was not at its height, many of the Athenians learned both the Iliad and the Odyssey by heart, while the rhapsodists made this work their profession.

Next we are to combat the point that there would be no hearers of the Epics, that though the Greeks would spend a whole day listening to the performance of a tragedy, a day would not be sufficient for a recitation of the Iliad or the Odyssey. Our only inference is that the poems were designed to last through several recitations. In the time of the drama, an audience was rarely assembled and a composition had to be finished in one sitting, but in Homeric times the audience was a far different one. Look at the beautiful description in the Odyssey of the household of King Alcinous, or of the chieftain Odysseus. Night after night such an audience would assemble and would listen with attention to the soul-stirring Iliad or the beautiful mythology of the Odyssey.

•

The following is another answer to this objection : granting that there were many additions by later poets, the original form of the two poems was much shorter than the present.

Looking at the Homeric Question from this stand point, we are ready to maintain the unity of authorship of the two great Epic poems of Greece.

On the shore of Lake Erie lies a desolate and forsaken village, whose name has long since been forgotten by the world. Fifty years ago its streets were thronged with busy people ; now they are silent and deserted. The inhabitants took great pride in their harbor, which was one of the best on the lake, and prophesied that in this little village Buffalo would find a successful rival. But the railroad was built, business was taken away from the steamers, the harbor was used less and less, and finally was entirely abandoned. All the energetic people moved to a more thriving locality, and the once promising town gave up all hope of the future, which, but a short time before, had seemed so bright. One by one the useless old ware houses disappeared. Some fell by ruthless hands, others were worn out by the burden of old age. Grass crept up and carpeted the streets with soft, bright green, until only a narrow, winding path here and there remained. The empty houses gradually went to ruin, and finally the village became what it now is,—a city of the dead rather than of the living. The only dwellings left are a few cheerless huts where fishermen drag out a dreary life. The old moss-grown lighthouse is the only remaining evidence of past glories. This has long since fallen into disuse and, as the years go by, the picturesque old ruin becomes more and more emblematic of the village. The silence of death reigns every where. The only sound which breaks the stillness is the monotonous splash of the waves as they beat against the rocks.

Here and there a sail dots the horizon, but no other sign of life is visible, as I look down from the top of the old light-house, a feeling of sadness steals over me, and, for the first time, I realize the full meaning of the words solitude and desolation.



Editors' Table.

In these last days of the college year, the thought which oftenest comes to us perhaps, particularly to those to whom these are really the closing days of their careers as students here, is this : "How much more I *might* have accomplished ! How much more I *might* have done both for myself and for others !" The tendency of such a life as ours, is to produce self-introspection, and to a certain extent this is healthful ; for in so far as it awakens in us an honest regret for what we have lost by our failure to improve our opportunities, and a determination to make better use of them in the future, in so far it is beneficial.

There will be epochs in our lives after we leave our College, times when we shall stop to review certain periods, just as we now do our college years, and doubtless the times will be rare indeed when an honest examination will make us feel perfectly satisfied with ourselves and our work. But if we allow this regret which might be helpful to grow into a morbid despondency, we not only do not gain in character, but really lose, for in stopping to brood over our short-comings, we shall allow golden opportunities to slip through our relaxed fingers. Either extreme in this matter of looking inward upon ourselves, is harmful, and it is the "golden mean" in this as in other things, for which we should seek if we would reap the best results.

Dragging steps, tired eyes, and a general air of languor, during the past week, show the existence of what one may

truthfully call a decided evil in the College. Students are burning the candle at both ends, and toiling incessantly to crowd their brains with facts which will mean nothing to them a month hence, simply that they may pass their examinations. This practice is as short-sighted as it is wrong. Setting aside the important question of health, it is dishonest to one's teacher and oneself; and again, ignoring even this consideration, it is purely useless. It may help one to pass examinations, as the phrase goes, but since an examination, is to find out what a student knows, if she know nothing, she would better say so. It is folly to snatch up a few meaningless facts and hold them breathlessly until the examination gives one a chance to get rid of them. It is too late now to make amends for neglected duty. If one has done faithful work, all that is necessary is a review carried on quietly and sensibly. One might as well try to form the character which only a lifetime can mould, in a single year, as to try to prepare for an examination in a week.

Again we have to thank the Faculty for an exceedingly wise step in abolishing the old and torturous method of conducting the semi-annual examinations. No longer is the student to be subjected to the severe nervous strain of at least three hurried, forty-five minute examinations each day for a week. No longer is she to leave the examination room with the disheartening conviction that many questions have been left unanswered because the time was too short for her even to hope to reach them. No longer need she despair because she knows that, in spite of all her efforts, the same experience will be repeated day after day throughout the week. Henceforth the examinations are to consist of a single two hours and a half-test in each subject studied

and the haste attendant upon the old system will be done away with. But not only in its effects upon the nerves of the students was the old method a poor one. We believe that it was not a fair test of the knowledge acquired during the term. It is impossible to think clearly with the dread of a ringing bell ever before one ; and as an examination is to ascertain the improvement in the power to think as well as in the power to commit facts to memory, it should be conducted so as best to bring about this result. In the matter of " cramming " too, the new system has an advantage over the old, for the seeming necessity to crowd all the preparation for examination into the last few hours decreases with the increased time for study.

Our wrath was stirred the other day and we shall be more comfortable if we give vent to our feelings. We went to the store-room that day to get a necessary article which had been left up there in a small trunk. Our first proceeding was to hunt for the trunk. This required time and patience, but we were at length rewarded by finding it at the farthest possible distance from its position as last observed, with a space of perhaps three inches between its lock and the side wall, and with its lid sustaining the burden of another trunk. With a heart full of thankfulness for the strength of muscle which our last winter's gymnastics had given us, we removed one by one the obstacles between us and the object of our desire. And then we fell to wondering what it would be like to be at college and have enough closet-room to hold our modest possessions, or a store-room in which the trunks were so arranged that we could reach and open them without such damage to clothing and temper. We have a theory that by a little extra care and forethought on the part of those who attend to such things,

the same number of trunks might be placed in the same limited space in an orderly and convenient manner. We wish that the experiment might be tried. It is a little matter perhaps to write about, but it involves the comfort of a good many people, and we who have suffered feel the need of a change for the better.

HOME MATTERS.

The life in College this month has been unusually quiet. We have had several lectures and social gatherings, but everything has been looking toward the end of the year. Rooms have been assigned and elections held for next year, boxes are appearing in the corridors, the bulletin board, looks as if it had been caught in a snowstorm, '87 has had its "Howl"—a supernaturally quiet one, 'tis true—and before this comes from press, even the examinations will be over and everyone will be thinking half-regretfully of the pleasant year that is past, yet eagerly anticipating the joys of the vacation so soon to come.

We were delighted to welcome to the College on May 7 the Pundita Ramabai, of whom we had heard so much. That evening all who wished had an opportunity of meeting her in the Senior Parlor, and the next evening, Sunday, she addressed the Young Women's Christian Association in the Chapel. Ramabai is a Hindoo widow, twenty-eight years of age, and has a little daughter of six years, who is being educated in England. The mother has led an eventful life. Before her marriage she traveled through the length and breadth of India with her brother, and after her husband's

death, she went to England where she wished to study medicine and so learn to relieve some of the misery of her countrywomen. Deafness coming on prevented her from carrying out this plan, but the heroic little woman, nothing daunted by her misfortune, has thrown herself, heart and soul, into an undertaking which promises for her a much wider field of usefulness. None who heard her address can doubt that there is in India a crying need of such a school as she proposes to establish, a school which shall not be under English control, which shall provide for the education of women beyond "the Sixth Standard Reader", the highest limit at present attainable in the English schools in India, and which shall not be strictly religious, nor under the direction of missionaries. Although Ramabai is a Christian herself, she believes that an opportunity for a good education ought to be provided for those who could not be induced to go to a missionary school, and that in this way many will be brought under the influence of Christian truth who could be reached in no other.

Ramabai hopes that in ten years her school will be entirely self-supporting, but is very anxious to obtain pledges for annual contributions until that time. The money that is given her is taken charge of by a committee of influential ladies in Boston, under whose advice she is carrying on her work in this country. Fifty dollars were raised for her here, and it is earnestly to be hoped that an annual contribution will be pledged by our association. A book from which she hopes to make a goodly sum for her fund is soon to be published giving an account of Ramabai's life.

We had the good fortune this month to have two College lectures by Dr. Hinkel. They were given in Chapel, May 10 and 12, and were upon "Imperial Rome and Christianity."

It is to be regretted that the tempting weather out of doors and other reasons, kept so many from attending the lectures, for a rare opportunity was given of gaining a clear, comprehensive, and concise knowledge of the subject presented.

In the first lecture, Dr. Hinkel spoke of the political, social, and religious principles which were introduced into the empire and weakened Rome while strengthening Christianity. Extensive conquests broke down the walls between Roman and barbarian, and gradually brought the two upon nearly the same level in regard to civic and military duties and honors. The Stoic philosophy viewed man in the new light of a citizen of the world, whose happiness should be found in contributing to the welfare of society. There was a general improvement in laws, and progress in education. Religious worship had become mere political machinery, and the old religion lost its hold upon the people. There was a gradual blending of the gods into one, all others being subordinated to Zeus. The Stoic philosophers made much of individual goodness. Seneca's theology was so pure that St. Jerome called him a saint.

The second lecture was devoted to showing how these principles found their place in Christianity. The republican idea of Christianity was the Stoic doctrine of brotherhood, which made men citizens of the world; ideas of morality were proclaimed among the lower classes; there was a more elevated conception of marriage; a spirit of active philanthropy arose; and the ideas of monotheism and immortality were elevated. The new religion answered the needs of all classes and hence made rapid progress. Persecution came upon it partly because of its lack of images and ceremonies and its denial of the existence of the gods generally believed in, and partly because of the repugnance of the Christians to perform public duties. Its following increased, however, with the number of martyrs,

until under Constantine it was recognized as the state religion. Paganism had not vitality enough to resist the persecution to which it was in turn subjected and soon succumbed.

Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, who has become well known on account of her efforts to introduce a new system of dress for women, lectured in chapel Wednesday evening, May 11. Mrs. Miller aims at neither economy nor hideousness, but advocates clothing that shall be so adjusted as to impede none of the movements of the body, and shall be truly artistic as well as convenient. Within these requirements, she allows as much variety as the taste and purse will allow. In her system, dresses are all made upon a princess foundation, which though permitting an almost endless variation in the arrangement of dress material, yet brings the whole weight of the dress upon the proper place, the shoulders, and allows much greater freedom of movement than the prevailing style. The costumes which she kindly allowed us to examine after the lecture were decidedly novel, and the tea-gown especially was very beautiful. It cannot be denied that if her ideas were to be generally adopted, there would be a great gain in the healthfulness and beauty of woman's dress. Mrs. Miller is trying to win ladies of influence in society over to her ways of thinking, and has met with considerable success in Washington and elsewhere. She has just started a magazine called "Dress," and expects that a stock company will soon be formed in New York for the manufacture and sale of everything beautiful and healthful which can be required for a woman's wardrobe.

Miss Kate Stoneman, of Albany, addressed the T. and M. Club in the Lecture Room on the evening of May 13. A general invitation was extended to officers and students, and many friends of the Club were present. Miss Stoneman's subject was "The Higher Education of Women." Her paper was scholarly and well-written, and was heard with careful attention. It treated of the position and education of women from the earliest times and dwelt largely upon the advance made in our own day. Much interest was shown in Miss Stoneman as the first woman in this state to be admitted to the bar.



COLLEGE NOTES.

The Zoology and Geology classes were delightfully entertained by Professor and Mrs. Dwight on Wednesday evening, May 11.

Dr. Chamberlain, of Brooklyn, conducted morning chapel services, May 15.

Dr. and Mrs. Taylor gave a charming reception to the Junior class, on Saturday evening, May 14.

One hundred and fifty-six dollars were added to the Gymnasium Fund as the net proceeds from Dr. Ritter's delightful lecture in Poughkeepsie, May 20.

A large number of the Geology class accompanied by Professor Dwight, made an excursion to Rondout, May 14, for the purpose of examining the rock formations of that vicinity.

"*Qui Vive*" listened to a delightful lecture by Professor Van Ingen, May 7, on the subject of "Etching."

Natural History Class ;

Professor—"How did the birds of the Mesozoic time differ from those of to-day, Miss T.—?

Miss T.—"I think they differed principally in *foliage*."

The final examinations began Friday, May 27. Recitations closed the preceding day.

Mrs. Miller's lecture on "Dress Reform," delivered May 11, awakened considerable enthusiasm on the subject, and judging from a number of remarks heard just after the lecture we may expect to see a goodly number of dainty "tea gowns" in our midst next year.

"The Late Mrs. Null," as dramatized by two members of '89 was admirably presented by Chapter Alpha, Friday evening, May 20.

The Senior vacation began May 24.

Dr. Robinson of Brown University closed his course of lectures on "Ethics" to the Senior Class, on Tuesday, May 14. The lecture on Saturday morning was open to all, and a large audience was present.

For the benefit of our friends who expect to visit London during the summer we insert the following address. The establishment is highly recommended by reliable persons who have been its guests :

The West Central Temperance Hotel, 97, 99, 101, 103 Southampton Row, Russell Square, London, W. C.

Chapter Delta held its "Echo Meeting" in Professor Dwight's parlors, on the evening of May 20. Literary and musical exercises followed by refreshments formed the

program of the evening, and a most enjoyable time is reported by all.

Eight hundred volumes have been added to our library during the past year.

'89's tree ceremonies were held Friday evening, May 27.

In the early days of the "Horace" class, the following rather startling translation was given: "*Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori.*"

"And the chorus of light-footed nymphs dancing with the *Satires.*"

Professor Van Ingen delivered a lecture at Packer Institute, Brooklyn, May 20 on "Art and its Component Parts."

The tennis tournament will take place June 3.

The following officers were elected by '88 for her Senior year :

President,	-	-	-	-	Miss Rideout.
Vice-President,	-	-	-	-	Miss Ross.
Secretary,	-	-	-	-	Miss Lewi.
Treasurer,	-	-	-	-	Miss Ransom.

The following officers have been elected for the coming year by the Philalethan Society :

President,	-	-	-	Miss Mac Creery.
Vice-President,	-	-	-	Miss A. W. Halliday.
Secretary,	-	-	-	Miss M. E. Chester.
Treasurer,	-	-	-	Miss E. F. Fitch.
Chairman of Hall Plays	-	-	-	Miss E. M. Wallace.

By the students Association :

President,	-	-	-	Miss F. T. Patterson.
Vice-President,	-	-	-	Miss M. B. Poppenheim.
Secretary and Treasurer,	-	-	-	Miss A. S. Wallace.

To— : GRADUATING CLASS.

In silence hear the voice of silence speak
 And in the inmost caverns of thy thought
 Approve fair Confidence's trust true-placed,
 And silence, awesome, stern, maintain to all.
 Congratulations more sincere than those
 Thou 'lt have, assume the winged guise of prayer ;
 And, soaring far beyond to-day and this
 Frail, flitting life of time, embrace eternity.
 Of such be mine, immortal friendship prays.

The following extract from a letter written by Miss Healy in behalf of the Physical Culture Committee, and read before the Student's Association may be of interest to those who were unable to hear the letter :

"The checks just sent me by the President of your Association are as follows :

Class of '89,	- - - - -	\$148.
Class of '90,	- - - - -	263.
Philalethian Society,	- - - - -	41.
Individuals,	- - - - -	50.
Sum total,		<u>\$502.</u>

This sum by the generosity of Mrs. Charles Pratt, is to be doubled, making a gift of \$1,004—the result of Vassar's enthusiasm and the kindness of one of Vassar's friends."

Since the above was written a check for \$60 more has been sent to Miss Healy to be added to this fund, making a total of \$562.

PERSONALS.

[Any communications concerning former students will be gratefully received by the Personal Editor.]

'78.

Mrs. Gertrude Wilkinson-Smith, and Mr. Smith have have been giving a series of vocal recitals this winter in Davenport, Ia.

'79.

Miss Helen F. Banfield expects to leave June 3, for Colorado Springs, where she will spend the summer with her uncle, Mr. William S. Jackson. She will be accompanied by Miss Woolsey, (Susan Coolidge).

'81.

Miss Meeker expects to spend the summer in San Diego, Cal. Her health is much improved.

Miss Harrison is living in Denver, Col.

'83.

Miss Martha Sharpe sails on the "Umbria," June 11.

Born in Yonkers, N. Y., May 4, a son to Mrs. Curtiss-Johnson.

'84.

Born in Syracuse, N. Y., April 22, a daughter to Mrs. Walrath-Kitts.

'86.

Married, May 12, in Stoneham, Mass., Miss Lillie Florence Sweetser to Dr. Charles Denison.

'89.

Miss Norris sailed on the steamer, "City of Rome," May 25.

Miss Rockefeller sailed June 1, on the "Allea."

Mrs. Canfield-Kendall formerly of '84, expects to sail from San Francisco June 11, for Japan, where she will engage in missionary work.

Miss Annie Orton expects to leave South Pasadena, where she has been spending the winter, for Poughkeepsie, June 15.

Miss Laura Webster, daughter of Dr. Webster formerly of the College, gave a very successful concert recently in Boston.

Fräulein Marchand of Berlin has been the guest of the College during the month.

Miss Haskell, formerly teacher of Botany in the College, recently made us a short visit.

The following alumnæ have been here during the past month: Miss Ely, '68; Miss Barnum, '81; Miss Drury, '81; Miss Warren '82.



ALUMNÆ CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, May 10, 1887.

DEAR MISCELLANY:—

I have received from Mrs. Fitch, '73, such a delightfully gossipy letter about the meeting of Collegiate Alumnæ at Washington last month, that I am tempted to copy it for you outright. It seems a pity to condense any of its details, but I fear I might overstep my limit of space if I do not.

One of the committee of arrangements was Mrs. Bascom-Darwin, '78, and through her, boarding places were found for all the visiting members, with the exception of Mrs. Fitch and Mrs. Allen, '74, who went on together from Brooklyn, went to a boarding house of which they knew and had only to mention the meeting they had come to attend, to be at once cordially received and to find everyone in the house aware of the meeting, much interested in it, and desirous of attending its sessions if possible. One surprise was felt throughout the large household—that the ladies were *married*! And indeed, all Washington, so far as heard from, seemed to ex-

pect to find every member of an Alumnæ Association unmarried and a teacher. But the very general interest in the meeting gave hopeful evidence of the interest in College education. Everywhere the Association was shown the greatest courtesy, and not least by the curator of the National Museum where the meetings were held.

On Saturday morning Mrs. Backus, '73, presided at the opening of the Association, and after an interesting paper, following the business meeting, stages conveyed the members to the White House, where they were shown through the rooms, but were disappointed in not seeing Mrs. Cleveland, who was at Oak View. A fine luncheon was then served in the museum and an hour spent in a look at the many attractions gathered in the building. At three o'clock the second session was opened by a well-prepared address from Mrs. Backus, and a short discussion led by Mrs. Richards, '70 and Mrs. Howe-Barris, '74 was held concerning the subject of the morning's paper, whose subject, I am sorry to say, I have lost. Then followed a very important paper by Miss Foster, '72 concerning "The Relation of Women to the Governing Boards of Collèges." Miss Foster referred to some masculine ideas of women's needs, instancing the placing of boot-jacks in each room at Vassar, and gave statistics of the successful working of Boards partially made up of women. Every Vassar alumna's heart echoed her wish that Vassar may soon see the names of alumnæ on her Board of Trustees.

Then came the incident of the meeting. Mrs. Backus called for remarks from President Gallandet of the Institute for Mutes, who spoke at some length, and with great energy *against* higher education for women. He felt there was a great danger ahead—a danger to the *family* since college-educated women love work rather than family life! Every alumna, to a woman, felt in fighting trim as Presi-

dent Gallandet proceeded, and all the Vassar eyes turned to Dr. Backus who sat quietly in a corner, with a look in his eye that every Vassar graduate of his day knows can be trusted. As soon as Pres. Gallandet was seated, Mrs. Backus remarked that as the alumnæ could scarcely answer such a charge for themselves, perhaps some one present with a wide experience in a woman's college would answer for them, and at once Dr. Backus rose and was received with a burst of applause. After giving many unanswerable arguments in favor of a higher education for women, he satisfactorily answered the fears of Dr. Gallandet and assured him that the majority of the alumnæ of a leading woman's college are married and most of them surrounded by a family! His defense of our cause received hearty acknowledgment.

From half past seven till ten, Saturday evening, a reception was given the Association by Mrs. General Lander on Capitol Hall. Mrs. Lander was a charming hostess, as were her assistants, Mrs. Senator Blair and Mrs. Nelson. One little incident of the reception emphasized a feeling to which I have already referred. Four Vassar alumnæ entered together (Mrs. Knowles-Fitch, '73, Mrs. Capwell-Allen, '74, Mrs. Mangam Fetterolf, '76 and Mrs. Logan-McCoy, '77) and as each was introduced Mrs. Lander asked, "of what College?" "Vassar" was each response, until she exclaimed "and still another Mrs. ! I am delighted !"

A very large number of the most distinguished people in Washington were present at Mrs. Lander's, as indeed there was at the afternoon session of the Association, and the cordial recognition of the members of the Association as women, practically upholding the cause of higher education, gave a pledge of good seed sown as well as of personal pleasure and profit. Besides the Vassar alumnæ already mentioned, there were present Miss Ladd, '69, Miss Lephah Clark, '70, Miss Cushing, '74, Miss Reed, '74, Miss

Schuyler, '70, Miss Prudden, '75, Mrs. Sheppard-Armstrong, '77 and Miss Cushing, '83. Sunday afternoon was pleasantly spent by some of the ladies with Mrs. Howes-Barris who has a position under the government by which she can work with her husband on the Geological Survey. Monday morning was occupied with a visit to Mt. Vernon where the Association was indebted for great kindness to Miss Elizabeth Bryant Johnson, whose valuable work on the Portraiture of Gen. Washington has attracted so much attention. In the afternoon the ladies met the Chinese Minister, and the three days of the meeting closed.

An account of such pleasant doings almost inclines me to envy those fortunate alumnæ who could be present. Does it not you dear Miscellany?

MARY W. CLARKE, '78.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The MISCELLANY has had a valuable addition to its library this week, in one of Professor Mahaffy's historical works, "Alexander's Empire." Although one of a series, this book may be read with great profit without the others, and it certainly gives one a very connected idea of the subject of which it treats. Although written especially for the young, it is full of interest for everybody. It is refreshing in its freedom from tiresome details and its method of presenting the main subject. The writer seems to have in mind the great underlying principles of history rather than mere historical facts. The book is completely equipped with maps, outlines and pictorial cuts.

The MISCELLANY has received the new magazine, *Dress*, edited by Annie Jenness Miller. Mr. Miller delivered an interesting lecture before the students, not long ago, and succeeded in putting the new movement in so attractive a light that we are prepared to examine with lenient eyes a magazine which must necessarily meet with many severe

criticisms and even with ridicule. We feel the importance of great caution in projecting this movement and some mistakes have already been made in *Dress*. Its cover is not attractive, some of the contributions to its columns are wholly without merit and its illustrations give a false impression of what dress reform really is. That the suggested style of dress is both sensible and beautiful, we are thoroughly convinced, but it must be adopted by people who are influential in the fashionable world first, if it is to be a success. The transition period will be trying, and the change must be made by a great many people at once and by people who have never sacrificed moderation in action to personal convictions. Fanatics can never make women as a class wear the dress reform, even if they are able to convince them of the propriety of so doing.

We seldom take up a Harvard magazine that we do not find an article in it worthy of careful reading. The *Advocate* contains a criticism of Robert Browning's literary style which though severe almost to censure is by no means narrow. The article is concise and well written but it is only an introduction to what might have been said upon a subject which is in the minds of so many literary people of to-day.

THE MISCELLANY has been fortunate enough to receive a copy of "How to Travel" by Thomas W. Knot. It is a book which everybody ought to have, and it comes to us at an appropriate time, since so many of our students are planning extensive trips this summer. This little book tells us a great many things which seem trifling at first, but which we should not care to find out by experience. One who has travelled appreciates the necessity of understanding the art, especially if his fellow-travellers are ignorant of it. We advise everybody to own a copy of this book, which is not expensive and is full of valuable hints.

The Nassar Miscellany.

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THE REDEMPTION OF FAUST.

When Faust, in the first part of Goethe's drama, signs the compact with Mephistopheles, he says in defiance :

“When thus I hail the moment flying :
 Ah, still delay, thou art so fair !
 Then bind me in thy bonds undying,
 My final ruin then declare !”

When, in the second part, he again utters the fatal words, Mephistopheles straightway orders his dependants to seize upon the soul of his victim ; but suddenly showers of roses fall on the demons, scorching like flakes of fire, and angels descend to claim the victory for heaven. Satan is forced to retreat. All his patient service has ended in this humiliation.

The power of Good has indeed triumphed over the power of Evil ; but is the event just ?—some one may ask. If it

be not, no blame can attach to Faust. Powerless in death, he cannot be regarded as an agent in avoiding the letter of the compact ; and the responsibility must fall on the Deity, with whom Mephistopheles made his daring wager. Has the Lord, then, as some readers of the drama say, merely outwitted the devil in a trial of subtlety and won victory at the expense of strict truthfulness ? Or has he vindicated his honor from the slur of willingly allowing his servant to be led to destruction ? Does eternal Good, as represented in the drama, mean more than arbitrary power, or no ?

In the first place, as to the nature of the agreement between the Prince of Evil and the Lord of Heaven. Mephistopheles rails at the service which Faust is rendering to the Lord, and lays a wager that he can ruin this aspiring soul. The Deity makes no counter-wager. He simply grants Mephistopheles leave to influence Faust to the utmost during his life on earth. This permission receives prompt acknowledgement.

“ My thanks ! I find the dead no acquisition
And never cared to have them in my keeping.”

The Lord makes no promise in favor of the ultimate triumph of the Evil One. On the contrary, he administers a forcible warning :

“ What thou hast asked is granted.
Turn off this spirit from his fountain-head ;
To trap him, let thy snares be planted,
And him, with thee, be downward led ;
And then stand abashed, when thou art forced to say :
A good man, through obscurest aspiration
Has still an instinct of the one true way.”

Mephistopheles hears this prophecy of certain defeat, but fails to recognize its seriousness—an omission which might be expected of the arch-scoffer, the “ Spirit that denies.” With unconcious irony he thus soliloquizes :

"It's really kind of such a noble Lord
So humanly to gossip with the Devil!"

An error similar to that which Mephistopheles commits at the outset is carried through his entire dealings with Faust. As the Evil One failed to recognize the undisguised power of the Infinite, so he fails to perceive the imperfect revelation of the Infinite in the phenomenal. In accepting as the signal of his victory the appeal of Faust to the passing moment :

"Ah still delay, thou art so fair!"

he loses sight of the insatiable aspiration of Faust's nature, which can never find rest in the finite. In tempting his victim with sensual pleasures, he is blind to that "restless activity" of soul which must indefinitely postpone the day of idle content. When Faust's downward course is ended and remorse is awake within his breast, Mephistopheles still adds stroke on stroke to make his failure complete. He procures for his supposed victim access to the realm of ideal Beauty and helps him up the steep ascent toward ideal Goodness. In doing this he acts unwillingly, for his devil-nature feels the repulsion of all that is divine; but his instinctive reluctance is too far removed from any understanding of the results of his action to cause him much uneasiness. Beauty and Goodness can not be comprehended by the devil; he stumbles upon them blind and unawares. His intellect is subtle far beyond the intellect of man; but in him the higher elements of the soul, by virtue of which man partakes of the Infinite, are lacking. For this reason Mephistopheles fails to keep Faust in servitude on earth and is unable to claim his soul for hell. When Faust speaks the decisive words long awaited by the Tempter, in accordance with the compact, his earthly life ends. The compact can do no more. It was made, not between Mephistopheles and the Lord of Heaven, but be-

tween Mephistopheles and Faust ; and Faust has no power at the hour of death to decide his future destiny. Without comprehending its meaning, Mephistopheles at last feels the force of the warning given him by the Lord. The warning is for all time beyond his grasp. The devil must forever exult in his own power and forever experience defeat.

The final disappointment of Mephistopheles, as shown by Goethe, is the culmination of a series of events as full of sublime irony as any portrayed by the ancient Greeks ; but there is this difference : that in the ancient drama the bitter shafts of irony were launched at mankind, while in that of the modern poet they are turned against the enemy of mankind, who is conceived by Goethe as

"The Power, not understood,
Which always wills the bad, and
Always works the Good."

If the sight of a devil self-defeated causes some beholders to exclaim, "Unjust !", the sight of a glorified Faust leads a far greater number to cry, "Impossible !" Literature has spread and ordinary experience confirms the opinion that a man once sold to the Evil One is hopelessly lost. Goethe defies both ordinary experience and literary tradition. He not only raises his hero from the degradation of sin to a virtuous life on earth, but he enthrones him in immortality and bestows on him the crown of spiritual perfection. The reader of the second part of Faust may even be inclined to accuse its author of adopting as his text his Astrologer's saying : "Impossible 't is—therefore to be believed." Yet Goethe has only expressed in concrete form the deepest human experience. He has dwelt upon the fearful danger which attends every alliance with evil ; he has shown the possibility of breaking away from sin and rising from its lowest depths to serene heights of virtue ; finally, he has pictured in symbolic language that ideal life

of which it is impossible for the human mind to form a conception, but which all noble human effort seeks and tends to realize. Goethe does not dogmatize ; he even scarcely moralizes. He only bids us take courage and cease to despair over mere appearance ; he speaks the consolatory word,

“ All things transitory
But as symbols are sent.”

In conclusion, the poet almost gives us a glimpse through the outer shell of symbol into that bright sphere of Reality, where “Earth’s insufficiency grows to Event.”

L. C. SHELDON, '87.

THE COMPARATIVE VALUE OF POETRY AND NOVELS.

Novels have come to be recognized as a social force ; both the praise and the censure which they receive, implies the belief that they have power to form character : that their moral teaching is of grave importance. Exactly the opposite position in the popular mind is occupied by poetry. None except the merest handful look upon poetry as anything more than a pleasant diversion, much less consider it a means of mental or spiritual education. Set against this popular estimate Carlyle’s words, “Poetry, it will come more and more to be understood, is nothing but higher knowledge,” or Matthew Arnold’s assertion that poetry of the highest sort “can refine the raw natural man, can transmute him,” or recall Tennyson’s line,

“Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world,”

and it is easily seen that either the popular estimate or that of these writers is strangely at fault. Perhaps there is no better way of getting at the truth than by comparing the

influence of poetry with that of some form of literature which is acknowledged to be a power in the world—for instance, novels.

In regard to the special difficulties and advantages inherent in the two forms of composition, the poet is more fortunate than the novelist. Poetry, it is true, requires a more special gift and more perfect obedience to the laws of art, but these very requirements form a safeguard against mistake. The novelist in the very fact that he has all life for his subject and unbounded liberty in his manner of presenting it, finds his chief difficulty, as experience has shown. Among the novels of this century is contained a noble body of literature; yet the Realistic school of critics speak of them collectively with sharp censure and half-concealed contempt, on the ground that they give false views of life. The censure is partly deserved; a perfectly true representation of life no novel among them all gives. The contempt is wholly undeserved, for this fact proves nothing against the individual novelist, though much against the novel as a form of composition. What is necessary to a perfectly true representation of life by means of a novel? One must have a true impression, definite yet not narrow, of life as a whole, and then, out of details,—characters, incidents, conversations—must build up something which will make just this impression on others. To do this perfectly requires an imagination which can grasp the broadest outlines, combined with a scientific accuracy of detail, and the genius which can blend all the material into an organic whole—requires, in short, Shakespeare. Yet a novel-writer who aims higher than to amuse, can attempt no less.

The Realists narrow their field, and, as they think, guard against error by representing merely what is plainly visible--“the trappings and the suits” of life. But novels

of this school have always produced in the mind of the reader the idea that these trivial externals are all of life—as false an idea as can well be imagined, and this failure of the Realists shows plainly the inexorable necessity of representing the whole of life, imposed upon a novelist. It is well that in attempting this they have given us so much of truth. If George Eliot's novels give one a feeling of gloom and depression, still duty and right are written in golden letters on every page. If Scott's ruffians interest us more than his virtuous gentlemen, still he makes us feel that the world is large enough for courage and endeavor. But the false aspect we shall always find in any novel which is above the average, and it will always deceive some who have not discretion to separate gold from dross. The poet, too, has life for a subject, but he is not obliged to put it all upon one canvas. He may seize upon some one fundamental truth of life, and present it directly in bold outlines, leaving details to the imagination. Or, he may dwell, as Wordsworth does in his "Highland Girl," upon some particular aspect of life, longer than the novelist dares, the beauty of the poem reconciling us to the limitations of the subject. Poetry, too, can bring out a thousand subtle tones and shades of thought, modifying what might have been an extreme presentation of a truth, without detracting from its force. It can make some incident vivid and real, and then with a word cause it to fade away before our eyes, merged in a larger thought. And perfection in poetry is no imaginary quantity. Rather it is the one thing imperatively required of a poet, that what he does, he must do perfectly. Poetry then, has this advantage over novels, that it has a capacity for greater directness and more unmixed truth in its representation of life.

In spite of this advantage, however, it remains to be seen whether the partial and relative truth contained in novels

does not make its way into the minds of men and influence their lives with greater power than the essential truth which poetry gives. Certainly the influence of novels is outright and definite, while that of poetry is often intangible, difficult to trace. But this fact ceases to be an argument against poetry when we consider how veiled and hidden are the depths of our nature, and how little of our best experience comes with observation. Soul is much harder to see than body. We can not expect the forces that work upon it to be as easily measured as gravitation.

One way in which poetry has been an unseen power in the world, consists in its creating and destroying of those unformulated impressions, which, after all, control character and conduct more than creeds or philosophies. A single example must suffice. No greater danger lies before our complex modern life, than the inertia, the paralysis of action which come from a despairing conviction of helplessness. This conviction many of the facts of life tend to produce—our lack of power over the objective world, the impartial action of law, setting limits that condition all we do, the consequent uncertainty that any effort will bring success. These facts have always been a stumbling-block to the novel writers. Formerly they evaded the consideration of them, bringing upon themselves the just charge of creating an unreal world where success and failure are distributed in strict accordance with merit. Later novelists, George Eliot especially, give us absolute truth as to the facts, but without comment or interpretation, so that their words produce an intensification of that fatal feeling of helplessness. Only the poets have recognized this truth of our ever-possible defeat, and have written of it, yet never without the suggestion that in some deeper sense man is unconquerable, sufficient in himself against the world. Sometimes this conviction expresses itself, as in Browning, in exultant

triumph ; oftener sadly, but with a noble dignity that is no less an assertion of strength. It is this rising above the subject which gives its charm to much of what is called the poetry of despair. It is this, too, which constitutes the grand style. We feel it in Walton's lines,

“ More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged,
To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen and evil tongues.”

We feel it no less in Arnold's “ The Last Word ” which touches the very heart of the sadness of failure in the lines beginning

“ Creep into thy narrow bed !
Creep, and let no more be said—
Vain the onset, all stands fast,
Thou thyself must break at last,”

and yet ends with the noble burst of courage.

“ Change once more then, and be dumb !
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall !”

In thus infusing a sense of strength into the hearts of men, poetry has done an inestimable service—it has increased the world's capacity for effort.

Whatever assertions are made with regard to the high usefulness of novels are based on their supposed superiority to other forms of literature in the conveyance of moral truth,—confessedly the chief need of the world. Novels have indeed done a great work in this direction. They have ridiculed folly and frivolity, attacked social abuses, traced out the gradual disintegration of character that wrong-doing brings about, and in all this, that is in the negative part of moral teaching, they have been conspicuously successful.

On the other hand, they have depicted simplicity and sincerity, and created characters intended to win sympathy

for the highest goodness, but in this their success has been much less. We detest Becky Sharp far more than we love the gentle Lady of Castlewood. Tito Melema can not fail to make the intended impression on every reader, while we continually hear people say that to them Romola seems cold and unattractive. There is nothing strange in this, for it is much easier to show the ugliness of sin than the beauty of goodness. Yet the latter is immeasurably more important. The simple truth that goodness is the best, the most beautiful thing in the world—a truth that sums up all moral teaching—is not yet fully comprehended by the world. Poetry does much toward a more perfect comprehension of this, for it clothes moral truth in the beauty that belongs to it by right.

Sometimes the beauty of the poem itself is so adapted to the subject that it seems to shine directly from it. Sometimes the mind is carried along by the impetuous enthusiasm of the poem. Often, by ways hard to trace out, an atmosphere is created by which the reader is brought into sympathy with the subject, made for a moment at least, to feel as he ought to feel. Perhaps nothing in moral teaching is more difficult than to show the real dignity and worth of the gentler virtues, which are so liable to be looked upon with half contemptuous tolerance, as forms of amiable weakness. Yet, often we have followed the "ancient mariner" through those realms of horror and fear into the peaceful land, where

"In the garden-bower, the bride
And bridesmaids singing are,"

gentleness and loving-kindness seem the best things in the world, and we accept with all our hearts the conclusion,

"He pray-eth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small."

In these and in a thousand other ways, more important,

poetry influences the mind and the character for good. While we owe a debt to novels which must not be forgotten, poetry stands on a higher plane and performs a higher office than they, and though, as a modern novelist flippantly says, it is not "easy reading," it is, to those who read it, "its own exceeding great reward."

E. C. GREENE, '87.

THE CABIN PHILOSOPHY.

In these latter days, when science and philosophy are flooding the world with their polysyllabic names for things both old and new, it is a relief to find after Eudemonism, Intuitionism, Hedonism, Utilitarianism, so simple a phrase as the Cabin Philosophy. In a dramatic monologue of the great poet of real life, Robert Browning, we find the statement and explanation of this term.

"Bishop Blougram's Apology" places before us a dignitary of the Catholic Church, a man of keen intellect and low ideals, without faith or enthusiasm. As we read the poem, we hear the courtly churchman graciously uttering his sparkling epigrams, and expounding the new philosophy as he says, "to you, and over the wine."

This is the form under which he chooses to set forth his theory of man's life. "A six month's voyage," he terms it, "across the ocean of this world, each in his average cabin of a life."

And this cabin it is the business, nay, the duty of the voyager, to make as comfortable as may be. One man comes aboard bringing "a landsman's list of things he calls convenient,"—even to piano, and India screen. But the cabin is but six feet square. Not another inch can he win from fate. Thereupon, in pique, he leaves all baggage be-

hind, and settles down in his bare unfurnished cabin, enviously regarding his neighbor who has made the most of his six feet of room, and is enjoying his "neat ship-shape fixings, and contrivancies."

Stripped of all metaphor, the Cabin Philosophy may be stated as the philosophy of practical modern life—that philosophy which clearly sees that:—

"The common problem, yours, mine, every one's
Is not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it might be, but finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair
Up to our means—a very different thing.
No abstract, intellectual plan of life
Quite irrespective of life's plainest laws,
But one, a man, who is a man and nothing more,
May lead within a world which, by your leave,
Is Rome or London, not Fool's Paradise."

The Bishop builds no *a priori* theory of life. He first notes, he tells us,

"The special kind of life I like,
What suits the most my idiosyncrasy,
Brings out the best of me, and bears me fruit
In power, peace, pleasantness and length of days."

And this once settled, he follows consistently that line of action that will best realize his purpose.

Thus the bishop proves himself a citizen of the modern world, a son of the nineteenth century. When Browning formulated a philosophy under this striking figure, he but photographed what he saw all around him,—what we, who are not poets, see in our daily lives. Even here in our college life we are Cabin Philosophers. Each has taken council with herself, and decided which of life's gifts is best for her—for well she knows she may not win them all.

The class room quickly teaches the fact of limitations. The genius alone can lead in the classics as in mathematics.

But how much more does the Cabin Philosophy dominate society, business, and politics. To recognize limitations and to be faithful to purposes, are here the very axioms of the science of success. The cry of our age for specialization is but a phase of the Cabin Philosophy. It is a warning that man's life is too short, his capacities too narrow for the mastery of more than one province of thought. Our age is not merciful to the *dilettante*. No indifference here! The Cabin is but six feet square, and careful thought and close attention are required to select and fit its furniture.

And yet, while all men are willing to acknowledge the abstract value of a practical view of life, it is true that many a one rises from a first reading of "Bishop Blougram's Apology" with an anger that is felt but not understood. The usual explanation is that the bishop's words are sophistical and false; his thoughts, material and earthy. But is not the true reason rather that it is all too true, that the poem paints the average human being in colors too vivid to be agreeable? Few care to admit that they are as their fellows, neither less nor greater, neither better nor worse. They forget that they are subject to immutable law that makes one man a hero, another a churl. They imagine that they are independent of all but their individual wills, and it is not always pleasant to have truth thrust in one's face.

There are ever a few rare spirits to whom it is given to live in advance of their age and so to be free of the limitations of ordinary life. But that destiny is denied the most of us. Our cabin is too small for such furniture. We know it, whether we chafe against the inevitable, or thankfully accept our place among our fellows. Ours is the

every day life, and we have but to make the most of it. Blougram tells us :—

“ My business is not to remake myself
But make the absolute best of what God made.”

* * * * *

“ We speak of what is—not of what might be,
And how 'twere better if 'twere otherwise.”

And when, finally, we have mastered our pride, and can judge ourselves fairly and without pain, how much better it is to act upon that judgment ; and instead of making life a dark failure through striving to lead a life that is not for us, rather ensure success by obeying our limitations ! Let each work out his own destiny ! If I am a Shakespeare or a Napoleon, I shall know it—be sure of that. But if I am but as my fellows, let me know that as well.

Is it objected that all this is but the ordinary philosophy of the man of the world ? By no means ! Because Blougram who states the philosophy, has made temporal ease his aim, it does not follow that every Cabin Philosopher is necessarily a Roman Epicurean. In the poem are these words :

“ In every man's career are certain points
Whereon he dare not be indifferent.
The world detests him clearly if he is,
As baffled at the game, and losing life.
He may care little, or he may care much
For riches, honors, pleasure, work, repose :
Since various theories of life and life's
Success are extant that might easily
Comport with either estimate of these,
And who so chooses wealth or poverty,
Labor or quiet, is not judged a fool
Because his neighbor would choose otherwise.
We let him choose upon his own account,
So long as he's consistent with his choice.
But certain points, left wholly to himself,
When once a man has arbitrated on,
We say he must succeed then or, go hang !”

There is nothing narrow here. A man may be Diogenes if he choose. But once having chosen, he may meet the advances of Alexander with nothing but the request to 'get out of his sunshine!' Our modern philosophy does not say what man must do, but how he must do it. We start in life full of high hopes and plans of lofty self-sacrifice. Our faith in humanity is only less than our confidence in ourselves. But as one by one our illusions fade away before our clearing vision, how much more probable is it that in despair we shall echo the old cry 'all is vanity,' than if, starting with less credulity and more charity, we expect less of ourselves and of others. Better, far better, could youthful fire and force be directed toward some real end—some end possible of achievement. The world needs all the light and life its youth can bring it. But it does not summon insane fanatics to burden it with new philosophies and new religions. It calls the men and women who will come close to its every day life and enoble it by the fulfillment of the duties of statesmen, teachers and mechanics.

This is no modern question. The two tendencies of thought, that which deals with what is, and that which deals with what may not be, are visible throughout history. After all, Solon in the old life in Greece, taught but the Cabin Philosophy, when he uttered the saying that shown from the walls of Appollo's Delphic temple:—"know thyself." Saint Paul inculcated the Cabin Philosophy, when he wrote to the Romans, "Let no man think of himself more highly than he ought to think." It is no new thing, this Cabin Philosophy, though it has taken new name and form. In every age the wise have seen that to succeed, man must reverence humility, and respect the power of the impossible.

Still, let us not forget that what is one man's prison is

another's stepping stone Because Nature denies me the second sight, I may not refuse the oracles of my prophet-brother. There is a power, inexplicable indeed, that transcends all law, laughs at prudence, and in the might of its strength, at a single bound, lifts the astonished world to a higher altitude. Genius will take its own path, and we must bow with reverence. Bishop Blougram tells us :

“ Enthusiasm 's the best thing, I repeat,
Only we can't command it ; fire and life
Are all, dead matter 's nothing, we agree,
And be it a mad dream, or God's very breath
The fact 's the same, belief 's fire, once in us
Makes of all else mere stuff to show itself.”

Cool common sense is dumb before inspiration. The Cabin Philosophy does not deal with genius. True to itself, it recognizes its limitations, and offers no rule to what is beyond human control. It speaks to us, who know ourselves no geniuses, but plain men and women with a plain life before us—a life to be led in the noblest way. And that what is noble may not be futile, but may aid those about us, and bring us true success, it bids us see life as it is, and spend our powers in active work within this real world and for it, rather than to fight with shadows, and vanquish what is not.

L. R. SMITH, '87.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

One is not so much affected by the weather in the day-time as at night. When the tasks and pleasures of the day are over and the world is quiet, one is particularly susceptible to the influences of the weather. The quiet night, the stormy night, the windy night—each has its own meaning to me, and each brings on every recurrence its own peculiar, never varying train of thought.

It is an autumn night in the country ; the rain dashes against the pane as if seeking to force an entrance into the inner heat and light; the wind wanders moaning over the fields and as it goes it gains strength ; the moan deepens into a groan ; the groan ends in an agony of rage and despair, and away the mad wind rushes, howling through the trees and ruthlessly snatching the dead leaves from the branches ; and the darkness is of Egypt. On such a night did you ever think what would happen if there should be some convulsion of nature ? The suffocating, impenetrable, crushing darkness, the pelting rain, the pitiless wind,—in the face of these what could man do if the earth were upheaved beneath him ? Nothing but grope helplessly about and pray for light—one ray of light. One perhaps feels on such a night what it must be to wake up from a trance into the suffocating gloom of the grave ; one can then understand the “ last wierd battle in the west,” one can then understand how in the horrible darkness were

“ The crash

Of battle-axes on shattered helms, and shrieks
After the Christ, of those who falling down
Looked up for heaven, and only saw the mist ;

And shouts of heathen and the traitor knights ;
Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous blasphemies,
Sweat, writhing, anguish, laboring of the lungs.
In that close mist, and cryings for the light,
Moans of the dying and voices of the dead."

How restful on a summer's night to lie awake listening to the summer sounds, to the cool breeze rustling among the leaves, to the frogs croaking in the pond, to the rippling and the rushing of the river in the distance. Then lulled by nature's music we fall into a peaceful slumber, our pillow attended by aerial forms whose shadowy beauty changes our sleep into the unmoved rest and quiet of Elysium. It was such a night as this that the poet invoked when he cried—

" When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee ;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary day turned to its rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee."

In the same way the night when the clouds gently empty their waters on the earth brings tender, sacred memories. The night when the moonlight falls on the glistening snow is not like night ; it is a time when the cares and pleasures of the day affect one as much as when he is in their midst. In the night when the wind blows jovially and gaily one takes a tempestuous delight.

Sometimes we wake at midnight on a night when the wind shrieks round the house like a mad woman ; when Boreas' icy breath rages like a lion ; when we hear it rushing afar off like the sound of many waters ; when the dogs howl dismally ; when all the inhabitants of the church-yard are abroad ; when the air resounds with the jests, gibes, and sneers of demons ; when anon the falling of some

neighboring chimney-pot or the wailing shriek of some lost soul makes us shudder in mortal terror ; when not for all this world—nor the one to come—would we rise and look forth ; when we dare not glance at the window lest some ghostly visitant shining in the pale moonlight may peer in at us ; when the wind rises from the distance sweeping down with the horrible glee of goblins borne on its wings ; when we distinguish above all, this wild dirge chanted by souls in Purgatory—

“ This æ nighte, this æ nighte,
Every night and alle ;
Fire and sleet and candle lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

.....

“ If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
Every night and alle,
Sit thee down and put them on
And Christe receive thy saule.

“ If hosen and shoon thou ne’er gavest nane,
Every night and alle,
The whinnes shall pricke thee to the bare bane,
And Christe receive thy saule,”

a night when all Hell seems set loose—crying for mercy on our souls, we hide our heads under the covers cowering there motionless, intent until from the very tension on our nerves we fall asleep, asleep to dream of goblins, of all evil things which earth or Hell can produce ; awake to find the wild night has changed into a wilder day.

L. S. FAGAN, '88.

THE DECLINE OF ORATORY.

We not infrequently meet with those who look back with admiration upon the ancient thunderers of eloquence, wondering and mourning that they exist no longer. They

see in the absence of oratorical splendor nothing but misfortune for the age and a proof of the inferiority of our spirit to that of the Greeks and Romans. That the absence of oratory is thus interpreted seems almost strange when the close relationship which oratory bears to government and manners is so apparent. In truth there is no more marked illustration of the influence of environment than the history of oratory.

Our earliest knowledge of public speaking is drawn from the powers of Homer. There we see Achilles and Agamemnon firing their troops by eloquent appeals to their sense of honor and love of glory. The soldiers of that time were freemen, ready for free thought and free action, and accustomed to exercise their own judgments and their own ideas of right. Persia, with its ranks of soldier slaves, could never have produced oratory. Only liberty could have given it birth and nourished it. When liberty died, oratory ceased to flourish, and it was only when the Christian religion emancipated the human mind that it again revived.

It was after the close of the Persian Wars, when Greece was putting on its greatest splendor, that oratory passed from its infancy to a vigor which was destined to control the state. It became the great power in Grecian life both private and national, for it became the educator of the youth. Greece had few books, few schools, no magazines, no newspapers. The most direct and simple method of influencing public thought was through the agora. In Athens people assembled to obtain their opinions from Sokrates, Isaeos, or Demosthenes. The orator was the school-master, the editor, and the statesman, and from him the youth gained his chief knowledge of literature, politics, and religion.

If we consider the character of the Greeks as it reveals itself in history, we have a clear explanation of that almost slavish devotion with which they yielded themselves to the

power of eloquence. Probably no people in the world have possessed so fine an artistic sense, have so idealized man and nature. As they idealized man, so also they idealized his attributes, among which, speech, was distinctive to him. Hence oratory rose to a fine art, and had all the characteristics of an art. It appealed not only to reason but to passion; and was fitted to strike the impulsive and imaginative Greeks as would a blast from Zeus, sweeping before it every vestige of order and prudence. It is true that the orations of the Greeks had much reason in them. It is said that most of them might with little difficulty be adapted to the modern rostrum. But it was not cold logic that lifted Greece as it were bodily, and hurled it against Philip of Macedon. It was the power of the living voice made strong and musical by laborious practice; it was the magic spell of graceful movement; and the influence of finely wrought periods when beauty and dignity obscured the force of reason.

Again we must remember, the time in which the influence of oratory was most potent in Greece, was the time of the state's greatest depression, a time when men were most easily wrought upon by appeals to their patriotism and by eloquent portrayals of former glory. In the days of Pericles, when Grecian statesmanship and arms were at their zenith, the sway of oratory as an art was far more limited. Reasoning was then more elaborate, and the orator more direct and sententious.

As an art, or perhaps we may say as an artifice, oratory reached its fullest development in Rome. There the province of reason was usurped by rhetoric. The speeches of Cicero, unlike those of Demosthenes, seem to have been calculated to please the populace rather than to convince the judicious. It has been said that only one-sixth of his "Pro Archia" was to the point. The Romans were far

less fond of reasoning than were the Greeks. They were impatient of abstruse discussions. Though Rome had internal dissensions, it flourished without a rival, and in the satisfaction of its supremacy, was pleased with almost pure rhetoric little animated by that vitalized power which the struggle for national life gave to Greek oratory.

The causes and sources of both Greek and Roman oratory being thus seen, the question as to whether this same oratory, if produced to-day, would not have as great an influence, needs no answer. Could it have this power, there is little doubt that it would exist. Whatever the age demands will be raised up for us by natural causes. It is true that the world has had brilliant orators within comparatively recent times. Fox, Chatham, Pitt moved Parliament and all England with their eloquence. Still later, America had Patrick Henry, Webster, and Clay. Their power was felt not only through their logic, but also through their personal magnetism. Yet while these men have wielded such influence, we must say, they have been the exception rather than the rule. Circumstances may be such occasionally as to make eloquence necessary in all its ancient splendor; but the day of its continual prosperity is past.

The reason for this loss of power is patent. The diversity in character of modern life had no existence in ancient times. Life then was more simple and interests more undivided. The subject which occupied the minds of the leaders of the state was the subject which engrossed every citizen. Men are now no less patriotic, no less zealous to advance the cause which the welfare of the state demands; but as the human mind has broadened it has become also better balanced. No one theme can monopolize it. Modern science ever presents new subjects for thought, and the awakened mind is ready to give to each its due attention.

Still further, the modern nation is not centered in an Athens. It inhabits broad territories from which men cannot be called into a general assembly to listen to a Demosthenes. Hence there is little scope for the influence of one method of appeal. While the public speech may reach one portion of the people, a much larger part can be reached only by the book or the newspaper. The power of the printing-press has thus become very potent,—so potent indeed, that we may say it is this which has given oratory its death blow.

Again men are now cooler, more deliberative and argumentative, though probably less disputatious. They accept only that of which their unimpassioned judgment approves; and any attempt to blind this judgment by appeal to passion or even to emotion is regarded as but an evidence of weakness. Every appeal from the rostrum must be in a form to bear the scrutiny which the press makes inevitable. It is only when it can be turned over, weighed and measured, that it can take hold of men's minds. Hence it is not the oratory of Gladstone after all, which rules Englishmen's judgements; but it is his systematic reasoning as shown in his printed speeches. Bulwer somewhere tells of a young man who comes down from Cambridge or Oxford to listen to the great speeches of the House, and is astonished at their stupidity. The more important the case in hand, the more determined, business-like, and logical, must be its manner of treatment.

Nay, so independent, so individual have men become in their modes of arriving at conclusions, that often they are not persuaded even by astute reasoning. They may admire the skill with which a line of syllogistic reasoning is wrought out, but they are still not to be convinced. This is owing in a great measure, no doubt, to the prejudices of

rival factions and the discipline of political parties; but the fact exists and is not to be set aside.

A grand and worthy character is perhaps the greatest power in the modern world. A man's influence to a great degree is according to what he is and not to what he says. If he thinks and does noble things, his words are noble and they acquire a noble influence. Sincerity is inseparable from influence. Words which are lighted by the sincerity of a great and generous soul have a power which fails nowhere of recognition; and it is this sincerity, even though clad in rude sentences, and conveyed in an unmelodious voice, which can sway men's minds for lasting good. It is as DeQuincy says: "From the heart, from an interest of love or hatred, of hope or care, springs all permanent eloquence."

A. A. BERRY, '87.

MUSIC IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

In the early days of Puritan New England, the necessarily hard and barren lives of our forefathers were unfavorable to the growth of the arts. But with the increase of security and wealth came a change in the inner life of the people, in the awakening of the æsthetic instinct, and above all in the wide-spread desire for the mysterious, inexplicable, but elevating influence of music. We are pre-eminently a practical people. But the busy life of an age of discovery, invention and glorious progress has brought all-absorbing interests. We have become self-centered and selfish and have forgotten that a broader world exists than the prosaic routine of our daily toil. It would seem that a national love of music and a national love of enterprise and gain were polar opposites. But it is in just such a people, absorbed in petty sordid cares, that the musical instinct has

awakened to save from the hard, unquickening prose of life, and to influence not only individual but national character.

Music is at once the youngest and the oldest of the arts. In earliest historical times we find traces of it in war hymns and religious chants, and that its power over the soul was recognized even then, is shown in the myths of the early Greeks. The Orphic legends do not depict emotions that differ in any way from the emotions inspired by music to-day. Still the real beginnings of music as an art date from the Renaissance. Sculpture was the characteristic art of antiquity. Painting was essentially the mediaeval art. But the character of the people had changed. New intellectual interests arose, and above all, the new apprehension of religious truth produced such changes of character that new channels were needed for self-expression. This demand was at first satisfied in the arts of painting and architecture, but painting was only imitative; architecture occupied middle ground between the imitative and creative; and a perfect power of utterance of every variety of emotion was found only in music. A mania for self-analysis has resulted from mediaeval Christianity. The individualism of Protestantism has so favored introspection that the spirit of the nineteenth century must be characterized as analytical. For proof of this we have only to study the art, literature and philosophy of the day. What insoluble problem of life has not been set forth by the philosopher? What mystery of thought or feeling has not been delineated by poet or novelist? In view of such facts can we wonder that music at once so analytical and emotional, should find a ready response in the souls of a people, absorbed in emotional anatomy and intense self-consciousness?

Music is commonly believed to be the expression of pure

beauty, but through the powers of memory and association it seldom exists independent of thought. Among the early Greeks the poet and singer were one, and later we find the chorus of the Greek drama an important element in intensifying the rhythmical power and pathos of the words. But it is to the rare genius of Wagner that we owe the perfect union of the two arts, poetry and music. Wagner, who was a dramatic as well as musical artist, says that "all arts when selfishly isolated can only address themselves to the imagination." Thus each art taken separately has but a limited range of expression, and music which at the best but vaguely expresses sentiments, would seem the most helpless of all the arts. But by its union with poetry in the form of the musical drama, Wagner has made it the art of the nineteenth century. In such a combination both arts are means of expression, but in their co-operation, poetry is made subservient, and the success of the opera depends upon its emotional range. To those who but incompletely understand music, language is necessary to explain what is meant by the melody, but the open secret lies not in the words, but in that world of emotions expressed by the music to which they are strangers.

All through the ages Religion has been compelled to subsidize some of the arts. Judaism would not tolerate painting and sculpture, but contributed immensely to the development of music. The art of sculpture among the Greeks was well adapted to the expression of the simple religious natures of a people who considered this life final. But under the influence of Christianity, the sanctity of life, the sense of sin, and the hope of immortality were emphasized; channels of feeling were deepened and emotions awakened which neither the imperfectly developed art of the Hebrews nor the cold art of the Greeks could satisfy. When the restless missionary spirit of the early church

had passed away, the genius of Christianity found expression in Gothic architecture and the Italian schools of painting, but as mysticism and introspection increased the religious emotions found fittest expression in music. The Gregorian and Ambrosian chants no longer satisfied the religious nature, and to meet the new demands these simple forms of music were developed into the oratorio, sacred cantata and anthem which to true lovers of music express the highest religious sentiment. But even where the musical taste is uncultivated there has been at all times an inclination among men and women to express sorrow and joy in song. From this impulse has resulted choral singing with its inestimable influence. Repentance, humiliation, exaltation—every phrase of Christian life finds in singing a means of expression, and from it Christians derive a comfort and strength that come with an emphasis felt at no other time in all religious experience. It is under the influence of grand old hymns that our devotional spirit is quickened. There is no religious nature in the slightest degree sensible to melody in whom the cares and burdens of life have not grown lighter and more bearable under the influence of sacred music. Our sympathies with what is noblest and best are aroused, and we often come into such a realization of truth as the most brilliant discourse is powerless to produce.

There is no way in which the tendencies of a nation can be more easily ascertained than by listening to its music. In general we characterize Italian music as languid, erratic and passionate; French music as shallow, heartless and gay; while the German schools represent the emotions of a people, earnest, dignified, and thoroughly self-controlled. But there is one form of music in which these differences disappear. In patriotic hymns the character is essentially the same irrespective of nationality. Whether expressive

of hope, courage, or sadness, such hymns are always serious and majestic, and their power over nations and armies is incomparable. Under the influence of such hymns as the Marseillaise men have found the courage to toil, suffer and die for their country. The wonderful influence of these melodies is inexplicable, but the sublimity of the action which they inspire is proof that it has been given to music to reveal to men the highest qualities of their natures, and to prompt to deeds which such revelation alone makes possible.

The influence of music is felt with peculiar emphasis in the home life. Home music is distinctively the province of woman. In other fields of art she has been creative ; in the realm of music she interprets only. But her interpretations ranging from Straus's waltzes to Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, are full of solace and encouragement for all the common-places, conventionalities and humdrum cares which so often bound a woman's life. Every note in the gamut of human experience from dull apathetic despair to ecstatic joy, finds the responsive chord in music, and one is lifted above the trials and disappointments of life. The fretting, the brooding, the old routine of domestic cares, with its intolerable dullness are forgotten, and in the momentary vision of ideal happiness, the cup of life seems full. To such souls bowed down by sorrow or forced to a constant repression of feelings, music furnishes a blessed outlet for pent-up emotions, and by its gentle ministry the tired heart is refreshed and the life made glad.

But if the need of the ennobling power of music is felt with such an emphasis in the more favored classes, in order to save them from succumbing to the wearisomeness of duty, how much greater is this need among those, whose lives from day to day are of the purest drudgery ! This want is largely supplied by cheap concerts and street

music. Who can measure the influence of wandering street musicians, the organ-grinder, the violinist, and the blind singer? It is true that they bring but a short respite in the day's toil. But that fleeting vision of happiness which a few simple melodies awaken, leaves rays of life's sunlight in the gloom of the heart, and even here the blessed ministrations of music bring lasting comfort and hope.

We cannot doubt the beneficent influence of music. In vain is it urged that emotions which do not culminate in immediate action are enervating. Mankind is better for its formless aspirations, and when the opportunity to act comes, feeling will not supplant action, but we shall be readier to follow the highest impulses of our natures, for having had pure and exalted emotions when there was no imperative call to duty.

A. K. GREEN, '87.

Editors' Table.

We can look back at this time upon a year of unusual growth and prosperity, which have affected the whole College and have given it new life and ambition. The number of students has increased more than seven per cent., very nearly reaching the limit of accommodations for them. The laboratories of the scientific departments have been enriched in several ways. Especially has the Natural History department been fortunate in obtaining the fine microscopes which it has needed so long. The Art Gallery and Studio can boast of new casts and paintings, and to that department also belongs the rich Japanese collection loaned by Dr. Simmons. The additions to our Library have been numerous and valuable. The alumnæ have been untiring in their zeal for their Alma Mater and to their credit we can place a scholarship and last and greatest of all, a gymnasium fund of twenty thousand dollars. In our scholastic work, we have shown no less progress. Our new curriculum is a proof that we do not lag behind in adopting new and good ideas in education. Our growth this year, however, has increased our longing for greater growth. It is with great joy that we learn that those interested in our welfare are coming so generously to our rescue. The large gifts of two of our Trustees, Mr. Vassar and Mr. Thompson at this Commencement have awakened the deep gratitude of every loyal Vassar girl, and will, we hope, be but a foretaste of more joys soon to come.

The first Commencement in which the new system of honors was put to the test, is over, and the good and evil of the system have had opportunity to come to the surface. What these are, our sisters of '87, and our own hearts can tell us. Commencement this year was a brilliant affair; the audience payed the closest attention until the last speaker had taken her seat, the exercises were not a minute too long, no, not one. Certainly our system of honors contributed largely toward making Commencement a thoroughly enjoyable occasion. In many respects what a perfect day it was! The sadness of parting, which as a rule robs this last day of all its gladness was greatly modified by the good tidings brought us. The Preparatory Department, has been officially abolished, and one of the dreams of the alumnae has been brought to happy realization. The gift of Mr. Vassar to the Chemistry department was a complete surprise to all. Ever since we heard the news, we have entertained the most sanguine hopes of a class in senior Chemistry, the coming year. Perhaps we shall soon welcome back some of '87's Chemistry enthusiasts. But the best news we heard on that eventful day, was the appointment of alumnae as trustees of our College. Long, long, shall we remember the eighth of June. "A day so mad and glad and sad."

It is unnecessary, perhaps, to suggest the need of a loftier aim, a more earnest purpose, to the graduating class since their thoughts are sure to run in such a channel at this time. But the prospect of a long vacation tells of opportunities for the rest of us as well, which shall test us and prove our true worth. We are too prone to think that our college life is a preparation for the future, and that during it

we must remain in a sort of passive state, receptive to good influences, but making no personal effort. It is true that we are wholly incapable now of doing the work for which this discipline is fitting us, but at the same time, we must not be inactive. Noble purposes, lofty thoughts, and high aspirations are useless if they do not spur us on to untiring effort. No girl can have a higher education without becoming convinced that her life work is not to be for herself. But she ought not to feel that an unselfish life cannot begin until her college course is finished. The long vacation is an especially favorable time for a beginning. We all know that the warm weather may be a very idle time, if we allow it to be so, but experience has proved that an active life in summer is far more conducive to health and happiness than a lazy one. No one suffers so much from the heat as one who gives up to it. Last summer, one of our college girls spent the warmest part of every day for a month, in hospital work, going from bed to bed, reading aloud, distributing flowers or doing some little thing for the comfort of the patients. Almost all of us have opportunities for something of this sort ; for instance, there is a great work to be done in manufacturing towns, among the employees. There is no city or village, no matter how prosperous, in which there are no poor to help, no children to teach, no sick to comfort, no aged to cheer. The most unpretentious work may be of great value to others and ourselves. Nothing is so insignificant that we should despise it and nothing so great that we should fear to undertake it. We cannot hope for great results at once, but we can make it our duty to see that no day passes without some giving of our time, interest or money. This is a better preparation for future work than mere book learning, no matter how important the latter may be.

Lessons are done, the last good byes have been spoken, we are safe at home once more and those closing days of the college year, into which so much of busy pleasure, not unmingled with pain, was crowded, seem now like a dream. The music, the orations, the flowers, the friends—it all comes back to us as vividly as if it were but yesterday. The picture placed in the frame which loving memories of our beautiful college home form for it, is one pleasant indeed to contemplate and yet it sends a sharp pang of regret to our hearts, since it forces upon us the thought that our college family can never be quite the same again. The great laws of perpetual Change are ancient and unalterable as Time itself and when we have learned to accept their decrees without rebellion we have mastered one of life's greatest lessons.

Most of us are widely separated, "some by the mountain and some by the river," and between many of us and friends dear to us the broad ocean rolls, but whatever distance intervenes one bond draws us close together—the love and loyalty which lives in every Vassar girl's heart. And when in the coming fall, we gather again from the East and the West, from the North and the South, with reinvigorated minds and bodies to begin another year's work, let us come with higher purposes, loftier standards and hearts full of deep thankfulness for these blessings which are ours.

HOME MATTERS.

A meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae was held at the College, Saturday morning, May 28. Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, and the Universities of Cornell, Boston, and Michigan, were represented. At the informal conference held the previous evening at the Vassar Brothers' Institute, the discussion begun at the Washington meeting

on "The Effect of the Amusements and Occupations of Girls on their School-Life" was continued. The time Saturday morning was devoted to hearing and discussing a paper on "The Occupations of Women College Graduates," by Miss Grace W. Soper, and one on "The Practical Value of a Sanitary Science Club," by Miss Annie E. Allen. After the meeting, the guests were entertained at lunch, and in the afternoon, many of them were shown the buildings and grounds.

"The Association was formed in 1882 and consists of six hundred members representing fourteen colleges and universities. Meetings have been held in the past at Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, and other colleges, and it was particularly fitting that the members should assemble at Vassar as many graduates are active workers in the Association and its present efficient President, Mrs. Helen Hiscock Backus, is an honored alumna. Graduates of Vassar are cordially welcomed to membership. The requirements are the filling out of a blank, which will be furnished by the Secretary, Miss Marion Talbot, 66 Marlborough Street, Boston, Mass., and the payment of the annual fee of one dollar. Quarterly meetings are held in different parts of the country, and in the principal cities local branch organizations have been formed."

On the evening of Wednesday, June 1, any casual observer might have noticed an air of ill-concealed excitement pervading the Sophomore seats at Chapel. In fact, it was evident to all whom it might concern that the society of the mysterious T. & M. was to be confided at last to the keeping of '89.

Shortly after Chapel, the Sophomores, flattered and curious, were escorted to Room J. The exercises began

with a well sustained and witty debate on "Immigration as affecting the Political, Social, and Moral Atmosphere of America." This was but a hint to '89 of the real meaning and purpose of the Club. The president, Miss Greene, then made a very graceful address to the new comers, revealing to them the secret which lies hidden behind the inscrutable initials. This was ably answered by Miss Nettleton, '89's "manager." The glees were then sung by the clubs of the two classes, repeating in a musical form the sentiment that inspired the addresses. After this a slight stir was observed among the hostesses, which ended in a general emigration of the same, followed by a quiet return with ices and appropriate "trimmings." With this the last shade of awe faded from '89's face. *She* did not fear the Seniors when bearing gifts, especially such palatable ones. A delightful *conversazione* made a running commentary to the collation, and ceased only with the last strokes of the warning bell; and '89 as she cordially thanked her kind entertainers, retired from the room, filled with pride at the possession of T. & M. and the consciousness of being at last an upper class.

The second Annual Tennis Tournament was held on the afternoons of June 3 and 4. It is greatly to be regretted that of the large number of students who play tennis, so few are willing to take the interest and trouble to compete in the one athletic contest of which we can boast; and to those who, though out of practice, entered for the sake of helping to make the tournament a success, we owe hearty thanks. The situation of the court and the time of playing made matters much more comfortable than last year for both spectators and contestants. Some very fine playing

was done by Misses Platt, Wetmore, and A. M. McKinlay, and the final sets Saturday afternoon were very close and exciting. After hard work Miss A. M. McKinlay succeeded in winning for the second time the medal for singles. Misses Pocock and Sebring won the prize for doubles. Monday afternoon Miss Buttler, Miss Platt and Miss Wetmore played for the second place in singles, and Miss Wetmore won. The following is the score for Friday and Saturday :

SINGLES.

A. C. Maury	{ 1 2	}	6 2 4	}	5 6 6 5 6						
E. P. Platt	{ 6 6										
H. C. Buttler	{ 3 4	}	5 6 6								
A. M. McKinlay	{ 6 6										
S. L. Wetmore	{ 6 6	}	0 1								
M. L. McKinlay	{ 0 1										

DOUBLES.

E. Hague	}	5 4
L. M. McKinlay		
W. M. Sebring	}	6 6
G. A. Pocock		

June 4 brought round the day which renders the Astronomy students the most envied of mortals. Then it was that the Dome Party, that Mecca of the whole course took place. Promptly at half-past eight on that eventful morning the favored ones could be seen walking with eager but stately step along the path which leads to the Observatory. We were warmly welcomed by Miss Whitney, and then we fell into groups about the familiar parlor, where our chief de-

light had been to gaze at the large picture of Humboldt's library. Our Senior friends looked oppressively at us Juniors who could scarcely keep our satisfied ambition within bounds. Breakfast was soon announced, and according to custom the members of the present Astronomy classes were seated in the Dome, while previous seekers of right-ascensions and declinations retreated to the Meridian Room. The dim coolness of the Dome served to heighten the dainty effect of the tables, and conversation soon rose to a murmur of content.

There were two circumstances which made this Dome party different from the preceding ones : It celebrated the return of the equatorial telescope, and was the last Dome breakfast to which Miss Whitney would lend her welcome presence. After the breakfast the literary feast was begun with a short speech from Professor Mitchell, who told us what to expect in the way of poems. Our dear Professor was, as she said, "in the Doctor's charge," and could not be with us during the whole time. Her throne was the couch in the Observatory parlor, and from there she would scatter the *bon mots* which were treasured up in the hearts of them that heard. In the poems each student was duly described ; there were spicy epigrammatic sonnets to those whose names were rhythmical, and bright dissertations to those whose names were not. We all felt a trifle unhappy when the time came to sing our "Maria Mitchell" song, for we not only had to bring to a close a most delightful morning, but had to say "good-bye" to Miss Whitney. We who have been under her inspiring guidance feel a pity for those who cannot in the following years, know her as a teacher. Yet with our regret comes a feeling of gladness that she has at last gone forth to win the honor and fame which she will surely find.

As is customary during commencement week, the work of the art students was on exhibition in the Studio, which was transformed into a pleasant reception room. The decorations, though not as elaborate as on some former occasions, were tasteful, and the studies on exhibition showed that much good work had been done during the year.

There were many studies from still-life, while copies were not numerous. Among the work from the antique, the "Praying Youth" by Miss Haidlauf, and the "Hermes" by Miss Banfield, were worthy of especial notice.

Miss Wilcox had several excellent studies of flowers, which bore witness to her talent in that direction. A small study of pansies was especially pleasing. We noticed also a number of flower studies by Miss Clark, which were delicately treated.

Miss Haidlauf showed care and industry in the quality of her work. She had several interesting views of the scenery along the Hudson.

Miss Chapin had a very excellent still-life group of musical instruments, which was among the most natural and realistic studies on exhibition, and was treated in a spirited manner.

A group of herring and onions by Miss Millard was carefully painted. Miss Boughton had a charming little marine view, and Miss Lester several excellent studies.

The work from the live model was artistic and showed that this important branch had not been neglected. A portrait of Professor Cooley was an interesting feature of the exhibition.

As a whole, the studies showed much careful, earnest work, and the addition of several fine casts and paintings to the art gallery serves to inspire the students to further endeavor, and to give them correct ideas of their branch of study.

One of the most important features of the college course is the course of lectures on art given in the chapel by Professor Van Ingen. No student, whether studying art or not, can afford to miss them, and aside from their instructive value they are of great interest, being illustrated by the stereopticon, and delivered by one who has a discriminating knowledge of the masterpieces of art in the old world.

COMMENCEMENT.

The weather on Baccalaureate Sunday accorded well with the feelings of the Seniors, for though not rainy, the sky had rather a sombre appearance.

In the morning the Chapel was well filled with friends of the graduating class, assembled to listen to President Taylor's first baccalaureate sermon. After scripture reading from the eleventh chapter of Hebrews and the sixth chapter of the first epistle to Timothy, the text was announced from the ninth and tenth verses of the former chapter; "Dwelling in tents, he looked for the city." The President spoke of the question of Life, its meaning and scope, as the important one of every age, and of the ways in which men have tried to answer this great question. He said that the worth of a man's life is measured by his ideal, be it high or low, and life will be a failure with everyone whose ideal is not constantly beyond his attainments. The Christian has before him the highest possible ideal, the perfection of Christ. In closing, President Taylor addressed the graduating class, warning them of the temptations which would meet them in the world to lower their ideals to the standards of those around them, and charging them

to hold fast to the pursuit of that which is highest, noblest and best. The services ended with the beautiful, "Peace, I leave with you," by the choir before the benediction.

In the evening, Miss Hubbard gave one of those delightful organ recitals which every Vassar girl counts as among her most precious privileges. The sadness and solemnity of the "Trauer March" were relieved by the exquisite "Elevation" by Guilmant, with which the programme ended, and we went away comforted and strengthened

On the evening of June 6, a large audience gathered in the chapel to listen to the commencement concert. The programme, though rather long, was thoroughly enjoyable. Miss Thompson opened with a brilliant selection from Weber which she played with ease and spirit. In speaking of Miss Cleveland we need only say that she played with her usual grace. Miss Ward and Miss Wallace sang a duet, and each a solo later in the evening, all of which were enthusiastically received. It was the first appearance of Miss Wallace, and every one was charmed with her sweet voice. Miss Titus rendered her selection in an able manner. We are all sorry the School of Music has lost her for she herself was always so perfectly at ease that her listeners could not be otherwise. Miss Lorenz played very well, yet, knowing her ability as we do, we feel that owing to self-consciousness, she did not do herself justice. Miss Marshall and Miss Burtis may well be spoken of together since both are so well known on our musical stage for their vivacious style and self-possession. Suffice it to say that they did not disappoint our expectations. Vocal selections were rendered by Misses Wheeler, McKinlay and Proctor in a pleasing manner, and gave an agreeable variety to the

programme. The concert in G Minor by Mendelssohn in which Miss Goodsell was accompanied by Miss Rich was a feature of the evening. The concert was concluded by a selection on the organ which was given by Miss Scofield with all the grace and feeling which characterize her playing.

Through the summer so full of varied enjoyment, there will linger in many hearts the memory of '87's Class Day. The procession, noticeable for its dainty simplicity of costume in contrast to the inappropriate elaborateness of former years, entered the chapel at three. After a cordial address of welcome by '87's stately president, Miss Skinner, a bright and witty oration on the class motto was delivered by Miss Butcher. The varied and thrilling events of the history were then chronicled by Miss Sweet; a fact which forms sufficient guarantee of their being impressed more firmly than ever, if possible, upon the minds of the participants therein. Miss Hoy, by her poem, confirmed our high opinion of the versatility of '87. A brief interlude of music preceded a charming Prophecy by Miss Jenckes, in which she gave clever, kindly and loving sketches of the mysterious paths to be pursued by each of her sisters in the journey upon which they are to set out. The traditional bouquets of the class flower, thrown to each with the delivery of her prophecy, were on this occasion taken from a familiar physiognomy which gazed in calm superiority from its pedestal. After the chapel exercises, the long, many-hued procession wound to the tree. The spade was presented by Miss Canfield with a bright charge full of the best of advice for inexperienced '88, and received by Miss Rich, who succeeded fully in convincing, '88 at least,

that no advice was necessary. The close of both speeches showed that all but loving feelings were laid away under the sod with the class records; and merry faces and thoughtful ones alike grew sad as the stone was fixed, and the mournful farewell strains of the class song floated out upon the air.

The evening was occupied as usual by a promenade concert with dancing.

We can record this year a thoroughly satisfactory and very enjoyable Commencement day. The wisdom of adopting the new honor system was fully proved, and not an essay was presented which did not interest the hearers and reflect credit upon the College. The variety of the subjects and the peculiar fitness of each writer to treat the theme which she had chosen were noticeable. In point of both literary merit and good delivery, the work of Miss Smith and Miss E. C. Greene deserve perhaps the highest praise. Their essays and those of Miss A. K. Green, Miss Sheldon and Miss Berry, are printed in another department, and any commendation is superfluous to those who heard or may read them. Miss Palmer ably showed the different ways in which Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides regarded the Divine Nemesis, and said that Sophocles came near the Christian faith in his belief in mercy tempering justice. Miss Maury strongly opposed the prevalent notion that Science is in direct conflict with the tendency of the age to idealize, maintaining that Truth, the ideal of man, is the same, whether we seek it without or within; and that Science really teaches us to believe in the Ideal. The last essay, upon The Decline of Oratory, was by Miss Berry. This decline was declared to be by no means a discouraging

sign of the age, since life is too varied and the world too large now for one subject or one orator to monopolize as of old the attention of men, and the great power of the press has supplanted that of oratory.

The entire programme of the exercises was as follows :

ORGAN VOLUNTARY.

PRAYER.

Music in the Nineteenth Century,	- - - -	Anna Keyes Green.
The Cabin Philosophy,	- - - -	Louise Russell Smith
The Divine Nemesis in Greek Tragedy,	- - - -	Margaretta Palmer
Polonaise, op. 71, No. 2,	- - - -	Chopin.

Miss Frank.

The Comparative Value of Poetry and Novels,	-	Ella Catharine Greene.
The Redemption of Faust,	- - - -	Laura Charlotte Sheldon.
The Ideal in Science,	- - - -	Antonia Coetana Maury.
The Decline of Oratory,	- - - -	Alice Amelia Berry,
{ Chorale (Organ),	- - - -	Mendelssohn.
{ Pastorale,	- - - -	Merkel.

Miss Fitch.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

THE DOXOLOGY.

After conferring the regular degrees, the President announced the first honorary degree ever given by the College, that of LL. D. upon Mrs. Christine Ladd-Franklin of the class of '69. Then followed some "notices" which made the chapel ring with the heartiest applause it has known for many a day, and the doxology was sung with great fervor.

The marshal of the day, Mrs. M. L. Dickinson-McGraw, then invited the graduates and their friends to adjourn to the dining-room, and the commencement exercises were over.



COLLEGE NOTES.

The results of the Second Annual Tennis Tournament were as follows :

Doubles—Won by Miss Sebring and Miss Pocock.

Singles—First place won by Miss A. M. McKinlay.

Second place won by Miss Wetmore.

The Rev. Emerson, of Providence, R. I. conducted the morning chapel services, May 29.

At a meeting of the New York branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae Dr. Hall read, by request, a report of the lectures on Sanitation which have been given at the College, and spoke also of the special preparation which Vassar students receive for philanthropic work.

'89 has selected for her class tree the beautiful American elm which stands in front of the south wing of the College, and dedicated it with appropriate exercises on the evening of May 27. The unique emblem which adorns the tree seems to have created some amusement among certain of the older classes. "Why these envious murmurings," sisters?

A lecture and reception arranged by the Rockford alumnae was given in Rockford in May. The proceeds were contributed to the Vassar Educational Fund.

The Senior auction was a great success, both financially and socially.

Somebody was heard to remark just after '89's Tree Ceremonies that "from all she heard '89 must have *waxed tremendously* before her exercises were over."

Dr. Hall received a commission as surgeon on the Staff of the Red Cross Hall, at the National Drill and Encampment held at Washington, D. C., in May.

One of the most delightful events of Commencement week was the organ recital given by Miss Hubbard on Sunday evening, June 5.

The following officers have been elected for the first semester for the coming year ;

By the class of '89 :

President—MISS FERRELL.

Vice-President—MISS GREER.

Secretary—MISS MAY.

Treasurer—MISS COATES.

By the class of '90 :

President—MISS L. S. KING.

Vice-President—MISS H. F. GRIGGS.

Secretary—MISS LAMSON.

Treasurer—MISS C. L. SCOFIELD.

By Chapter Alpha :

President—MISS BARNUM.

Vice-President—MISS SHAW.

Secretary—MISS WASHINGTON.

Treasurer—MISS M. K. HUNT.

By Chapter Beta :

President—MISS RANSOM.

Vice President—MISS E. M. WALLACE.

Treasurer—MISS COMFORT.

By Chapter Delta :

President—MISS AUSTIN.

Vice-President—MISS RICH.

Secretary and Treasurer—MISS BETHUNE.

Editor of the "Echo"—MISS FAGAN.

There were many interesting and valuable statistics given in the papers read before the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, at its meeting held at the College, May 28. The papers will be published in full in the printed report of the meeting.

The first honorary degree ever granted by the College was conferred, June 8, upon Mrs. Catharine Ladd-Franklin. The degree was that of Doctor of Laws.

There was much rejoicing among both alumnae and undergraduates when the rather unexpected announcement was made that the trustees had decided in favor of alumnae representation in their Board. The Association of Alumnae immediately named, and the trustees elected, as representatives of the Association for the coming year, Mrs. Hiscock-Backus, '73, of Brooklyn, Miss Florence Cushing, '74, of Boston, and Miss Poppleton, '76, of Omaha, Neb.

A meeting of the Alumnae Association will be held in New York at the time of the regular New York Association meeting in January, to decide the details of the plan for choosing Alumnae Trustees, after the plan has been submitted to each alumna.

PERSONALS.

[Any communications concerning former students will be gratefully received by the Personal Editor.]

'70.

Miss Mary Harriott Norris will open a finishing school in Higher English for a limited number of young ladies, at Bron-
ton, N. J., October 10.

'72.

Dr. Waldron, resident physician at Hampton, sailed June 1, for a four months' trip in Europe.

The class reunion was held at the house of Mrs. Lizzie Rolin-son-Booth, of Poughkeepsie. Twelve of the class were present.

'77.

Miss Fannie Adams sails for Europe this summer.

'78.

Miss Alice M. Wing has resigned her position as teacher of Latin and Greek in the Springfield High School, to accept a position at "The Elms," Springfield, Mass. "The Elms" has recently been made a Vassar Preparatory School, and will number among its teachers for the coming year, three Vassar graduates, Miss Wing, '78, Miss Cornelia M. Raymond and Miss C. L. Bostwick, 83.

'79.

Miss Ida Andrews has been studying music in Leipsic.

Married, in Lee, Mass., September 29, Miss Cookingham to Dr. J. J. Edwards.

'80.

Born, in Brooklyn, N. Y., a son, to Mrs. Charles M. Pratt.

'81.

Miss Emma Hodge is teaching at a private school in Providence, R. I.

Miss Julia Darling sailed for Europe in June.

Born, in Yonkers, N. Y., March 13, a son, Sheldon Smith Yates, to Mrs. Elizabeth Smith-Yates.

'84.

Married, in Westfield, N. Y., June 29, Miss Catharine L. Patterson to Mr. Frank William Crandall.

Married, June 29, in Danbury, Conn., Miss Hubbard to Mr. J. A. Skinner, of Holyoke, Mass.

Married, June 29, in Washington, D. C., Miss Frances Haldeman to Mr. Thomas W. Sidwell.

Miss Griffith returns to Denver, in August.

'86.

Married, in Bridgeport, Conn., June 14, Miss Helen Stanton to Mr. Samuel Van Vronken Holmes.

Among the Alumnae and friends of the College who expect to spend the summer abroad, are Miss E. H. Brewer, Miss C. J. Pearne and Miss Mary Lester, who sailed on the "Eider," June 11; the Misses Poppenheim on the "Umbria," June 11; Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Crandall, Miss Hannah Patterson, Miss Frances Patterson, Mrs. H. L. Anderson, Miss Louise Anderson and Miss H. F. Weeks on the "Aurania," July 2; Miss Darling, Miss Erskine, Miss Lloyd and Miss Semple.

The Senior class of Mrs. Life's school, visited the College Saturday, May 28.

Among the guests present at the meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, were the following members and friends: Mrs. Eliza Putnam-Heaton, editor of the Brooklyn Times; Miss Danes and Miss Marion Talbot, of the Boston University; Miss Soper and Miss Putnam, of Cornell; Miss DuBois and Miss Root, of Wellesley; Miss Annie Allen, Miss Woodard, Miss Gulliver and Miss Fine, of Smith; Miss Salmon, of Ann Arbor; Miss Ely, '68; Miss Daniels, '69; Miss Coffin, '70; Mrs. Backus, '73, and Professor Backus; Mrs. Fisher-Wood, '74, and Dr. Wood; Miss Read, '75; Miss Frances Swan, '77;

Mrs. Harriett Ransom-Milinowski, '78, and Mr. Milinowski. Miss Wiley, '78; Miss Thurston, '80; Miss Murphy, '84; Dr. and Mrs. Kendrick, Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Swan, and Mr. Vassar of Poughkeepsie.

The following alumnæ have visited the College during the past month: Mrs. Dickinson-McGraw, '67; Miss Ely, '68; Dr. W. Elliot Emerson, Miss Folger, Mrs. Crocket Shannon, Miss Blockmar, Miss Kirby, Miss Stein, Miss Richardson, Miss Peck, Miss Corson, Miss Hall, Miss Dinsmore, Miss Brace, Mrs. Jefferson, '72; Mrs. C. Knowles Fitch, '73; Miss Poppleton, '76; Miss Bernard, Miss Day, Miss S. A. Freeman, Miss Ives, '78; Miss Nickols, Miss E. P. Clark, Miss Palmer, Miss Baird, Miss Merrick, Miss Wentworth, Miss Hazard, Mrs. Kennedy-Brauner, Mrs. Dill-Kinney, Miss Hakes, Miss Dike, Mrs. Moore-Robinson, Mrs. Cookingham-Edwards, Mrs. Jordan-Folger, and Miss Colgate, '79; Miss Healy, '80; Miss C. C. Barnum and Miss M. L. Freeman, '81; Miss E. M. Howe, Miss M. E. Jones, Miss Sanford, Miss Semple, Miss L. B. Stanton, '82; Miss H. M. Jenckes, Miss Griffith, Mrs. Cornwall-Stanton, Miss Budd, Miss C. L. Patterson, Miss L. K. Smith, Miss J. H. Merrick, Miss M. C. Hubbard, Miss Cumnock, Miss Barker, Miss Chapman, Mrs. Jennings, Miss Walch, Miss Starkweather, Miss Haldeman, and Miss Miller, '84; Miss Bryant and Miss A. Lester, '85; Miss Fox, Miss Reed, Miss Adams and Miss Moir, '86; Miss Lathrop, Miss Dessaseur and the Misses Helfenstein.

ALUMNÆ CORRESPONDENCE.

The following letter from Miss Healy was read before the Students' Association sometime ago, as an acknowledgment of the efforts of the students in behalf of the Gymnasium Fund. An extract from this letter containing a report of

the sum subscribed by the students to the gymnasium, appeared in the June "MISCELLANY." Believing, however, that many who have not yet had the good fortune to hear the letter, will be greatly interested in it because of its earnest plea for stronger class feeling in the College we here publish it in full:

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

To the Students of Vassar College:

Before leaving the College on Saturday, May 7, I was able to thank you in person, in behalf of the Physical Culture Committee, for the generous way in which you had responded to my appeal.

Since then your gifts have continued to come in, and sums which, during my stay, promised to be twenty, forty and one hundred dollars, have increased to forty, eighty and two hundred dollars. Your letters and telegrams announcing these facts have shown me to what extent your enthusiasm and interest in the Gymnasium Fund have been aroused. All this—together with the fact that many of you have sent me individual letters of encouragement and aid—makes me feel as though I would like to thank you once again for the zealous efforts which you have put forth in this cause. As I said to you before leaving, there is very much of the taking for granted in this world, and our best efforts often go unappreciated. As a Committee we are unwilling that the students of Vassar College should be ignorant of our sincere appreciation of their active interest and self-sacrifice in this matter.

Personally I would like to thank you for the kindness extended to me while at the College, and, if you will permit me to keep their names to myself, I would like to send a separate vote of thanks to the "Converts"—those who could not bear "gyms" and who *would not contribute one*

cent toward a GYMNASIUM. *They* have certainly been magnanimous in devoting themselves with such good will to so uncongenial a cause.

This brings to my mind very forcibly, how much might be done for Vassar every year if *class* feeling and *class* interest could be kept up and carried out of the College walls way through what might be termed Alumnæ-hood.

If Vassar College is to stand among the first and retain her reputation of the past, her welfare and progress must be promoted first and foremost by her own students. They must interest others in her behalf and show others that they themselves are willing to work and sacrifice. There is too much promiscuous begging and giving in the world. For my own part, I should like to see the tithing system established and one tenth of every Vassar graduates almsgiving be directed for a time toward her alma mater. Let the girl who can afford to give but ten dollars a year in charity give one dollar of that sum toward what might be termed "Class Collection."

If those of you who are still under Vassar's roof could form some system by which, as a *class* you might later on be kept together and work, much of the difficulty which now exists might be done away with and a new system, which would by no means curtail the freedom of any Vassar girl, might be established. You cannot possibly have any idea of the self-sacrifice and untiring devotion of Vassar's alumnæ and the amount of work they have done and are constantly doing. They have raised thousands of dollars and still hope to raise more, but Alumnæ work done under the present system is, to say the least, difficult. Vassar girls will marry. There is no way of keeping track of some of them. They change "local habitation and name" with astonishing rapidity and Vassar interest sometimes adapts itself to the change. Could not '87 and

'88 and '89 and '90 form some sort of league by which they might pledge themselves to report at least once a year on their whereabouts? You will find that never again—not even at Class reunions will you all be together and to make your own alumnæ work of the future easier, invent, I say, some means of keeping track of each other. The Gymnasium Fund is not the last thing for which Vassar graduates must work.

There are other needs—greater ones—and as you come forth as alumnæ to meet us, we want your advice and helpful co-operation in every matter pertaining to that glorious old institution from which have emanated some of the best and noblest efforts of our lives. In no college will you find a higher intellectual standard, a truer type of womanhood and, as I said to you when with you, where will you find a more faithful corps of Professors and teachers than those who are now with you, who have been with us and who were with many of those who went before us—men and women on whose heads other colleges have set “high price” but whose faithfulness to Vassar has caused them to lose sight of more sordid gain. For these and for other objects we must continue to work and with the enthusiasm which now exists among you and from which we hope to gain new inspiration for ourselves, why should we not accomplish great things?

This is a most informal letter, but any incoherency in my speech must be attributed to the joy with which I now announce to you, that with the sanction of the trustees and college authorities the Vassar Gymnasium was begun in June, and is now on the road to completion.

Very sincerely and thankfully yours,

MADGE HEALY,

Brooklyn, N. Y

EXCHANGE NOTES.

It is a pity that so excellent a magazine as the *Yale Literary Monthly* should not appear in a more attractive dress. There are points to be mentioned in favor of its cover, but the lettering is ugly and the color weak.

Perhaps it will not be amiss, as we publish our last number for this college year, to express our gratitude to the many colleges and schools from which we receive magazines and papers in exchange for the *Miscellany*. A great deal of real merit has come into our hands through them, and the intercourse kept up in this way has been both delightful and profitable. We extend to them our wishes for a pleasant vacation and hope that next year will be a prosperous one to all.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, has given us fresh evidence of her peculiar power in "Jack," published in the *Century*. One seldom reads a story so pathetic, so full of the humor which is akin to pathos and so true withal. One feels, after reading it, that he has witnessed an experience of real life, which may well sadden his heart.

The *Amherst Literary Monthly* contains a very amusing article entitled, "A Social Club." The name does not at all suggest the originality and ingenuity of the writer, who describes a social meeting of jokes, young, middle-aged and old. Those who read it will remember it, and perhaps it may act as a check on one who is prone to mingle anecdotes too freely in his conversation.

VASSAR ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION.

The seventeenth annual meeting of the General Alumnae Association of Vassar College, was held at the College, June 7, 1887. The meeting was called to order at 9:30 a. m., by the President, Dr. Mary Taylor Bissell, '75. The Secretary being unable to perform the duties of her office, Miss Richardson, '79, was elected Secretary pro tem. On motion the reading of the minutes was omitted.

In response to the President's call for the credentials of the delegates from the local associations, Miss Ely, '68, reported for the New York Association, Miss Howe, '82, for the Boston Association; Miss Haldeman, '84, for the Association of Washington and the South; Miss Barnum, '81, for the New Haven Branch Association; Miss Walch, '84, for the Alumnae of Central and Western New York.

Miss Bernard, '78, then presented the report of the Treasurer of the Association as follows:

M. L. BERNARD, In account with the Association of Vassar Alumnae:

CREDIT.

June 8, 1886, Balance on hand.....	\$ 1 77
June, 8, 1886. Raised by tax of 75 cents levied upon each Alumna in the College.....	38 50
July 29, 1886, From the Boston Association.....	12 00
August 5, 1886, From the Boston Association.....	1 00
August 5, 1886, From the Class of '78.....	2 00
June 6, 1887, From the Association of Chicago and the West.....	7 00
	<hr/>
	\$63 27

DEBIT.

June 9, 1886, For envelopes, and postage preparing for the June, 1886 meeting.....	9 35
June 12, 1886, For printing invitations and express thereon.....	4 10
July 12, 1886, For printing 700 copies Minutes of the June, 1886 meeting.....	10 00
July 12, 1886, Postage and express on Minutes.....	8 08
January 3, 1887, Paid Miss Perkins 25 per cent. of her expenses on the Conference Committee.....	3 63
June 6, 1887, For circulars preparing for the June, 1887 meeting.....	12 10
	<hr/>
	\$47 26

Balance on hand June 7, 1887.....\$15 01

In connection with this report, there are the following claims against the Association :

Balance of the expenses of the Conference Committee.....	41 37
Expenses of delegate sent by the committee upon Alumnae Representation.....	11 00
Probable expenses of June, 1887 meeting.....	25 00
	<hr/>
	\$77 37

To meet these claims :

Above balance on hand.....	15 01
Amount pledged June 4, 1887, by the New York Association.....	32 00
	<hr/>
	\$47 01

Leaving a deficit of probably.....\$30 36

On motion the Treasurer's report was accepted.

Miss Palmer, '79, moved that the Secretary be empowered to inform the different local associations of the deficit in the Treasury, and ask them to take action in regard to the same, also to provide in some permanent way for the future. Carried.

Miss Ely, '68, representative of the New York Association, said that that Association had voted to pay two-fifths of the deficit and yearly expenditure of the General Association.

Miss Jenckes, '84, moved that the report of the Physical Culture Committee take precedence of the report of the Committee on Alumnae Representation. Carried.

Miss Ely, '68, in behalf of the Physical Culture Committee, made the following report :

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Amount pledged June '86.....	\$6,000 00
Value of invested money—'86.....	6,840 00
Value of cash on hand—'86.....	77 46

Received '86—'87.

Miss Drexel.....	500 00
Mrs. Allen.....	25 00
Other collections.....	61 00
Int. Dec. 31.....	238 24
Int. June 15.....	192 73
Mr. Devoe.....	100 00
Miss Ives' Scheme.....	448 00
Undergraduates V. C.....	590 00
Mrs. Chas. Pratt.....	540 00

Total.....\$15,662 43

MARY SEYMOUR PRATT,

Treasurer.

This amount together with the funds secured by the Endowment Committee assure your Committee on Physical Culture, that the sum of \$30,000 necessary to build and equip a gymnasium for Vassar College will be secured in a few weeks if not days, therefore your Committee would respectfully suggest that a committee be appointed to present to the Board of Trustees now in session the following request :

To the Honorable Board of Trustees :

WHEREAS, The General Alumnae Association of Vassar College have secured funds, wherewith to build and equip a gymnasium for Vassar College, costing from eighteen to twenty thousand dollars.

Therefore, The Association do most respectfully beg that your Honorable Body will grant to the aforesaid Association, a site for the erection of such a building on the grounds of Vassar College.

Secondly, That your Honorable Body will appoint a committee from your number to confer with the committee of the General Alumnae Association of Vassar College in the approving of a plan and the selection of an architect for the construction of said building.

A. M. ELY,

Ch. Pha. Cult. Com.

On motion this report was accepted.

Miss Jenckes, '84, moved that a committee be appointed by the Chair to convey the report of the Physical Culture Committee to the Trustees.

Carried.

Miss Healey, '80, Miss Ives, '78, Miss Palmer, '79, were so appointed.

The Chair then called for a report from the Committee on Alumnae Representation. It being impossible for any member of that committee to be present, Miss Hazard '79, in behalf of the committee, presented the following "Outline of a Plan for Alumnae Representation," after stating that one hundred copies of this plan had been distributed among the Alumnae, that a copy had been given to each Trustee and that each Trustee had, in addition, been personally interviewed on the subject by an Alumna:

OUTLINE OF A PLAN FOR ALUMNÆ REPRESENTATION.

The committee appointed in June 1885, by the Alumnae Association of Vassar College to present to the Association a plan for the representation of the Alumnae on the Board of Trustees have sketched the following outline in which they have endeavored to harmonize and embody the sentiments of the Alumnae.

Authorities whom we consider competent, inform us that Alumnae Representation, in any proper sense of the term, can be secured only by changes in the charter of the College. The Board, being a close corporation, can receive no members except such as are elected by its own vote. While, by courtesy of the Trustees, Alumnae might be chosen by them to fill vacancies, these members could not be considered legal representatives of the Association. but they would enter upon their office as individuals merely, upon whom the Association could make no demands and impose no conditions. They would, more over, hold their positions for life, like other Trustees.

Furthermore, according to the charter, no one residing outside of the State of New York is eligible to membership in the Board, which removal of a Trustee from the State may cause forfeiture of membership. The fact that the act of incorporation has made an exception, in regard to residence, in favor of a few of the original members, is considered by lawyers not to affect the bearing of the restrictive clause on the election of new candidates.

Vassar College is a national not a state institution, drawing its students from all parts of the United States. To restrict trusteeship to graduates who reside in New York would be to prevent the attainment of the most important object for which the measure is urged, viz: the election at all times of the most suitable representative, and the cultivation among all the graduates of a living interest in the College.

We therefore suggest that the Association of Alumnae request the Board to take the proper measures toward securing the following changes in the charter of Vassar College:

- 1—A clause assigning to representatives of the Alumnae three seats in the Board of Trustees.
- 2—A clause permitting a resident of any state or territory of the United States to serve as representative of the Alumnae, if otherwise qualified.
- 3—A clause restricting eligibility to trusteeship to graduates of at least ten years standing, and electorship to those of at least three years standing.
- 4—A clause making six years the term of office of an Alumna Trustee; with the provision, however, that at the first election one candidate shall be elected for two years, and another for four years.
- 5—A clause providing for nomination and election by written ballot, the candidates for election being the three nominees who lead in number of votes; and, finally, in case of failure at any time to elect by written ballot, the completion of the election by the members of the Alumnae Association present at the Annual Meeting, electors and candidates still being restricted to those heretofore specified.

Signed.

ALLA W. FOSTER,
HELEN HISCOCK BACKUS,
LAURA BROWNELL COLLIER.

During the reading of the preamble, Miss Hazard interpolated the statement that since writing the preamble, the committee had ascertained that lawyers differ in their judgment of the bearing of the charter on eligibility to trusteeship as affected by residence, some affirming that residents of any state or territory may be elected Trustees, if otherwise qualified.

It was moved and carried that the report of this committee be accepted.

Miss Cornwell, '77, moved that the report be considered clause by clause. Carried.

Miss Dinsmore, '72, moved that the preamble be not sent to the Trustees. Carried.

The first clause was then re-read and a motion made to adopt it as read.

Miss Howe, '82, moved as an amendment that the words "*three or more*" be substituted for the word "*three*." Carried.

Miss Thurston, '80, moved that the clause be further amended so as to read : "A clause permitting the Alumnae Association of Vassar College to elect (subject to confirmation of the Board) three or more of its members on the Board of Trustees."

Miss Sanford, '83, moved to amend this amendment by substituting "to name" for "to elect (subject to confirmation of the Board)." Miss Thurston declining to accept Miss Sanford's amendment, the motion to adopt the clause as amended by Miss Thurston was put to the house and carried.

The second clause was re-read and a motion made to adopt it as read. Carried.

The third clause was re-read and a motion made to adopt it as read. Carried.

The fourth clause was re-read and a motion made to adopt it as read. Carried.

The fifth clause was re-read and a motion made to adopt it as read. Lost.

Miss Thurston, '80, moved that second and third classes be incorporated into one. Carried.

Miss Day, '78, moved that a committee of three be appointed to prepare a paper embodying the views of the Association. Carried.

Miss Hazard, '79, Miss Whitney, '68, Miss Ely, '68, were elected members of this committee.

Miss Healy, as chairman of the committee appointed to convey to the Trustees the report of the Physical Culture Committee, reported as follows :

In answer to the appeal made to the Trustees for a site on which to build a Gymnasium for Vassar College, a committee was sent to us in Room K. consisting of Dr. King, Mr. Thompson, and General Townsend, who, in turn sent to us a committee consisting of President Taylor, Dr. Hague, and Mr. Fox, to conduct us to the Honorable Board of Trustees, in order to receive from them, in person, an expression of formal thanks, which thanks were so profuse that your modest committee are unable to repeat them here. But they were something to this effect : That they had never doubted our interest, but they had certainly doubted our ability to raise so *magnificent* a sum in so short a time. The following resolutions were handed to the committee :

Resolved, That this Board express its grateful acknowledgments to the Alumnae for this new expression of their interest in the prosperity of the College.

Resolved, That they have permission to erect upon the College grounds the Gymnasium building as they desire, upon such site as may be determined upon.

Resolved, That the question of site and the appointment of a committee to confer be referred to the Executive Committee with power.

M. HEALY.

It was moved that this report be accepted. Carried.

Miss Ely, '68, moved that the Association appoint a committee and empower them to select a plan, choose an architect and make a contract for the Gymnasium Building. Carried.

Mrs. Fitch '73 moved that the existing Committee on Physical Culture act as the Building Committee. Carried.

Miss Sanford, '82, in behalf of the Endowment Committee gave the following report :

REPORT OF THE TREASURER OF ENDOWMENT FUND COMMITTEE.

'86—'87.

CLASS.	AMOUNT COLLECTED.	PLEGGED.	TOTAL.
'67	\$ 7 50		\$ 7 50
'68	49 00		49 00
'69	73 00		73 00
'70	65 00		65 00
'71	45 00		45 00
'72	65 00		65 00
'73	89 35		89 35
'74	31 00	\$15 00	46 00
'75	26 00		26 00
'76	272 00		272 00
'77	50 00	18 00	68 00
'78	104 50		104 50
'79	160 50		160 50
'80	85 00		85 00
'81	73 00	15 00	88 00
'82	75 50	14 00	89 50
'83	87 78	2 00	89 78
'84	203 00	47 00	250 00
'85	65 00	5 00	70 00
'86	108 00		108 00
	<hr/> \$1,735 13	<hr/> \$16 00	<hr/> \$1,851 13
Proceeds of a Lecture given on May 20th by Dr. Ritter, assisted by the College Chapel Choir—under the auspices of the Poughkeepsie Alumnae.....			158 00
			<hr/> \$2,009 13
Expense of Printing.....			5 75
			<hr/> \$2,003 38

MARY W. SANFORD,
Treasurer.

Miss Thurston, '80, moved that the report of the Endowment Committee be accepted with thanks. Carried.

Miss Palmer, '79, asked that instructions be given the Endowment Committee in regard to the disposition of the fund to be raised during the ensuing year.

Miss Dinsmore, '72, moved that the Association pledge the sum of \$20,000 to be raised as soon as possible for the completion of the Observatory Endowment Fund. Carried.

Miss Ely, '68, moved that an Observatory Committee be organized to co-operate with the Endowment Committee in raising the Observatory Endowment Fund. Carried.

Mrs. Fitch, '73, moved that this committee consist of seven members and be appointed by the chair. Carried.

No members of the Committee on Constitution being present, the President called for the report of the Committee on Election of Officers.

Mrs. Fitch, '73, in behalf of that Committee made the following nominations: President, Mrs. Mary Thaw Thompson, '77; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. L. Mangam Fetterolf, '76, Mrs. Emily Jordan Folger, '79; Secretary, Miss Richardson, '79. The officers were elected as nominated.

Miss Swan, '77, in behalf of the New York Association, presented to the General Association the Heliotype Plates from which the Matthew Vassar Pamphlets had been printed, with the suggestion that a copy of the pamphlet be presented every year to each member of the graduating class.

Miss Brace, '72, moved that the Association accept the gift of the New York Association with thanks. Carried.

Miss Hazard, '79, chairman of the committee appointed to embody in writing the views of the Association on Alumnae Representation read, as the report of her committee, a paper, which was adopted by the Association with demonstrations of approval.

Miss Sanford, '82, moved that the same committee be empowered to transmit this report at once to the Trustees. Carried.

Miss Palmer, '79, moved that the only remaining member of the Endowment Committee be empowered to appoint her associates. Carried.

At the request of the Association, Miss Poppleton, '76, gave an informal statement of the progress of the work of the Association of Chicago and the Northwest. She said in substance that the increase of the Vassar Fund for the year is about \$1,500. That the scholarship was offered in Chicago in February; that twenty young girls applied for it, and two reported themselves prepared for the competitive examination held in Chicago, June 7. That the College determines the relative merit of the papers and thus awards the scholarship.

Miss Walch '84 reported in behalf of the Alumnae of Central and Western New York, that in their judgment they could do better work with more centralized effort than was possible to them as members of the New York Association. She accordingly asked for them, recognition by the General Association as the Vassar Alumnae Association of Central and Western New York. It was moved that the organization be so recognized as a local association. Carried.

Miss Howe '82 gave an informal report of the success of the Reception given to President Taylor at Boston in December last ; of the favorable impression everywhere made by Dr. Taylor ; and stated that there are decided indications that the College is gaining favor in New England.

Miss Haldeman '84 reported in behalf of the Alumnae Association of Washington and the South that this Association is proceeding at once to raise a scholarship for Vassar, which shall be offered in the Washington High School.

Miss Hazard, '79, moved that the Association pass a vote of congratulation to the Association of Chicago and the North-West on the completion of their scholarship. Carried.

Miss Ely, '68, moved that the Association pass a vote of thanks to Mr. Charles M. Pratt, for his valuable services. Carried.

Miss Sanford, '82, moved that the Association pass a vote of thanks to Mrs. Pratt, for her generous contribution to the Gymnasium Building Fund. Carried.

Miss Barnum, '81, moved a vote of thanks to the Physical Culture Committee. Carried.

Miss Sanford, '82, moved a vote of thanks to Miss Ives and Miss Healy, for their special services. Carried.

Miss Hazard, '79, moved that the Association adjourn to 6:30 p. m. Lost.

Miss Thurston, '80, moved that the Association adjourn to 2:30 p. m. Carried.

The second session of the Association was called to order by the President at 2:30 p. m.

Miss Brewer, '73, moved that the name of Miss Putnam, '78, be added to the Gymnasium Building Committee. Carried.

Miss Hazard, '79, moved that the Association adjourn to 6:30 p. m. Carried.

The third session of the Association was called to order by the President at 6:30 p. m.

A delegate of the Board of Trustees announced to the Association that a committee had been appointed by that Honorable Body to confer with the Association on the subject of Alumnae Representation.

The Honorable Committee whose members were President Taylor, Mr. Swan, and Dr. King, were received by the Association standing.

President Taylor read the following resolutions of the Board of Trustees:

Resolved, That this Board is in favor of the admission of three Alumnae of the College to membership in the Board.

Resolved. That a committee of three be appointed to confer with a committee of the Alumnae Association as to the best and legal method of bringing it about.

After the reading of these resolutions Dr. Taylor stated that the purpose of the committee was to ascertain what the Association meant by the term *elect* which occurred in their appeal presented to the Board of Trustees. The members of the committee then severally explained to the Association that the Board of Trustees has not the power to confer the power to elect, on any organization; that this power can be bestowed only by the Legislature. They stated, however, that there then existed three vacancies in the Board of Trustees which that Honorable Body were prepared to fill with Alumnae; that they were willing to elect to these vacancies nominees of the Alumnae Association. It was suggested by Dr. King that the Association might if it so pleased, adopt the custom which obtains at Yale of nominating more candidates than are to be elected. It was further stated that the method of nomination is a subject for the consideration of the Association alone, that it is not a matter to go upon the books of the Board of Trustees. That the Board elects its members for life and will observe this custom in the election of Alumnae Trustees, but that the term of office of a representative of the Association may be terminated by resignation at the pleasure of the Association.

It was also stated by the committee that eligibility to Trusteeship, whether in the case of Alumnae or others is not considered by the Board to be affected by place of residence; that residents of any state or territory whatever, if otherwise qualified, are eligible to election to the Board of Trustee.

President Taylor in conclusion stated that the Board of Trustees had adjourned to meet again at half-past seven with no other business to consider than the election of Alumnae Trustees, and that they would await an expression of the mind of the Association on the matter as thus referred to them.

The Honorable Committee declined to remain during the discussion of the question by the Association, and withdrew.

Inasmuch as respectful appreciation of this prompt action of the Board unquestionably demanded immediate action on the part of the Association, Mrs. Atwater, '77, moved that three trustees be nominated, one to serve for two years, one for four, one for six.

Miss Ely, '68, on the ground that it was inadvisable for a small body of Alumnae to take a hasty action on so important a matter as the method of Trustee nomination, amended the motion to read that three trustees be nominated, each to serve a term of one year. The motion as amended was carried.

Miss Florence Cushing, '74, Miss Poppleton '76, Mrs. Helen Hiscock Backus, '73, were nominated for Alumnae Representatives on the Board of Trustees.

Miss Putnam, '78, moved that a committee be appointed to carry these names to the Board of Trustees. Carried.

The committee so appointed were Miss Hazard, '79, Miss Whitney, '68.

Miss Day, '78 moved that this committee be empowered to express to the Trustees the Association's appreciation of the prompt action of the Board. Carried.

Miss Barnum, '81, moved that a committee of three be appointed by the chair to prepare a plan in detail for the nomination of Alumnae Trustees. Carried.

Miss Hazard, '79, Mrs. Francis Fisher Wood, '74, Miss M. L. Avery, '68, were so appointed.

Miss Sanford, '82, moved that the committee appointed to prepare a plan for nominating Alumnae Trustees, be especially instructed to prepare also a full explanation of the apparent haste of the Association's action at this time in naming candidates for a term of one year. Carried.

Miss Morris, '83, moved that a special meeting of the General Association be called at the same time and place of the annual meeting of the New York Association to hear the report of the committee appointed to prepare a plan for the nomination of Alumnae Trustees. Carried.

Miss Thurston, '80, moved that the New York Association be invited to meet with the General Association. Carried.

It was moved that the Association adjourn. Carried.

S. F. RICHARDSON,

Secretary, pro tem.



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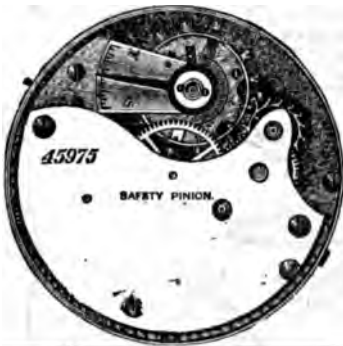
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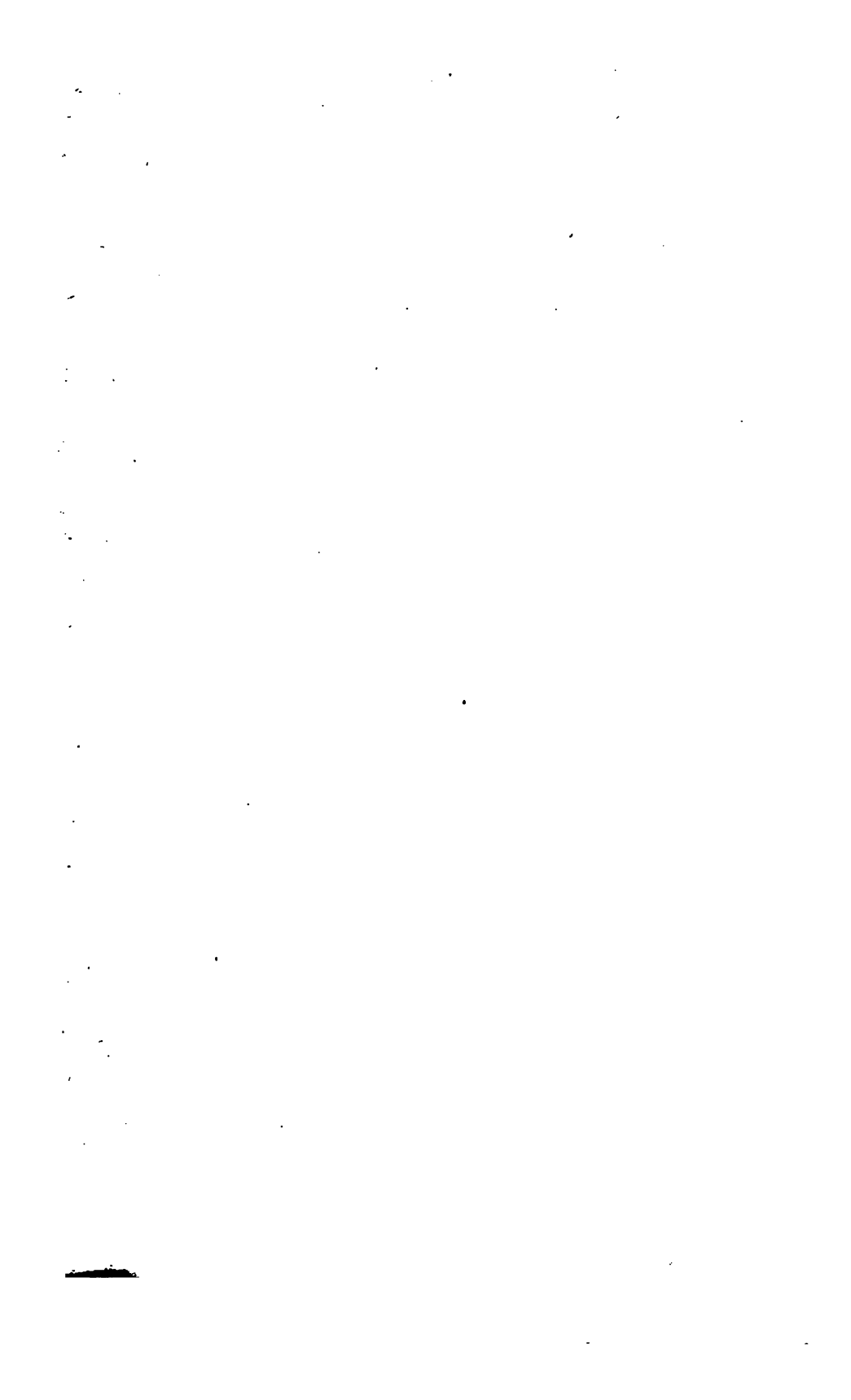
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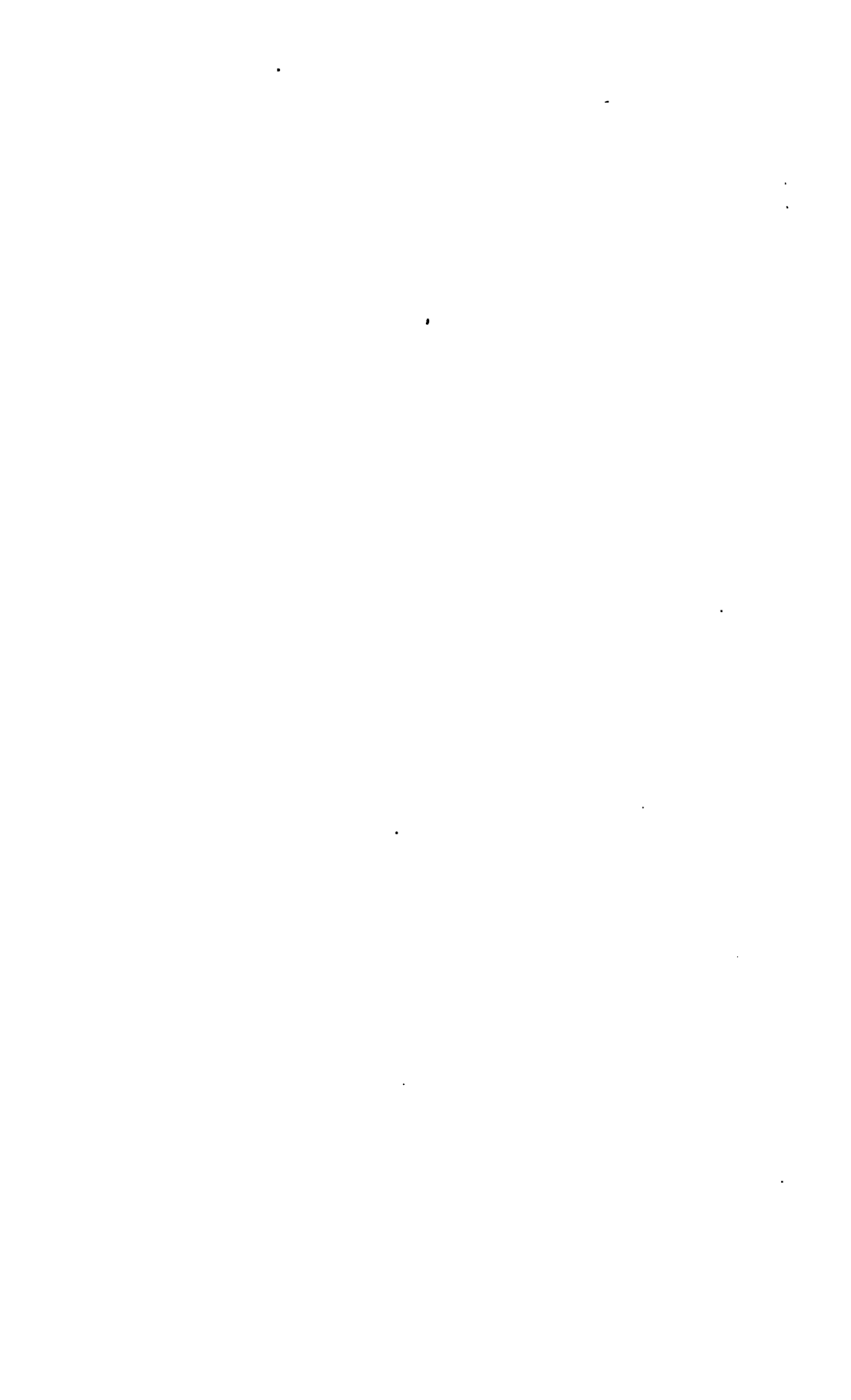
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